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No. 1.

LESSONS FROM THE AMERICAN ELECTION.

BY FRANCIS H. HARDY.

FROM the "Battle of the Ballots" over sea a number of important lessons may be drawn. One lesson, however, has such wide application, and carries a message of hope to so many people, as to place it apart from and above all others—the largest, and most liberally constituted electorate the world holds has affirmed, in most emphatic manner, faith in the moral sentiment. For one meaning which all observers will accept, as clear and unmistakable in the verdict of November 3d, is that democracy has realized the "new way to pay old debts," suggested by socialistic and anarchistic leaders, is a short cut to national disaster, as well as national dishonor.

For many years we have been told, class hatred so dominated the "masses," that if opportunity once offered, no blind loyalty to old-fashioned standards of honor or honesty would prevent the annihilation of the classes, or "well-to-do." Such an opportunity was offered on November 3d to the greatest aggregation of discontent the world holds to-day. And that body of men, a large proportion discontented, has said, "We are asked to pay too high a price in self-respect for your 'new heaven.' We, clear-headed men, prefer to bear 'those ills we have rather than fly to others we know not of.'"

And mark, please, this electorate of 13 million free men contained large and

representative bodies of voters hailing from every European country. Moreover, all admit that with the Australian, or secret, ballot in force all over the States (save in a few States which gave Bryan a majority) intimidation or bribery is impossible. For experience has shown every practical politician, that when you cannot prove *how* a man votes, he will invariably vote against the man who bought his vote, or the man who "bullied" him to the polls. The electorate, then, was representative of the whole civilized world; the election the most free and honest expression of opinion ever taken in any electorate.

It must also be remembered that circumstances were all in favor of the party of national repudiation or dishonesty. Never was moment more opportune for arraying "masses" against "classes." Five years of hard times, of dwindling employment and decreasing wage, had quickened discontent in all sections of the land, and prepared soil best suited for socialistic seed.

Owing to the condition of the laws and the known temper of juries, there is no protection from slander or libel in America. Consequently the party of repudiators was left free to wage, and, as a matter of fact, did wage, a campaign of vituperation, which history cannot parallel, one impossible in any place save the United States.

Professing bitter enmity to capital, and regarding all capitalists as criminals, Bryan was yet able to secure the financial backing of one of the wealthiest groups of capitalists in the world; men willing to risk millions on the chances of making ten times the sum out of those "masses" the socialist leaders claim to love so strongly, so disinterestedly.

To cap all, their leader was a born orator, possessed of power, such as few men have ever enjoyed, to sway the minds of men, kindle the lowest passions, lull the moral sentiment to sleep. Railways, which weave the Republic into close physical union, made it possible for this man to exercise his charm of speech over a large proportion of the electorate; and his treasury furnished ample funds to procure special railway trains to run everywhere, and at all hours.

Carelessness on the part of old Democratic party managers, threw into the hands of the party of dishonor the whole democratic "machine," and a blind, unreasoning loyalty to this democratic "machine" in one section of the country made the party of dishonor absolute owner of nearly one half of the electoral college. Speaking as a practical politician, with some knowledge of constituencies in every section of the United States, I affirm that no candidate in the last thirty years, has started in to make the presidential fight under more favorable conditions.

And what was the result, what the verdict of the ballot boxes?

Judged by the enemy's own standard—one man one vote, "*vox populi vox dei*"—it was the most crushing defeat ever administered to a presidential candidate. To show this statement lies well within the lines of truth, it is only necessary to repeat the chief argument used by Bryan's friends, in England, to minimize his defeat.

"Color," say these Bryanites, "the States Bryan carried, and you will see that he has received the endorsement of *one half* at least of the Republic. Where is McKinley's victory?" Could anything be more delicious? Here we have the champions of "one man one vote," the bitter opponents of a "Properly vote," practically saying, "We

have won a moral victory, because our candidate has received the unanimous vote of this uninhabited country;" which, being translated, means that, as an expression of opinion on a great moral issue, the vote of 2,000,000 men in New York is not equal to the vote of 65,000 men in Montana, because the area of Montana is three and a half times the area of New York State!

Perhaps the best answer to all this is to recall the fact that when Cleveland was elected President in 1884, the press of New York and London were loud in claiming a "verdict of the American people against the pernicious doctrine of protection." McKinley's plurality of popular votes in 1896 is more than twenty times the plurality of the popular vote received by Cleveland in 1884. If the verdict of 1884 had so much meaning, why has the verdict of 1896, which is twenty times as emphatic, no importance?

Understand, please, I am now treating the election results simply as a deliverance on a moral issue.

The people of the United States were told by men in whom they had confidence that a certain line of policy was dishonest and dishonorable. And viewing the question in this light a great majority voted for honesty and honor. This action I hold is a message of hope to the whole world: to Europe even more than America, for the foreign vote was practically a unit for "Honest money," Bryan's heaviest vote being in the States where native born citizens comprised nearly 95 per cent. of the electorate.

Much has been written concerning the rapid and complete change which takes place in the foreigner after he settles in America. There is a small amount of truth in this statement, but only a small amount. And my experience with the foreign-born citizen has shown me that he remains, in all essential features, unchanged. This is why I hold that the foreign-born citizen, who, at the election on November 3d voted for honesty, and refused to be influenced by class hatred, would have acted in exactly the same manner had a like opportunity to express his views occurred in the old home land. If this is so, then class hatred in Europe has

been much overestimated; the conservative spirit and moral tone of European masses, under-estimated.

I have already mentioned the peculiar, to an American painful, circumstance that Bryan and his policy of calling fifty cents equal to one hundred cents had the largest following in districts showing the highest percentage of native-born citizens. This I must hasten to say is not an indication of personal dishonesty. For I charge such action to a ridiculous belief in the omnipotence of the law-making power of the Republic. Consumed by an exaggerated love of political independence, this large body of people were blind to the commercial inter-dependence of nineteenth-century life.

American history during the last fifty years bristles with the record of attempts to overcome natural laws by legislative enactment. In the early days of the civil war when the Federal troops were meeting defeat after defeat, the Confederate power growing daily, a delegation of New Englanders called upon President Lincoln to insist that the time was ripe to issue a proclamation of Emancipation. "You are President of the United States," said their leader, "and it is your duty to say the word that will free the negro." Lincoln patiently heard them to the end, and then quietly asked, "How many legs has a calf?" "Four, of course," answered one of the delegates, and the face of that delegate showed both surprise and anger at Lincoln's frivolous mood. "But," said Lincoln, "suppose we call the calf's tail a leg, how many legs will that calf have?" Indignation waxed in that delegation; but its chairman found voice to say, "Why, in that case, the calf would have five legs." "No, he would not," exclaimed Lincoln, as he stood up to dismiss his visitors. "Our calling a calf's tail a leg, would not make it a leg." A majority of the American people at the election of November 3d signified acceptance of Lincoln's dictum, and affirmed that calling 50 cents 100 cents would not make 50 cents equal to 100 cents in the commercial world, for that commercial world extended far beyond the jurisdiction of the law-making power of the

United States. This is the verdict of a large majority; but with this verdict the "Solid South" has disagreed because it still fails to realize the inter-dependence of civilized life in which money plays the leading role. A part of the American electorate has always understood this matter; a larger part, thanks to the campaign of education just closed, now grasps the idea; I believe the remaining portion will see clearly on this point before the next election.

Two good results will follow a correct view of the scope of legislative enactment. First it will check, in America, at least, the socialistic tendency to trust in "parliamentary panacea," the doctrine that personal endeavor, self-control, self-reliance, energy, thrift, obedience to laws of health, moral, mental, and physical, may, all with safety, be discarded from man's habit of life, and the whole world made "healthy, wealthy, and wise" by act of parliament.

Second, and more important to England, the American will realize that in the case of nations, as well as individuals, "no man liveth to himself alone."

The campaign just ended, and the "hard times" that preceded it, have forced the American to see that the condition of his customer is something which vitally affects his trade. That even a temporary increase in his own profit is too dearly bought if it cripple the purchasing power of his best buyers.

Now this lesson learned marks a long step forward in the direction of more reasonable tariff views, and freer trade with the outside world. England is the best customer the Americans have; protection has appealed to many as a means of crippling England; new light on this old question will convince many that crippling England is only an indirect way of crippling the United States.

Furthermore, there is another fruit of this campaign which works for better commercial relations between the two English-speaking nations. And it is simply this. We have found England right, ourselves wrong, on a great economic question. We now see that

England's repeated warnings as to the result of currency tinkering had sound basis in truth. A very natural sequence of this common view on currency matters will be a new disposition to give careful, open-minded study to English views on Free Trade. The average American has no false shame to prevent a complete volte face, if once convinced he has misread the signs of the times; consequently, this new light on English ideas and policy is certain to play in the near future a very important part in shaping public sentiment. The McKinley Bryan campaign opened under the influence of a most bitter anti-English feeling, to which thousands surrendered their judgment. That campaign has closed, I firmly believe, with the American people entertaining a higher regard for English opinion than was ever entertained before; consequently there now exists a firmer basis for International friendship.

Indeed, I go beyond this, and say that McKinley's victory, paradoxical as the statement may sound, is the first indication, or promise yet seen, of a Free-Trade party in America! To justify this position, I must first of all explain why I have consistently held for years that no Free-Trade party existed in the United States.

Isolated Free-Traders, like the present ambassador, Mr. Bayard, I admit have existed and exerted an influence on legislation to a limited extent. Their high character, undoubted ability, long and honorable record, have made them conspicuous, not only at home, but abroad. But the real strength of a party or policy in a democracy must be measured, and measured alone, by vulgar numbers; the size of its poll; for by vote alone can "theory" ripen into "practice."

The Republican party has, since 1861, been consistently a party of protection. Justin S. Morrill, of Vermont, whose political life began in 1855, framed the "Morrill" High-Tariff law of 1861. He was, last month, re-elected a United States senator for the sixth time, and is now the "Father of the Senate." The Republicans, in the present contest, were led by McKinley, whose name is the synonym for ad-

vanced Protection ideas. The rank and file of the party are hard-headed, practical, business men.

The Democratic party, judged by electoral results, not by isolated cases, has consisted for years of a northern and a southern wing. The northern wing was "Tammany Hall," which, by scandalous methods, piled up a majority in New York City large enough to overcome the immense Republican majority in New York State, and so gave that State to the Democratic party. The southern wing of this so-called Free-Trade party was the "Solid South," a section lately in rebellion, a section poisoned by a most virulent form of currency madness—first, a love for irredeemable paper money; second, the free and unlimited coinage of silver.

Frankly, does the English reader think it strange that a business community like America has persistently declined to vote into power such a combination? or that Free-Trade policy, when advocated by such a combination, became discredited in many eyes?

Let me now explain why I believe the election of November 3d is the beginning of the end, of this unnatural and demoralizing combination, between "Tammany Hall" and "Solid South." When I was in New York City a year ago, a very careful investigation showed me that "Tammany" was on the road to a complete restoration of old time power and prestige.

I based this opinion on the circumstance that thousands of small property-owners, chiefly Germans, had rebelled at the heavy increase in the tax rate.

Reform and good government costs money in America; and the fruit of reform in New York City had not added a penny to the rents received by these landlords. "We want, and will have, 'Tammany' back again." That was the talk of many thousands of landlords, every man of whom had voted for "reform" at the previous election.

Further, the whole foreign population, together with a section of the American born, had been estranged by the "American Sabbath and no liquor" policy enforced by the new and highly moral regime.

This was the situation last year, and it was a situation dangerous in the eyes of all practical politicians—men who do not study public opinion from the top of a church steeple. But along came this currency craze; "Tammany," which cares nothing for principles, only place, thought the craze would sweep the country, and discarding the advice of Senator Hill, it came out for "Bryan and repudiation;" tumbled head-over-heels into a campaign against property rights. Never was action more suicidal. Every property-owner in New York at once turned against "Tammany." A high tax rate was bad, but confiscation of property was worse.

"Tammany" could have stolen millions from the City Treasury, and yet held its power. But to champion Anarchy—that was suicide, and to-day the great Northern partner in the so-called Free-Trade party is dead.

What of the other partner, the "Solid South"? In the first place it is no longer "solid." For political purposes, Delaware, Maryland, West Virginia, and Kentucky, have always been linked with the States once in rebellion to form the political "Solid South"—the last election has broken, in each case, that old tie—I believe it will not soon be renewed. For the rest of the South I entertain hope founded on this circumstance. The old slave States were completely isolated in the old slave days, just as, commercially judged, they are isolated now. In that former period of isolation the South was neglected by a great tide of immigration, by that wave of prosperity under the influence of which great States spring up in the night, all over the middle and extreme West. When the South at last awoke from her lethargy, she realized fully how far she had fallen behind in the race for population, wealth, civilization. This realization is clear to-day in the minds of all leading southern men; a score of them referred to it during my visit last year.

The South was convinced that slavery was the foundation of her wealth in the old days, and held tenaciously to this view. It is convinced, perhaps, to-day that "Free Silver" is best.

But remembering the cost of her first loyalty to a policy the world had outgrown, the South, I hold, will revise her present opinion on silver, and before the next presidential election the old slave States will be divided, if not altogether won over from currency madness.

With the "Solid South" divided, and the curse of "Tammany" removed from political affairs, political parties will break up into new geographical shape, and each party will possess Northern as well as Southern leaders; possess practical Northern and Western men, strong in finance, as well as men of the South, talented in diplomacy, but weak on economics.

Certain States of the South will naturally favor Free-Trade; likewise certain large areas of the farming West; while New York City will always remain a Free-Trade centre, and rallying point, for any political party whose policy makes for development of foreign trade.

Here, then, is the nucleus of a new party, favoring liberal tariff views, yet free from the currency madness of the South, and the Northern corruption of "Tammany Hall." And I believe the four years of prosperity and development which lie ahead of us in America will work such a clearly marked change in Southern currency sentiment that the new party will make a strong, though not a winning fight, in 1900. McKinley, or at least his policy, may win again in 1900, but the mere fact that an opposition untainted by currency madness exists, will temper the legislative actions of the Party of Protection. And this Protection party, which, be it remarked, is largely an "Eastern" led party, will find checking its tendency to "exclusive" tariff legislation a new and powerful influence—an influence I shall call the "Warning of the West."

The "Monroe Doctrine" dispute started a wave of war passion which swept all over the United States. But in the East, war passion soon calmed, for sober second thought showed the Eastern people that in a war with England the East would bear the brunt. Eastern capital would suffer first and most. The West, meanwhile, protect-

ed from invasion by hundreds of miles of open territory, being able to watch undisturbed the havoc on the coast line.

Now, Protection is an "antagonistic" policy, and has been stimulated for years in America by fanning anti-English feeling. The farming West has often voted for it, on this ground alone; while it wanted freer trade, it wished still more to strike a blow at England.

Eastern politicians who, to fan protection sentiment, preach anti-English feeling, must now face this new danger. The existence of a too bitter anti-English feeling may force the Republic into war. This war danger is a very real danger, and the practical politician—and the practical politician is now in complete control of the Republican party—is always quick to realize and avoid any real danger. For years to come the expense of the general government will continue to be raised by indirect taxation—the area of direct taxation is already fully occupied by State and Municipal tax gatherers—but gradually the expenses of the National Government will decrease, and with that decrease will come, I believe, a decrease in tariff. The near future may, and probably will, see an increase in certain duties. But in face of this temporary loss, I hold the seeming paradox, that the campaign which placed in the highest office an extreme protectionist, has made possible the formation of the first real "Free-Trade" party. Further, that McKinley's election will tend to lessen anti-English sentiment in the United States.

In this day of general investigation, when each man persists in weighing each system of government for himself, when all are politicians, a special value lies in one clearly marked lesson of the presidential election, viz.: the vindication of the professional politician and the political "machine." For years a large, cultured, and influential class in America have wasted time and energy ridiculing the "machine" politician. He was a parasite, an unmixed evil. His existence was never contemplated by the fathers of democracy. But in the campaign of 1896, as in every other campaign when vast

interests were seriously threatened, this highly intellectual and theoretically moral class have rushed to the professional politician for advice, and to the much abused "machine" sent up a plaintive cry "What shall we do to be saved?" Senator Matt Quay and Ex-Senator Thomas Platt are typical "machine" politicians. The very moment Bryan's campaign grew a menace to the State, by common consent, these two men were placed in control, and the money to "oil" the good old "machine" subscribed freely by the class so ready in days of clear sailing to abuse the political "machine," the professional politician, and political assessments.

This circumstance brings home, with irresistible force, to all students of statecraft the weakest point in democracy. It is true the advocates of this system never contemplated a political "machine;" it is equally true they never imagined that if a man were given the right to vote it would be necessary to coax or coerce him into making use of that right. And yet it is now acknowledged by every one familiar with American constituencies that it is much harder to get the good citizen to vote once than it is to keep the bad citizen from voting more than once.

I have a case in mind of a citizen of the United States, with vast property interests, who, although in possession of a right to vote for twenty-nine years, had never once cast a vote at a national, State, or municipal election. Such men—and their name is Legion—render the "machine" as necessary for the preservation of property rights as the police power; the professional politician as necessary to national life as the professional soldier.

Surely this fact must make us question greatly the alleged value which the average man is supposed to attach to the franchise. It also points this moral: If, in broadening the franchise, the bad we let in will certainly find voice, the good, in all probability, remain silent; must we not consider well the practical as well as the theoretical side of the question.

Three lessons, I suggest then, of deep import and wide interest may be drawn from the recent contest.

First, the "masses" in both Europe and America are less poisoned with class hatred than the anarchist or socialist would have us believe.

Second, a great nation over sea has awakened to the fact that national independence must not blind them to the inter-dependence of nineteenth-century commercial life; that they must realize that hurt to one member of the family of nations brings in time injury to all.

Third, that a vote is not prized by the class of citizen best fitted to exercise the franchise, and, as a necessary consequence, good citizens must be driven to the polls by a political "machine," controlled by "professional" politicians.

As touching exclusively the life of the Republic, I think the election has done great good. It has startled the sluggard into a new conception of his duties as a citizen. It has shown the small capitalist that his cause is one with the great capitalist; that no just law can confiscate the "millions" of the latter without confiscating the "thousands" of the former. A Press which, in times past, has been more keenly alive to privileges than responsibilities, has come to see the danger which lurks in too extravagant condemnation of the rich—in the cultivation of class hatred. For hatred of the rich so cultivated must, in the end, work the destruction of that Press.

"Bryanism" is not dead, nor will it die while human nature remains human nature, and individual discontent is bred of national progress. But facing, as I confidently believe we do in the United States, an era of great prosperity likely to outlast the life of the McKinley administration, I cannot consider "Bryanism" a serious menace to national life. It will remain a danger, however; and this is not altogether to be deplored. For the circumstance will curb much selfish desire in certain leading men and great monopolies, breed in all a generous resolve to lighten, if possible, the burden which now presses heavily on the broad, but bending, back of the farmer. Some millions expended on new roads will probably be one of many sops thrown to appease this class.

In conclusion, I may be allowed to call attention—and I do so with a very grateful heart—to the fact that the old spirit of 1860 burns just as brightly in 1896. That, despite the bitterness of party feeling, in this later crisis of a nation, party lines were obliterated, party feelings smothered in order that the honor of the nation might be preserved. A president of the United States has manfully broken old party ties, violated a keen sense of party loyalty to aid a political opponent, because that old political opponent now stood for national honor. An ex-President, with all the vigor of a young campaigner, has travelled and talked, at the risk of health and the loss of personal comfort, for the same good end. Governors of States, statesmen of established reputation, irrespective of party, have pocketed pride, put aside prejudice, and worked to elect a man whose policy in times past had aroused their most bitter enmity, simply because that man now stood for commercial integrity and national honor. Remembering this sacrifice of personal feeling, personal comfort, personal ambition, I feel very grateful; and the gaunt figure of Abraham Lincoln has, while writing this paper, often come before me, while, after the lapse of thirty-three years, I seemed again to hear those memorable words, spoken at Gettysburg when the soldiers' cemetery was dedicated: "The world will little note nor long remember what *we* say here, it will never forget what they did there."

For the "Battle of the Ballots" in November, 1896, was, I hold, as truly a struggle to preserve national honor as the Battle of Gettysburg, in July, 1863, was to preserve national life. When Lincoln delivered his great speech, in November, 1863, the struggle against disunion had not closed. As I write the struggle against dishonor is not closed. I find, therefore, a very complete picture of the condition of affairs in 1896, and a very clear indication of the duty which devolves on good citizens, in the closing words of Lincoln's Gettysburg speech, already referred to:

"It is for us, the living, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which

they who fought here have thus far nobly advanced. That this nation under God shall receive a new birth of freedom. That government of the peo-

ple, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth."—*Fortnightly Review*.

SOME CHARACTERISTICS OF SHAKESPEARE.*

BY EDWARD CAIRD, MASTER OF BALLIOL.

IN the whole history of literature there is, perhaps, no figure so hard to deal with as Shakespeare—at least, if we wish to define exactly the nature of his genius; to say what is, and what is not, to be found in him, and to express the general character of his influence upon us. The comprehensiveness of his sympathy is so wide that it seems at first as if he had no special sympathies at all. His impartial dramatic insight seems to embrace with equal tolerance the good and the bad, the ideal and the vulgar; and his poetic justice is so fairly balanced that his catastrophes appear to be only the natural evolution of the characters they befall. "This even-handed justice commends to each man's lips the ingredients" of the "poisoned chalice" which he has mixed for himself; and, on the other hand, lets his valor and energy reap the full harvest it has sown; so that, at first, there seems to be no bias in which we can catch Shakespeare, no persistent error of observation from which we can determine his "personal equation." Professor Dowden quotes, in reference to him, his own words: "The secrets of nature have no more gift in taciturnity." But Shakespeare defies our penetration, *not* by taciturnity, but by limitless abundance of speech—not by the paucity, but by the endless fulness of his self-revelation—from which, at first, we seem only to gather that there was nothing within the limits of humanity too high or too low for his sympathetic study; nay, that beyond the limits of humanity his shaping imagination could reach out on every side to give body and substance to all the ideal creations of superstition or of abstract

thought. Furthermore, as has been observed, the *humor* of Shakespeare is a self-defensive gift, which hides his personal sympathies from us. For humor is essentially the gift of rising above the interest with which we may be engaged and reducing it to its limited importance, or even to its proper insignificance, in the great whole of things in which it is a part. Thus Shakespeare can, in a sense, play even with the madness of Lear, putting the jeers of the clown beside it, partly, no doubt, to heighten the effect by contrast, but also to keep it in its due place in a universe which does not become "a mad world," however the balance of any man's mind may be disturbed. No way, therefore, seems to be left to us of discovering Shakespeare's limits, except to consider not what he *has* but rather what he has *not* spoken of—*i.e.*, to observe the regions of human thought and feeling which he has not touched upon, or at least seen in their full importance. Thus we might note, for instance, the somewhat aristocratic limitation of his political sympathies, and the absence of any apparent consciousness of the great issues which were already ripening for decision in the near future of England; or, again, the want of any indication of insight into the secrets of the religious life, any appreciation of the mystic devotion of a Thomas à Kempis, or even of the insurgent piety of a Puritan.

We cannot, however, be contented with such merely negative evidence; for the absence of such features might partly be explained by the limitations of dramatic expression, or the special conditions of such expression in the time of Shakespeare. They might, at least, be so explained, so long as they were not traced back to *positive* causes,

* A Lecture delivered to the Ruskin Society of Glasgow.

to definite characteristics of the genius of Shakespeare, viewed in relation to the general movement of civilization in his age. Hard, therefore, as the task is, we must try to detect the mind of Shakespeare in his work, and to see how its power and its limitations arise from the same source. It would be presumption to think that, like Guildeinstein, we could "pluck out the heart of his mystery." But, knowing, as we do, the intellectual and social environment in which he lived, and having the work of his life before us as a completed whole, we can surely reach some general conception of his tendencies and characteristics.

First, then, let me say a word about the time and the historical conditions of his life. Shakespeare was, in a sense, the highest flower of the movement to which we give the name of the Renaissance, the most perfect outcome of the new birth of human life and thought in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries. Now, what did this new birth consist in? It was a movement by which insurgent humanity threw off the external yoke of the Latin Church, with its dualistic morality, its transcendent theology, and its philosophy of foregone conclusions, and returned upon itself to enjoy the riches and fulness of its own natural life, and to discover in that life all that had hitherto been sought, as it were, in the clouds. What the Middle Age expected to receive from without, the spirit of the Renaissance taught man to find in himself. Thus it did not reject religion, but it could not accept any religion which was not one with the conscience of the individual. It did not refuse to recognize a restraining moral law, but it demanded that the law should impose such restraint only in order to open the way to "more life and fuller," to a more ample realization of the powers and desires of man than that of which it deprived him. It would have nothing to do with an asceticism which was practised for asceticism's sake, and it refused to regard this world merely as a wilderness through which man travels to a better home. It demanded that nature and spirit should no longer be set against each other, and that any higher good

that claimed to be real should prove its reality here and now in this finite world. It consecrated the natural affections and condemned the barren virtues of the cloister. It rejected the religious confraternity which united men only on the basis of a renunciation of their natural individuality, and of all the social relations that spring out of it, and it set up the bonds of the family and the national State, with all their rich interlacement of interests, in opposition to the abstract rule of a Church which saw nothing in men or women but mortal creatures on the way to heaven or hell. It explored the world, and sought to turn all its treasures to man's use. It revived the ancient classic literature, because it was the most human and humane of literatures, the literature of those who were most at home in the world, and who most steadily acted on the principle that the "proper study of mankind is man." It ransacked human nature to discover all the manifold play of its passions and desires, its hope and its despair, and it stimulated the growth of those new literatures in which the fresh experiences of the modern world found their most free and direct expression.

This movement of the Renaissance begins in the fifteenth century, and it may be said to be going on still. As moderns, we are all, as Hegel said, "fighting under the banner of the free spirit"—i.e., we are all, consciously or unconsciously, engaged in the effort to free man's life from extraneous authority—and we are learning that we can do this only as we discover in that life a principle, in virtue of which it can be a law to itself. This work, however, has been conducted under different conditions in every new era of modern history. In the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the liberation of man was not yet distinctly the liberation of the individual man: it was, rather, the emancipation of certain great general interests, with which the weal of the individual was supposed to be bound up. Even in religion, where the assertion of the independence of the individual was most direct, what the Reformers taught was not the right but the duty of private judgment, not the authority of the individual to determine

truth for himself, but only the necessity of his receiving it for himself by an inward and spiritual process. And Lutheran and Calvinist alike adopted a theory of this spiritual process which reduced it to the passive reception of grace from on high. In order to assert man's liberty as against his fellow-man, the Reformers made him the slave rather than the child of God. And Spinoza only carried out this principle to its natural result when he treated man, like all finite existences, as a mode of the divine intelligence. The same limitation of the movement toward freedom is visible in politics. The assertion of the national State against the universal Church was not, in the first instance, connected with a claim for anything like what we call civic freedom. On the contrary, the State, even where it stood forth, as in Germany and England, as the champion of Protestantism, was in its outward form almost despotic. In the leading nations of Europe the tottering and divided structure of the feudal kingdom gave way, not to republican or constitutional government, but to the rule of powerful monarchs, who were able to speak and act as the representatives of all the powers of the community they ruled. In truth, the grandeur of the position of national kings like the Tudors lay just in this—that, for the time, all question of the rights of the citizens as against the Sovereign was in abeyance. The Sovereign could, therefore, stand forth to the world as the unquestioned head of the nation, who summed up in himself all its dispersed forces, and was in himself the one living embodiment of the general will. He “was the State,” not by usurpation, nor yet by election, but because, for the time, the nation could not assert itself except through him. The halo round the head of Elizabeth, “that fair vestal throned by the west,” which all the caprice and perversity of the woman could not dispel, lay in that identification of the Sovereign with the nation which in the next reign was to be so rudely disturbed, but which, while it lasted, precluded any attempt to limit her power, or closely to scrutinize her personal defects. Hence, we can understand how it was that Shake-

speare could be at once a fervid patriot, rejoicing in the freedom and might of England, and a contemner of democracy, who never painted a leader of the people except as a fool, or an insurrection against privilege except as an upturning of the dregs of society, an outbreak

“Of moody beggars starving for a time
Of pell mell havoc and confusion.”

Shakespeare's political ideal, as we see from his historical plays, was an England gathered into an army against its foes, around a heroic king like Henry V., and of the great popular movement of an earlier time, by which the Magna Charta was wrested from King John, he takes no notice except as a contest between the Pope and the national Sovereign.

Partly from its insular situation and partly from the circumstances of its history, England was one of the earliest of European nations to attain to the organization and order of a national State; it was, therefore, peculiarly open to the liberating and humanizing influences of the Renaissance. Its educated classes, of whom Sir Thomas More may be taken as a representative, were ready to respond to the impulse of the Humanists, and to throw themselves eagerly into the study of the Classics. And they were still more ready to strike into the fresh path of a national literature, to open and draw freely from the well of undefiled native speech. But, partly because the abuses and interference of the Church had not been allowed to go so far in England as on the Continent, the nation did not, so directly and immediately, feel the power of the religious movement initiated by Luther. And, when the Reformation did penetrate into England, it came in the train of politics rather than as an independent force. Hence, for a considerable time the nation allowed itself, without any general resistance, to be dragged, now to the Protestant, now to the Roman Catholic side, at the will of the ruling monarch. And the final victory of Protestantism in the country seemed to be due mainly to its being bound up, in the person of Elizabeth, with the cause of national patriotism, with the asser-

tion of the nation's independent life against the despotism of Spain.

What has been said may help to explain how it was that the Elizabethan era was a great age for poetry, and especially for dramatic poetry. In the first place, it was an age of emancipation without being an age of conflict, or, at least, of internal conflict. The yoke of mediæval Catholicism had practically been thrown off, and the yoke of Protestant dogmatism had not yet begun to be felt. The fierce political and religious contests, which were to break out in the subsequent age, were still kept back by the dominant influence of a patriotism that knit all the English race in closest union to each other and to their Sovereign. And, on the other hand, the great struggle for existence in which the nation was engaged against the colossal despotism of Philip II., the widening of its outlook on the natural world by discovery and commercial adventure, and of its outlook on the ideal world by the revival of letters, had produced in the breasts of Englishmen a spirit of hopefulness and freedom which emancipated them from the chains of use and wont, and made them look upon their own life with new eyes of interest. The rough vigor and untamed energy which, in the previous age, England had wasted upon the French wars and the Wars of the Roses had not been lost, but it was now sufficiently disciplined to be made the instrument of rational aims of policy; and it was sufficiently enlightened to wish for an ideal reflection of itself in a poetic literature. The nation was awaking to self-consciousness; it was beginning reflectively to measure its own existence, and the existence of man in general. Seizing on the crude miracle-plays and mysteries, which here, as elsewhere, the Church had used as a means of religious instruction, the national genius gradually filled them with a new secular content, and elevated and expanded their dramatic form, till the result was the production of one of the most comprehensive and flexible vehicles which Art has ever created for the expression of the passions and interests of man. It was Shakespeare's great merit that he grasped the weapon which had thus been provided for him, that

he saw all its powers, and that he gradually gave it the final touches which were necessary to make it into a perfect organ of dramatic expression, a many-stringed instrument which could be made to echo every tone of passion of which the soul of man is capable.

When we say that Shakespeare was the greatest dramatic genius which the world has ever seen, what exactly does this imply? It implies, I answer, an extraordinary measure of two characteristic gifts: on the one hand, that gift of sympathetic insight by which the individual escapes from himself into another individuality, so as for the moment to see the world with that other's eyes; and, on the other hand, the gift of rising above all special interests of individuals to a central point of view, and so of realizing how in the drama of life those individualities play upon each other, and by their action and reaction bring about the crisis which manifests their nature and decides their fate. Each of these gifts is closely connected with the other; for the mind that can freely go out of itself, so as sympathetically to adopt the attitude of any other individuality, is also the mind that ultimately will be able to escape from all individual influences, so as to read with unbiassed eyes the general meaning of life. At the same time, it is worth while to consider each of these gifts separately, in order that we may be able fully to appreciate the depth and riches of the result which was achieved by their union in Shakespeare.

The first characteristic, then, of the genius of Shakespeare is the freedom and universality of his sympathies. It is this, as I have already remarked, that seems to make his own nature an enigma to us. The man who can throw himself into the mould of Falstaff and of Hamlet, of Sir Toby Belch and of King Lear, of Cordelia and of Cressida, of Isabella and of Cleopatra, seems to have no special mould of his own. He "plays in his time so many parts" that we can hardly discover which is the mask and which is the natural face. We do not know where to "have" this Proteus, who hides his own shape in a thousand disguises. Yet it may be maintained that we "have" him, or,

at least, one very marked element in him, just in this very universality of sympathy. If we divide great men by a very broad generalization into two classes—the men of action who identify themselves with certain definite ideas or interests, and who are full of energy to carry them out, not offering much sympathy to others, but forcing others to sympathize with themselves; and, on the other hand, the men of thought, who are open to impression on every side, and who readily take the mould of their company, who, indeed, can hardly prevent their sympathy with those with whom they are brought into contact from overcoming any personal repugnance, there can be little doubt that it is to the latter, and not to the former class that Shakespeare belongs. Nay, we may say that he is a typical example, or even the highest typical example, of this class. Shakespeare, indeed, may ultimately recover himself from the influence of individuals by the very width of his sympathies, which lifts him above the exclusive power of any special tendency or interest; and we shall afterward consider this aspect of his character. But to represent him as, in the first instance, a man of strong will and firm self-defensive individuality, would be essentially absurd. If he had had this kind of strength he could never have achieved the marvellously impartial dramatic presentment of all sorts and conditions of men which he has accomplished. He would have scrupled somewhere to live in such bad or foolish company, or to follow passion to such mad lengths. He could not have been “hail fellow, well met” with Falstaff and Pistol and Bardolph, and at the same time have painted with such perfect appreciation the moral sternness and purity of Isabella and Cordelia, or the virgin grace of Imogen and Miranda. He could not have had patience to chronicle the inconsequences of Dogberry and Verges, and the aimless loquacity of Mrs. Quickly, and at the same time have risen to the all-embracing thought of Hamlet, and the all-devouring passion of Macbeth, if he had been, to begin with, a man of firm, determinate character and forcible will. To read the “*Nihil humanum a me alienum puto*” in such

an all-tolerant way, a man must have a free receptivity of nature, a readiness to admit all influences; nay, he must have a chameleon-like capacity of accepting the color of his thought from without, and even a proneness—such as Shakespeare attributes to himself—to be “subdued to the element he works in, like the dyer’s hand.” Such a nature would scarcely, in the first instance, repel any influence, and it could only recover from any really strong influence by allowing it to exhaust itself. If we were at liberty to construct the life of such a one *a priori*, we should conjecture that he would have to learn the lesson of self command, if he ever learned it, by sore experience; we should conjecture that he would, some time or other, be likely to become the “passion’s slave,”* and to make all but shipwreck of his moral existence; and that, if he finally saved himself from such shipwreck, it would not be by timely good resolutions, and persistent faithfulness to them, but by passing through the depths of self-despair and self-disgust. Such a one would regain peace of mind, if at all, only by the depth and riches of a nature which, just because it sympathized in all the elements and movements of humanity, could not ultimately be tied to any one passion or interest, but which, by an inevitable recoil, rose from the part to the whole, from the disappointment of personal hopes and desires to the calmness of one who has seen their relative insignificance, and who is able, therefore, to regain freedom by accepting the yoke of necessity and the ordinary duties which it brings.

And this naturally leads me to turn to the other aspect of Shakespeare’s dramatic genius—viz., his unique pow-

* “Give me that man
That is not passion’s slave, and I will wear
him
In my heart’s core, ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee,”

says Hamlet to Horatio, finding in the simpler and more limited but well-balanced character of his friend a kind of rest and support for his own far richer, but less definite and controllable, nature, and perhaps we may say that Shakespeare is nearer to Hamlet than to any other of his characters. Note especially how he repeats in his own person the soliloquy of Hamlet in Sonnet 66.

er of rising above his immediate sympathy with the particular *dramatis personæ*, and exhibiting the action and reaction of their characters, by which they work out their dramatic fate. This power with Shakespeare does not depend upon any general view as to the laws of life, any conception of destiny or providence on which he bases his plots. It would not, perhaps, be unfair to say that the Greek tragedians start with an *a priori* doctrine as to the Nemesis which waits upon insolence or excess, and that the play of character which they introduce is directed so as to illustrate it. Hence, also, in their dramas the catastrophe seems, sometimes at least, to come from without, from an external power which puts a limit upon man, rather than from the necessary evolution of human character. With Shakespeare, at least in his greater dramas, it is quite otherwise. The outward play of accident counts with him almost for nothing, except as the opportunity to let character display itself and work itself out. "The fated sky," with him, "gives free scope" to the passions of men, and the catastrophe shows itself simply as the recoil of the deed upon the doer. Thus it is the logic of his first crime that drives on Macbeth to heap up new crimes, each of which is a new wound to his own tortured soul, until his life at last is torn in pieces by the very means he uses "to make assurance doubly sure and take a bond of fate." It is wilfulness, exaggerated to the point of putting evil for good and good for evil, that makes Lear banish his one dutiful daughter and raise up the cold-blooded malice of Goneril and the bitter selfishness of Regan to be his tormentors; it is this, finally, which breaks through the limits of reason and sets Lear at war with the very heavens in the effort to assert his passionate caprice. Again, it is the incapacity of Hamlet for a direct act of will, his reluctance to face the problem of his life, and his continual seeking for some determining motive from without, which makes him play with chance till chance finally plays with him, and solves the difficulty by a catastrophe which buries guilty and innocent in a common doom together. Hence, the question arises

naturally as to the sanity or insanity of Shakespeare's greatest tragic characters. We ask whether Macbeth or Timon is sane; we ask whether Hamlet, or even Lear, is, strictly speaking, mad. In a sense, they are all mad, for they have permanently lost the balance of reality. Shakespeare sees that there is a point at which the one-sidedness of passion in its natural development becomes a fixed idea, and the mind is so rent and unsettled that a return to fact is impossible—except, indeed, in the way of the tragic crisis to which such a divided soul is rapidly hastening. Hence, in such a case, the final blow of fate is felt as a kind of relief, as the necessary solution of a contradiction which has become too great to subsist:

"Vex not his ghost. O let him pass. He
hates him much
That would upon the rack of this tough
world
Stretch him out longer."

Now, this pure evolution of the catastrophe from within becomes possible to Shakespeare, as I have said, just because of the universality of his sympathies. He is active, we might say, by excess of passivity. He so lives in each of his characters that nothing external, nothing unmotivated by their own feeling and thought, seems to happen to any one of them. If he rises above the individuals, it is not that he subjects them to a law that is outside of them, but that, sympathizing strongly with each in turn, he intuitively grasps the nature of a society formed of such elements, and instinctively discerns how they must support or limit each other, and how each will find in the other the leverage by which he works out his own destiny. Thus, the general law of life is never dissociated from the passions and characters of the particular *dramatis personæ*. It is only the moving principle within them all, which necessarily in the long run comes to the surface when they act on each other. Hence, also, especially in some of his great tragedies, Shakespeare seems almost to pass beyond the limits of poetry in the clear logic of his dramatic thought. His presentment of the issues is so natural and complete that they become all but transparent. By the action of the play the characters

are brought to a clear consciousness of themselves, and in some cases almost read to us in so many words the secret of their own weakness and the moral of their own fate.

And this, perhaps, is the ultimate secret of great dramatic work and the reason why, in spite of the fearful catastrophe, a tragedy of Shakespeare sends us away, not with a mere feeling of horror and dismay, but with a sense of reconciliation. In the tragic crisis the movement of life has brought about a full statement of its problem; and fully to state the problem of life is almost to solve it. When the waters of life are troubled, the healing angel descends. The passions are purified, or elevated above themselves, by being worked out to their last issues, so that their onesidedness is at once exhibited and overcome. Even goodness is not felt to have completely won the battle of life till it has completed itself in sacrifice, and so revealed what it really is. The catastrophe of lawless ambition in Macbeth, of selfish pride in Coriolanus, of headstrong youthful love in Romeo, and of wilfulness in Lear, is a collapse which manifests the self-contradiction of passion and lifts us above it. Like the dying Edmund, each of the protagonists might say, "The wheel is come full circle: I am here." And the fate of Cordelia illustrates the same idea from the opposite side. Her death, when it is over, is not death but victory. In dying she has conquered Lear and her sisters, and though "the rest in silence," a voice, like the "*ist gerettet*" of the end of the first part of Faust, seems to come out of the darkness. We are made to feel that something has been won which outweighs all that is lost.

We have now got two great notes or characteristics of the mind of Shakespeare. On the one hand, that all but unlimited passivity of sympathy which enables him for the time to lose himself in the life of others; and, on the other hand, the fact that the reaction or re-assertion of himself comes not in the form of a self-defensive return upon his own individuality, or upon any favorite idea or interest of his own, but through a consciousness of the law of life, which, for Shakespeare, is hidden in every par-

ticular character and revealed in its evolution. The essence of the dramatic movement is that particular persons, by the collision of their special interests and passions, should reveal the universal meaning of human existence. And Shakespeare was the ideal dramatic poet, just because his all-tolerant soul set up no barriers between him and other men. We are, therefore, I think, entitled to say that he was the very reverse of a man of action, that he was one whose strength grew out of what might be called his weakness and impersonality of nature. For sympathies so open and impartial could not fail in the end to become just, and so to liberate him from the toils in which they seemed to ensnare him.

This picture, drawn from Shakespeare's work, is confirmed by all that we know of his life. Of his outward history, indeed, we know very little. And, perhaps, it is not altogether a misfortune that the name of the greatest of English poets stands free from that profitless gossip of biography which forgets that the true revelation of a great man is in his work, the work to which he gave his best, and not in the trivial details of his daily life. For this reason Tennyson is said to have thanked God that we know so little about Shakespeare except what Shakespeare has himself told us in his plays.

We know this much, however. We know that, when almost a boy, he made what seems to have been a rash marriage, with a woman much older than himself; that, soon after, he left Stratford and joined a company of players for whom he soon began to write plays; that he became a partner in the Globe Theatre, and that after some twenty-five years of the stage, during which he composed all the dramas preserved to us, he again retired to Stratford, where he purchased land with the fortune which the theatre had brought him, and where he soon afterward died. There are stories of his leading a somewhat dissipated life in London during the earlier years of his residence; stories which are, however, very doubtfully authenticated. But, if we take the sonnets as autobiographical (and it is hardly possible to avoid doing so with some of them), Shakespeare was

at one time entangled in a luckless passion, and reduced to the depths of despair by the treachery of the woman he loved and of his greatest friend—a despair which was farther increased by a disgust at what he felt as the degrading conditions of his life as a player, and by a crushing sense of the general futility of human existence. And, if we follow the succession of his plays, of which we know the general order, though we are unable to exactly date each particular work, we gain a similar impression. His earliest dramas, of which "A Midsummer Night's Dream" may be taken as the flower, are characterized by a light graceful play of imagination, which gradually makes way—as Shakespeare got more confidence in himself and knowledge of his art—for a still brighter, but more varied picture of life, in which the springs of passion are touched, but touched lightly and without any tragic emphasis. The general tone of feeling in the comedies of this period is serene and joyous, and sometimes even, as in "Taming of the Shrew," Shakespeare does not disdain a somewhat rough and boisterous fun which approaches near the limit of farce. During the same period, he gave his dramatic rendering of the history of England, in which he was obliged by the nature of the events themselves to paint with darker colors, and to exhibit the fiercest collisions of character and passion. Still, throughout the historical plays, the gloom is relieved by Shakespeare's patriotic pride in the valor and power of his country, and, in the last and greatest of them, it is enlightened by the marvellous humor of Falstaff, and by the inspiring ideal of a national king embodied in the heroic figure of Henry V. In all this period, however—that is, in the last ten years of the sixteenth century—there is only one proper tragedy, the youthful tragedy of imaginative and sentimental passion, "Romeo and Juliet." On the whole, Shakespeare is as yet full of the joy of living, and his poetry may be described as a free exhibition of the manifold riches of human character and activity. Life has not yet for him lost the youthful colors of hope, and its final moral seems to be the cheerful optimism of Henry :

"There is a soul of goodness in things evil,
Would men observingly distil it out."

After this, about the beginning of the seventeenth century, there is a remarkable change in the general characteristics of the muse of Shakespeare. Even the comedies written after this date—"All's Well that Ends Well" and "Measure for Measure"—are of a graver and more sombre complexion. The humor in them is more bitter, the passion deeper, and the characters, especially Isabella, with her stern purity and imaginative fire, are cast in the mould of tragedy. "Troilus and Cressida" also belongs to this time, but it can scarcely be called a comedy: it is the utterance of a mind bitter and out of tune with life, whose wit is high to cursing. Rather we might call it the commonplace tragedy of youthful passion, losing its way amid the unscrupulous policy and thinly veiled brutality of a so-called civilized world. And in all the other plays of this period, Shakespeare "dips his pen in hues of earthquake and eclipse." For seven years he pours forth a quick succession of great tragedies, beginning with "Hamlet" and ending with "Timon of Athens," a play left unfinished or finished by another hand. If it be true of Shakespeare, as it was of Goethe, that he sought in art deliverance from thoughts and feelings which were overburdening his soul and poisoning his life, assuredly the author of "Lear," and "Hamlet," and "Macbeth," and "Timon" had some "perilous stuff" weighing upon his heart at this time. Out of these plays one might collect a richer vocabulary of cursing and bitterness, the materials for a more emphatic commination service against man and nature, a more complete exposure of the seamy side of life, and a more fierce arraignment of the whole scheme of earthly things than, perhaps, is to be found in all literature besides. The wonderful art of the poet, no doubt, keeps the dramatic balance, and prevents this "unpacking of man's heart in curses" from being felt as untrue or excessive, in relation to the characters and the circumstances; except, perhaps, in one instance. In the fierce shriek of Timon's misanthropy one seems to catch the voice of Shake-

speare himself, uttering all his bitterness against the emptiness and vileness of London, with scarce a check from the "perpetual sober gods."*

"Forgive my general and exceptless rashness,
You perpetual sober gods! I do proclaim
One honest man—mistake me not—but
one."

Perhaps the unmodulated accents of nature were found here too much even for Shakespeare's craft, and therefore the play was laid aside or left in the rough. But even confining ourselves to the other tragedies, we may fairly say, that no one could have "put all this into song," unless he had "learnt it in suffering." No one—not even Shakespeare—could have given such perfect expression to every tone of human anguish, to every violent thought and emotion which rends the soul when at discord with itself and with destiny, who had not felt in himself all the extremes of passionate sorrow. It is not merely by a dramatic necessity, or at least it is by self-made dramatic necessity, that we find Shakespeare's thought continually recurring to the idea of suicide, continually weighing human life in the balance, and beating against the bars that hide from us the great secret of death. We can scarcely doubt that all this indicates a stage when for Shakespeare the native charm of life and the first belief in its unlimited riches had departed, and when he had begun to measure the world with sorrowful and disillusioned eyes.

"That time of life thou mayest in me behold
When yellow leaves or few or none do hang
Upon those boughs that shake against the
cold,

Bare ruined choirs where late the sweet
birds sang."

Shakespeare, however, had gone deeper than even such elegiac sorrow as this, when he wrote Macbeth's "To-morrow and to-morrow and to-morrow," or Timon's farewell to life:

* "Timon of Athens" and "Troilus and Cressida" are perhaps the only two plays of Shakespeare in which the general tone of the whole, as distinguished from the utterances of particular characters, is distinctly bitter, contemptuous, and pessimistic, as of one who had seen through the shows of life and found no better reality behind them.

"I am sick of this false world, and will love
naught

But * even the bare necessities upon't.

Then, Timon, presently prepare thy grave.

Lie where the light foam of the sea may
beat

Thy gravestone daily. Make thine epitaph,
That death in me at others' lives may laugh."

This, however, is not Shakespeare's last word. Art had given to Shakespeare the power to say, and to say out, what he suffered, to console himself by the supreme consolation of consummate expression. In such expression he rose above his sorrow, and saw, or at least felt, what he makes us feel, that there is a harmony which includes all the discords of existence. By the very depth of his sympathy Shakespeare becomes just, and recognizes a justice in the world—not of course directly, in so many words, but through the inner reconciliation of the tragic crisis of which I have already spoken. And the result is shown in the tone and temper of his last works, in which he returns, though with a new depth of feeling and a widened survey of life, to the free play of imagination with which he began. The romantic dramas of "Cymbeline" and "Winter's Tale" are somewhat loosely constructed, as if Shakespeare had become weary of strenuous dramatic effort; but, in parts, they are characterized by a breadth and freedom of thought, and, in other parts, by a bright mastery of poetic touch, which shows the hand of the "sovereign poet." And, in what is usually taken as Shakespeare's farewell to the stage, the "Tempest," we have a return to the fanciful structure of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," a kind of correspondence of the setting to the rising sun. In this play Shakespeare obviously is himself the magician Prospero, arranging for the last time the rough gambols of Caliban and the airy flights of Ariel, overruling the play of sense and imagination, of crude reality

* I venture to ask whether it should not read:

"Not even the bare necessities upon't?"

Timon had at an earlier stage renounced all but the "bare necessities." Now he renounces them. Cf. the earlier passage, "That nature being sick of man's unkindness should yet be hungry."—Act iv. sc. 3.

and poetic idealism, exhibiting for the last time the living enchantment of youthful love in Ferdinand and Miranda, and the poetic justice that returns evil upon the doer's head in Alonzo and Sebastian. Finally, we have Shakespeare bidding farewell to his enchanted island of art, and breaking the magic wand with which he has ruled it so long.

"But this rough magic
I here abjure; and when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And deeper than did ever plummet sound
I'll drown my book."

Before concluding these remarks, I may refer to a question which is suggested by the theme of the "Tempest." How did Shakespeare view his own art? Allusions to the stage are frequent in his works, though they are often very slight and casual. But there are a few which cast real light upon his view of the meaning and function of the drama. In "Henry V." we find him complaining of the limited scenic resources which

"much disgrace
With four or five most vile and ragged foils,
Right ill disposed in brawl ridiculous,
The glorious name of Agincourt,"

and calling upon the spectators to "piece out our imperfections with your thoughts;" and, elsewhere, he seems to share the common feeling as to the transitoriness and ineffectuality of the player's work, as when he makes the monarch Theseus say tolerantly of the absurd interlude of Pyramus and Thisbe: "The best in this kind are but shadows, and the worst are no worse, if imagination attend them." This feeling is expressed still more vividly in the words of Macbeth:

"Life's but a walking shadow, a poor player,
That struts and frets his hour upon the
stage,
And then is heard no more."

A still deeper sense of discord with his profession appears in Shakespeare's references to it in the "Sonnets," when he speaks of the impression which "vulgar scandal has stamp't upon his brow," professes himself "with what he most enjoys, contented least," and declares that he

"Has gone here and there,
And made himself a motley to the view,
Gored his own thoughts, sold cheap what
is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new."

Perhaps, however, the most striking expression of this feeling is found in the sonnet which begins with the passionate adjuration:

"O for my sake do thou with fortune plead,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds
Which did not better for my life provide
Than public means which public manners
breeds;
Thence comes it that my name receives a
brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand;
Pity me then and wish I were renewed."

Yet while Shakespeare might at times fret under the conditions which made him a kind of Bohemian, cut off from the main interests of life and brought into association with much bad company by an occupation that seemed to carry with it a measure of public discredit, we cannot doubt that he also saw the advantages of his position. That breadth and freedom of view, that power of judging things by a simple human standard, which was the characteristic result of the Renaissance, was in his case greatly assisted by the circumstances of a profession which placed him in the midst of society, yet as, in a sense, not of it; and, while withdrawing him from many of the relations of life, gave him an independent platform from which to view them all. "By-standers often see most of the game," and one who was separated from the ordinary struggles of business and politics was in a better position to estimate the meaning and worth of life, not as an effort after outward ends, but as a dramatic play of thought and feeling, a manifestation of the powers of humanity in its conflict with itself and with the conditions of its existence in this world. In Hamlet's discourse to the players we find him claiming it as the prerogative of the stage to make man conscious of himself, conscious of his own powers and tendencies, as well as of the natural and historical conditions in which his life is set. The purpose of playing is, he declares, to "hold as it were the mirror up to nature, to show virtue her own features, scorn her

own image, and the very age and body of the time his form and pressure." And Shakespeare carries this idea a step farther. The stage, he thinks, may well be a copy of the world, for, when we consider it closely, the world is but a stage. "All the world's a stage and all the men and women merely players."

"I hold the world but as the world, Gratiano ;
A stage where every man must play his part,
And mine a sad one."

It may, indeed, be said that the words, "merely players," tend to lower the world to the stage, rather than lift the stage to the world, just as when, in another place, Shakespeare says directly "This huge stage presenteth naught but shows." But in the "Tempest," which, as we have seen, was Shakespeare's farewell to the stage, he empties this thought of all bitterness and raises it to sublimity by universalizing it :

"Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air,
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud capp'd towers, the gorgeous pal-
aces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve,
And, like this unsubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such
stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep."

So Shakespeare rises on the wings of poetic idealism to a serene contemplation of the littleness of human things, and his last word is that, like the transitory exhibitions of the player's craft, all human life is a dream and a shadow, when we look at it "under the form of eternity." It was natural that he who had read so thoroughly the meaning of life should, in the end, count it but a dream, as the past is always a dream to him who has left it behind and who looks beyond it. To the old man with his work behind him, the hot passions of youth and even the earnest purposes

of maturer years, with all the conflict and noise to which they have given birth, may well begin to seem shadowy and unreal things. Just because he has lived through them and exhausted their full meaning, their reality—even if it had been permanent, which it could not be—is no longer real enough for him. But the resultant attitude of mind shows whether all the effort and trouble has been in vain or no. For Shakespeare, the tender sympathetic outlook upon life, the peaceful glow of imagination, and the quiet resignation and self-control with which he lays down his poetic office, gather round his last work, the "Tempest," an evening halo, as of summer clouds around the setting sun. Shakespeare is no dogmatist or theorist ; he certainly tells us nothing of his views as to the ordinary religious creed of his day, and some have even called him an Agnostic. But, in any deeper sense, it would be altogether untrue to call him so. For, even in his darkest tragedy, it is a moral principle which rules the evolution of events and brings on the tragic crisis. Shakespeare, as we have seen, is throughout faithful to the principle of Heraclitus, ἦθος ἀνθρώπου δαίμων ; it is a man's character that is his fate. And it would be the reverse of the truth to assert that, in its ultimate result and outcome, his view of life is sceptical or despairing. On the contrary, we are able to say that the man who most profoundly measured all the heights and depths of human nature, and saw most fully all the humor and pathos, all the comedy and tragedy of the lot of man upon earth, was not embittered or hopelessly saddened by his knowledge, but brought out of it all in the end a serene and charitable view of existence, a free sympathy with every joy and sorrow of humanity, and a conviction that good is stronger than ill and that the "great soul of the world is just."—

Contemporary Review.

THE WORLD BENEATH THE OCEAN.

BY ARCHER P. CROUCH.

THE book which Dr. Nansen is writing for Archibald Constable & Co. descriptive of his recent expedition will be eagerly awaited by all who are interested in the study of oceanography. In the somewhat discursive and, to all appearance, hastily written papers which appeared in the *Daily Chronicle* the Norwegian explorer only touched lightly on the observations which he had made in connection with this subject. We learn, however, that he took a large number of soundings, and concluded, from the remarkable absence of organic life in the samples brought up from the bottom, that the existing views as to the nature of ocean-bed deposits will have to be modified. No doubt the majority of these soundings were taken with reliable sounding machinery, and not by a line running over a block and recovered by hand, as represented in the sketch accompanying his paper. A word will be said later in this article with regard to the depths and temperatures which he gives.

All observations that add to our knowledge of ocean depths and deposits are of special interest at the present time, when a conference is being held at the Colonial Office concerning the laying of a Pacific cable in depths which will exceed those of the deepest cable already laid, and in deposits of which no practical experience has been gained. It is only since surveys of the sea bottom were first undertaken for the purposes of submarine telegraphy that any knowledge has been gained of the world beneath the ocean. A certain acquaintance, it is true, with marine animals in shallow waters has long existed, and Aristotle, who mentions 180 species in the *Ægean Sea*, is familiar to the student of natural history in connection with the masticatory organ of the *Echinus*, or sea-hedgehog, called after the great philosopher "Aristotle's Lantern." Some four hundred years later Pliny the Elder enumerates 176 species, which, although four less than Aristotle's list,

seemed to afford the gossipy old naturalist very lively satisfaction. "One must allow," he says, "that it is quite impossible to comprise every species of terrestrial animal in one general view for the information of mankind, and yet, by Hercules! in the sea and ocean, vast as it is, there exists nothing that is unknown to us; and—a truly marvellous fact—it is with those things which nature has concealed in the deep that we are best acquainted." Pliny's self-congratulatory vein would have been brought to a speedy termination if he had known that the complete list included 500,000 species, though it is only fair to say that 400,000 of them are organisms very low down in the scale of nature.

The discovery of America and the extended voyages which followed it stimulated interest in matters connected with the ocean. Sir John Hawkins, the great Elizabethan admiral, believed that if it were not for the movement of the sea by tides and winds, it would corrupt the world. This theory was based on an experience off the Azores, where he was becalmed six months. He relates that the sea was filled with serpents, adders, and snakes, three to six feet long, "some green, some black, some yellow, some white," and so numerous "that hardly a man could draw a bucket clear of some corruption." Is it possible that this account suggested Coleridge's well-known lines in the *Ancient Mariner*?

The very sea did rot; O Christ!

That ever this should be!

Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

No scientific attempts to take deep-sea soundings were made before the seventeenth century. Then Hooke employed a sphere of wood, well pitched and varnished, which was sunk by a sphere of iron attached to it by a spring hook. On reaching the bottom the sphere of wood became released and rose to the surface, the depth of the sounding being calculated by a formula

from the interval between the time when it was let go and the time when it appeared again. In 1733 two members of the Royal Society, Dr. Stephen Hales and Dr. Desaguliers, invented a sounder consisting of a glass vessel in which stood a gauge-tube, the top of which was hermetically sealed, while the bottom was immersed in mercury, covered with a thin film of treacle. The mode of sinking, as in Hooke's sounder, was by a weight, which became detached on reaching the bottom. The pressure of the water forced the mercury up the glass gauge-tube, and the treacle marked the highest point reached. The depth was calculated by Boyle's law of pressure. A hollow sphere attached to the top of the glass vessel caused it to rise to the surface when the weight was released. This contrivance of the two learned doctors acted very well in shallow water, where there was little current, but would have been useless in great depths, where the pressure would burst the hollow sphere, or in currents strong enough to carry it out of sight. The interest of their invention lies in the fact that it anticipated by some hundred and fifty years Lord Kelvin's sounding tube, which depends on the same principle, and which is of such great service in modern navigation.

Little advance was made in oceanography during the eighteenth century, but in 1818 Sir John Ross in his famous Arctic expedition brought up living specimens from a depth of 1050 fathoms,* by means of a bemp line and a deep-sea clam, resembling in appearance a self-acting pair of tongs, with large spoon-shaped ends. This achievement was regarded with suspicion by eminent zoologists, and as late as 1859 Edward Forbes, in his *Natural History of European Seas*, insisted on the theory that animal life could not exist at greater depths than 300 or 400 fathoms. The theory was destined to receive a rude shock the following year in the course of some soundings taken by H.M.S. *Bulldog* over a proposed route for the Atlantic

cable. During the first portion of the voyage the specimens recovered from the sea bottom were of little interest. But at length striking results were obtained from a sounding in 1260 fathoms. One can judge of the scientific enthusiasm which the problem aroused by the tone in which Dr. Wallich, the chief naturalist on board, describes the occasion: "That single sounding, I may be permitted to say, compensated for every disappointment that weather and accident may have previously engendered. At the eleventh hour, and under circumstances the most unfavorable for searching out its secrets, the deep has sent forth the long-coveted message."

This message consisted of thirteen starfishes, which had become attached to the end of the line as it rested for a short time on the ocean bed. Its announcement was followed by a storm of controversy among the scientific men of the day. The idea of a bathymetric line, or life-zero, below which animal existence could not be supported, was not easily abandoned by the partisans of Edward Forbes. They declared that the starfishes came from a higher layer of water, and had "convulsively embraced" the line on its way from the bottom. But the question was settled beyond all doubt in the latter part of the same year, when a Mediterranean cable, which Professor Fleeming Jenkin hooked from a depth of over 1000 fathoms for the purpose of repair, came up with evidences of animal life encrusted on its sheathing.

Meanwhile the science of deep-sea sounding had made considerable advances owing to a contrivance invented in 1854 by Brooke, an officer in the United States Navy. Hitherto no sinking weight had been attached to the sounder, and in great depths the increased friction on the line made the rate of descent so slow, that on reaching the bottom there was no perceptible diminution in the speed of running out, the line continuing to descend by its own weight. On one occasion Captain Denham paid out 7706 fathoms, or $8\frac{3}{4}$ miles, without getting bottom, and from another ship over 8300 fathoms, or 10 miles, of line were lowered with the same result. Brooke's inven-

* One fathom being 6 feet, 1000 fathoms is slightly more than $1\frac{1}{4}$ of a statute mile. Throughout this paper depths and lengths are given in statute, not in nautical, miles.

tion depended on the same principle as that employed by Hooke two hundred years previously, namely, that of a heavy weight to sink the sounder, the weight becoming detached automatically on reaching the bottom. The difference in the two methods consists in the fact that, instead of a sphere of wood, Brooke used a metal tube, which was lowered and recovered by means of a hemp line. The weight was a large shot or cannon ball with a hole through the centre, by which it was passed over the sounding tube, and suspended in that position by hanging from two metal arms pivoted to the top of the tube. These arms were attached by a looped cord to the hemp line, and during descent were kept upright by the weight of the sounder. On reaching the bottom the strain was removed, the two arms dropped, and the weight slipped off, leaving the sounder free to return by itself.

But, in spite of the heavy weights employed, hemp lines could not be relied upon in deep water where strong currents were present, and in the case of the Gulf Stream it was found almost impossible to get bottom with them. Accordingly, in 1872, Sir William Thomson, now Lord Kelvin, made some experiments with the view of replacing hemp by wire. As far back as 1838 wire had been used for sounding purposes, but it was of so heavy a type that no indication of reaching the bottom could be observed. The type employed by Lord Kelvin was ordinary pianoforte wire, and proved a complete success. The kind now in general use is only $\frac{1}{3}$ of an inch in diameter, and has a breaking strain of 270 lbs., or over 19 stone, which is, bulk for bulk, eighteen times as great as that of hemp. On account of its smooth surface and small area it offers extremely small resistance to the water, and gives accurate results in the strongest currents. But it is in the recovery that, owing to its small weight, which is only 13 lbs. per mile, the superiority of this wire is most apparent. A length of 2000 fathoms, or $2\frac{1}{4}$ miles, can be wound in—even when the ship has started and is steaming eight or nine knots—in twenty-two minutes, that is, at the rate of 540 feet a minute, which is very lit-

tle slower than the rate of paying out. A similar length of hemp line would take $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours to recover, and this could only be done when the ship was stationary. In temperature soundings, however, it is unwise to trust to a single wire the weight of a series of thermometers, and for this purpose a wire cable, 2.25 mm. or about $\frac{1}{10}$ of an inch in diameter, such as H.S.H. the Prince of Monaco uses on board the *Princess Alice*, is the best.

There have been many different forms of sounders, but the one now used by the Silvertown Cable Company presents the most important features of the majority, and may be taken as a typical one. It is an adaptation of Sigsbee's sounder, and consists of a central tube $1\frac{1}{2}$ inch in diameter, fitted with valves at the top and bottom, through which the water passes as it descends, but which shut down when it reaches the bottom, and inclose a sample of the bottom water. Beneath this main tube are fixed three smaller ones, 16 inches in length and $\frac{1}{4}$ inch in diameter. These sink into the mud and bring up specimens of it for chemical analysis, to determine if the bottom would be likely to prove injurious to the cable.

The sinkers are usually elliptical in shape, so as to offer the least resistance during descent, and are 30, 40 or 60 lbs. in weight according to the depth anticipated. A hole runs through them lengthways, sufficiently large to allow them to slip over the sounder and to be suspended in that position by a looped wire of soft iron hanging from the hooked lower edge of a joint in the metal top piece of the sounder. The two edges work with a shearing action like a pair of scissors, but are kept apart, during the descent, by a small metal catch. On reaching the bottom this catch is released by the slacking of the wire, but when the line is hauled taut again for heaving up, the soft iron wire suspending the weight is cut, and the weight slips off.

Sounding wire is wound on drums 2 feet in diameter (and consequently about one fathom in circumference) in lengths of 2000 or 4000 fathoms as required. When first employed for this purpose the wire was not made in more

than 100-fathom lengths, and thus, in a piece of 2000 fathoms, there were nineteen joints. These joints were found to be the weak spots in a line; but the difficulty has lately been overcome, and wire can now be drawn in continuous lengths of 7 miles without a single joint. The sounding gear on the Silvertown cable ships is at the stern, and the drum of wire rests on a metal carriage, which, for paying out, runs to the end of a platform overhanging the water, so that the wire is reeled off the drum directly into the sea. For recovery, the carriage is wheeled back inboard, and the wire is led round a pulley before reaching the drum, so as to take the direct strain off the latter. The pulley is driven by a small engine fixed on the sounding platform, and from it a belt passes up to the drum and causes it to revolve.

Attached to the drum carriage is an indicator which gives the number of the revolutions of the drum—that is, the number of fathoms paid out. At the commencement of the sounding the indicator is set at zero, and the time each hundred fathoms take in running out is noted. This interval gradually increases, owing to the increased friction of the lengthening line and the greater density of deeper water. A hand brake augments the brake power to balance the augmented weight of line paid out, so that when the sounder reaches the bottom the fact at once becomes apparent by the sudden slacking of the wire.

In sounding for a cable route it is very useful to get the temperature of the water at the bottom. A high temperature decreases, while a low temperature increases, the conductivity of the copper wire through which the electric current flows, as well as the insulation of its gutta-percha covering. In repairing a cable, the knowledge of the temperature in which it lies enables the electrician to localize the fault with much greater accuracy than if no such data were procurable. Accordingly, when taking a sounding, it is usual to lower a thermometer, attaching it to the line just above the sounder. Several kinds of thermometers are used for the purpose. In the "capsizing thermometer" a metal frame con-

taining the glass tube is pivoted at the bottom inside a larger frame. During descent it is kept in position by a fan screw, which the movement through the water causes to press down upon the top of it. On the line being hauled upward, the action of the screw is reversed, and the inner frame is free to turn upside down on its pivot. Owing to a contraction in the neck of the bulb, a column of mercury, short or long according to the temperature, breaks off and falls down into the top of the thermometer, giving the temperature on a graduated scale.

Another form of this thermometer is capsized by a weight being sent down the line and falling on a lever. On one occasion a fish, whose curiosity had prompted it to inspect the strange apparatus on its arrival at the bottom, was jammed between the weight and the lever and brought lifeless to the surface. "It seemed hard," was the comment in the logbook of the kind-hearted naturalist who accompanied the expedition, "that creatures living so far from the resources of civilization should still be exposed to accidents by machinery."

In medium depths, owing to the fact that in the sea the coldest water is always at the bottom, an ordinary maximum and minimum thermometer will serve the purpose; but in deep water, where the pressure causes an error of 8° to 10°, and sometimes even bursts the thermometer, a Miller Casella instrument is the best. The bulb of this instrument is inclosed in an outer bulb filled three-quarters full with alcohol, which is warmed so as to expel some of the air before sealing. A cushion is thus formed between the two bulbs, which takes up the pressure, so that the inner bulb remains unaffected by it.

From the point of view of submarine telegraphy, the most important object in sounding is to discover irregularities of the sea bottom, over which it would be dangerous to lay a cable. The majority of the failures of early cables was due to the fact that the ocean bed on which they were to lie had not been properly surveyed. The sea bottom between Ireland and Newfoundland at the time of the first Atlantic cable was

declared by Captain Maury, U.S.N., to be a level plateau, apparently placed there by Providence to facilitate telegraphic communication between the two countries. This statement was made after only fourteen soundings, which was little more than one to every hundred miles. Inequalities of three to four hundred fathoms, sufficient to endanger the safety of a cable, might easily exist between any two such points, and subsequent survey has proved this to be often the case. No systematic soundings were made for the Lisbon-Madeira cable, but from those taken it was inferred that the average depth was 2000 fathoms. During the laying a bank with only 100 fathoms was crossed, and the cable was suspended in a festoon and broken.

With this experience before them, the Silvertown Company determined to make a careful survey for their Cadiz-Tenerife cable. Mr. J. Y. Buchanan, F.R.S., who had been on the scientific staff of the *Challenger*, was on board the *Dacia*, and 552 soundings were taken by that ship alone. Two important banks were discovered. The first of these was a coral patch about six miles long and three and a half miles broad. Its shallowest part showed a depth of 435 fathoms. At one end there was a precipitous wall, 285 fathoms in height. While sounding on this ledge the sounder struck ground at 550 fathoms, tumbled over, and struck again at 620 fathoms, and, continuing to fall, eventually found a resting-place at 835 fathoms.

The second bank at its most shallow point was only forty-nine fathoms below the surface, and also had a perpendicular wall. As this was discovered at night-time, a buoy was put over in 175 fathoms, and the ship lay by, in order to continue the work by daylight. On attempting the following morning to raise the mushroom anchor, to which the buoy was moored, the wire mooring rope parted at seventy-five fathoms from the bottom, and was found to have been almost chafed through at that point, thus proving the existence of a rough-edged wall, at least an equal distance from the ground. In spite, however, of these numerous soundings, a fresh bank in the direct

path of the cable was discovered, during the laying, by a pioneer ship, a little way ahead. It was at night, and a rocket was fired without delay. The engineer in charge of the laying ship, seeing the signal, and noting, by the dynamometer, the decreasing strain on the cable, although too late to avoid the bank, put the ship's engines full speed astern, and paid out a sufficient amount of slack cable to prevent a repetition of the accident which occurred in the Madeira-Lisbon line.

As this experience proves the impossibility, even with numerous soundings, of discovering every inequality which might prove dangerous to a cable, it becomes a question, in the case of a very long line such as the proposed Pacific, what proportion of the whole cost should be devoted to a preliminary survey. In the neighborhood of land, careful soundings always repay the time devoted to them; but in wide stretches of mid-ocean, where the bottom is likely to be more uniform, and where work on such an elaborate scale would be a matter of years rather than months, a much greater distance between the soundings becomes imperative. The total length of the Pacific cable route is about 7000 nautical miles, or three times the length of an average Atlantic cable. A zigzag course, which would give three direct lines of soundings, with thirty miles between the soundings in each particular line (or, altogether, one sounding for every ten miles), would be quite sufficient for practical purposes.

An expedition which was undertaken by the Silvertown Company, to survey a cable route down the west coast of Africa, revealed some interesting facts with regard to the ocean bed in that quarter. A spot called on the Admiralty charts "The Bottomless Pit," lying off Little Bassam on the Ivory Coast, was explored, and a depth of 425 fathoms in close proximity to forty-seven and sixty-seven fathoms on either side of it was found. This formed, perhaps, at one time, the mouth of the river Akba. Along the eastward end of the Guinea coast the descent from the hundred-fathom line is well marked, but on nearing the area influenced by the outflow of the Niger

and the Congo the slope becomes abnormally gentle. Nine-tenths of the rivers of Africa empty themselves into the Gulf of Guinea, and the sand and mud brought down by them have changed the steep descent to a slowly shelving bank. The water, too, of these rivers, which drain a district remarkable for its heavy rainfall, causes the Gulf to be less salt than any other portion of ocean water in the world. While sounding off the Congo, a submarine cañon or gully two miles broad and 242 feet deep was discovered. This cañon was formed, not like a land cañon by the wearing away of the river bed, but by the heaping up of the mud brought down by the stream into banks on either side. The current was so strong here, that during soundings the ship's engines had to be kept half-speed ahead, and with a hemp line it would have been impossible to get reliable results.

The information gathered from various scientific and telegraphic expeditions goes to prove that the normal depth of the Atlantic Ocean is about 2500 fathoms, or nearly three miles. In some parts, however, it is almost twice as deep, for off Porto Rico in the West Indies, the *Blake*, belonging to the United States Navy, found a depth of 4561 fathoms, or nearly five and a quarter miles. One of the deepest cables in the Atlantic is that of the South American Company, which in one part, between Senegal and the Island of Fernando Noronha, lies in 2830 fathoms, or a little more than three miles. When laying a line in this depth it is calculated that, with the ship steaming at eight knots an hour, the length of cable from the stern of the ship to the spot where it touches the ground is over twenty-five miles, and that it takes a particular point in the cable more than two hours and a half to reach the bottom from the time that it first enters the water. The deepest sounding yet recorded was taken early in the present year by H.M.S. *Penguin* in the South Eastern Pacific, about 550 miles to the northwest of New Zealand. This gave 5155 fathoms, or a depth of nearly six miles.

As a result of these numerous surveys, much valuable information has

been obtained with regard to the configuration of ocean beds. Contrary to the opinion formerly held, the bottom of the sea does not present so many striking irregularities as the surface of the earth. Except for islands of volcanic origin and some coral patches, the bed of the Atlantic is an undulating plain of fairly uniform flatness, and may be better compared to a tray with a sharply ascending rim than to a basin. The slope of the land, as a general rule, is continued out into the sea until it reaches a depth of about 100 fathoms, and then increases rapidly to 1500 and 2000 fathoms, reaching finally the normal depth of 2500 fathoms. The area between the 100-fathom line and the shore—usually known as the continental platform—is really submerged land, and if the sea level were suddenly lowered to that extent, England would be connected by dry land to Denmark, Holland, Belgium, France, Ireland, Orkney, and Shetland. Nearly the whole of the North Sea, with the exception of some of the Norwegian fiords, would be laid bare, while the coast of Ireland would be extended 100 miles to the westward. On the other hand, the raising of the sea level to the extent of 100 fathoms would put a large portion of Europe under water, as, indeed, has been several times the case with that continent. Not only in the Atlantic, but in the Pacific, on the west coast of North America especially, the continental platform rises abruptly from the margins of the real oceanic depressed areas, and this phenomenon is one of the strongest arguments in favor of the theory of the permanence of the great ocean beds.

When the Atlantic first came to be sounded in a scientific manner in the course of the *Challenger* expedition, the result, after the great depths previously reported, was generally felt to be disappointing. Sir C. Wyville Thomson,* indeed, who was chief of the scientific staff, subsequently described that ocean,

* Sir Wyville Thomson, who died in 1882, was succeeded in his work by Dr. John Murray, F.R.S., who is responsible for all the volumes containing the reports of this expedition.

with its average of 2000 fathoms, as a "thin shell of water." When, however, it is remembered that over large areas the depth is at least 2500 fathoms, or 15,000 feet—the height of Mont Blanc—and that in one place a sounding gave 4561 fathoms, or 27,366 feet—only 2000 feet less than Mount Everest, the highest point in the world—his expression appears decidedly misleading. The sea level may, in fact, be taken as the relief equator of the globe, almost equidistant from the highest land elevation and the lowest depths of the sea. But while the average height of the land is only 1000 feet, the average depth of the water is 13,000 feet. Hence an enormous disproportion exists between the mass of land above sea level and the volume of water beneath it. Taking the area of the sea in comparison to the land as $2\frac{3}{4}$ to 1, and multiplying by thirteen, the number of times by which it exceeds it in depth, we find that the total volume of ocean water is thirty-six times the volume of the land above sea level.

But although the ocean bed has some depths almost equal to the highest mountains, it is, as a whole, much more uniform than the land. In the Atlantic, for instance, as already stated, only a few volcanic islands break the regularity of the level plateau at the bottom. Near to the land the sea bottom, as a rule, reproduces the leading features of the coast, and on these depends the distance of the 100-fathom line from the shore. Thus the low east coast of England is subtended by the shallow sandbanks of the North Sea, while the precipitous mountains of Norway find their counterpart in the great depth of its fiords.

Ocean deposits may be arranged according to the depth at which they are found in the following manner :

- (1) Shore deposits.
- (2) Pteropod ooze.
- (3) Globigerina ooze.
- (4) Gray ooze.
- (5) Red clay.
- (6) Radiolarian and Diatom ooze.

The area of shore deposits is, as Professor Geikie has pointed out, the marginal belt of sea floor skirting the land. The sand and mud brought down by rivers sink to the bottom long before

they reach the real ocean depths. The Gulf of Guinea is an exceptional case, and the matter brought down in suspension by its numerous rivers can be traced to a distance of nearly 200 miles out to seaward, and to a depth of 1600 fathoms. Indeed, off the Congo River shore mud has been found 600 miles from its mouth, and in a depth of 3000 fathoms. But, as a rule, shore deposits rarely extend beyond the 100-fathom line, and their discovery at greater distances has usually been shown to be due to exceptional agencies. Thus some sand brought up from deep soundings off the north-west coast of Africa was proved to have been carried out to sea by the Harmattan, a powerful and extremely dry wind blowing from the desert of Sahara, and bearing with it a fine dust in such large quantities as to throw a plentiful deposit on the decks of vessels 200 or 300 miles from land.

Pteropod and globigerina oozes are formed from the remains of the shells of the small marine organisms which bear those names. The former is not found at greater depths than 1500 fathoms, and the latter than 2500 fathoms, owing to the amount of free carbonic acid gas in the water increasing with the depth, and dissolving their delicate shells of carbonate of lime. These oozes are the best for the purposes of submarine telegraphy. They are so yielding that the cable becomes embedded in them, and their presence is a guarantee against strong undercurrents, the scouring effects of which have been traced to a depth of 1000 fathoms. Shore deposits, on the other hand, are often very injurious to the sheathing wires of a cable, owing to the iodine contained in seaweed and decaying vegetable matter, which is known to corrode iron rapidly.

Gray ooze is intermediary between globigerina ooze and red clay, and is evidently a mixture of the two. Red clay itself is formed by the decomposition of pumice-stone, and from minerals containing felspar. The action of the waves washes pumice-stone off volcanic rocks, and, being lighter than water, it floats for a long time on the surface of the sea. Towing nets invariably inclose large quantities when

lowered in mid-ocean. Some may also be derived from submarine volcanic disturbances; but whether this is the case or no, it is certain that the red clay deposit formed by it accumulates very slowly. This is proved by the frequent presence of meteoric iron in this deposit. "I know of no recent discovery in physical geography," says Professor Geikie, "more calculated to impress deeply the imagination than the testimony of this meteoric iron from the most distant abysses of the ocean. To be told that mud gathers on the floor of these abysses at an extremely slow rate conveys but a vague notion of the tardiness of the process. But to be told that it gathers so slowly that the very star dust from outer space forms an appreciable part of it, brings home to us, as nothing else could do, the idea of undisturbed and excessively slow accumulation."

In the red clay are found nodules of almost pure peroxide of manganese, collected round some hard centre like a shark's tooth or a whale's earbone. Curiously enough, no other parts of the structure of large marine animals are recovered from the bottom; but the two just mentioned occur in great abundance, no fewer than 600 sharks' teeth and 100 earbones of whales having been brought up on one occasion in a single haul of the dredge. More striking still is the fact that no fossil remains, no portion of a ship, nor any article of human manufacture, has ever been retrieved from the depths of the ocean. A satisfactory explanation of this problem has yet to be forthcoming.

Red clay is deposited in 2500 to 3000 fathoms, and beyond that depth Radiolarian and Diatom ooze is found. This ooze is composed of the skeletons of the Radiolaria, or star-shaped organisms, and of the cases of the vegetable Diatoms. As these are of siliceous formation, they are impervious to the action of carbonic acid gas, which dissolves the shells of the Pteropods and Globigerinæ. Diatoms are classed as vegetables owing to their structure, and their mode of reproduction, which is by self-division of the cell. Although individually so small as to be quite invisible to the naked eye, they often oc-

cur in such large masses as to give the sea a deep red hue. Mr. J. Y. Buchanan, in the course of his voyage with the *Buccaneer* on the west coast of Africa, passed through a number of "Diatom banks, one of which was 200 miles long and forty to fifty fathoms deep. Although the water at the surface was so strongly tinged with red that wide expanses of it could be seen for several miles from the ship, the tow net at the surface recovered very few specimens of the Diatom. When lowered, however, for only a few minutes to a depth of ten fathoms, it came up, glutted with a mass of these highly colored organisms. If they had been present to the same extent on the surface, the water must have acquired a color as vivid as that of fresh arterial blood.

But the most widely distributed organisms in the upper stratum of ocean water are the larvæ of crustacea, or certain kinds of shell fish in the earlier stages of their development. These larvæ go through a process of diurnal migration, rising to the surface as daylight disappears, and sinking again as it returns, in order to remain in perpetual gloom. Gatherings with a tow net at the surface are consequently always richer at night than during the day. Large catches, however, can be made in daylight by fishing at a depth of fifteen to thirty fathoms. These few vertical fathoms through which the larvæ pass represent climatic changes of some thousands of miles horizontally at the surface; for at night on the surface they live in water heated to 80° or 85°, while during the day, at a depth of only twenty fathoms, they have to put up with a temperature of 55° to 65°.

As a result of his scientific investigations on board the *Lightning* and the *Porcupine*, Sir C. Wyville Thomson wrote in 1873: "The fauna of the deep sea are more rich and varied, and have organisms in many cases more elaborately and delicately formed, and more exquisitely beautiful in their soft shades of coloring and in the rainbow tints of their wonderful phosphorescence, than the fauna of the well-known belt of shallow water which fringes the land." But later researches

have proved that this description is only true of deep-sea animals on the outskirts of the great ocean basins, for the farther they wander from shallow water, the poorer they become. The conditions under which they have to live in the abysmal areas seem very unfavorable to animal existence. The temperature at the bottom of the ocean is nearly down to freezing point, and sometimes actually below it. There is a total absence of light, as far as sunlight is concerned, and there is an enormous pressure, reckoned at about one ton to the square inch in every 1000 fathoms, which is 160 times greater than that of the atmosphere we live in. At 2500 fathoms the pressure is thirty times more powerful than the steam pressure of a locomotive when drawing a train. As late as 1880 a leading zoologist explained the existence of deep-sea animals at such depths by assuming that their bodies were composed of solids and liquids of great density, and contained no air. This, however, is not the case with deep-sea fish, which are provided with air-inflated swimming bladders. If one of these fish, in full chase after its prey, happens to ascend beyond a certain level, its bladder becomes distended with the decreased pressure, and carries it, in spite of all its efforts, still higher in its course. In fact, members of this unfortunate class are liable to become victims to the unusual accident of falling upward, and no doubt meet with a violent death soon after leaving their accustomed level, and long before their bodies reach the surface in a distorted and unnatural state. Even ground sharks, brought up from a depth of no more than 500 fathoms, expire before they gain the surface.

The fauna of the deep sea—with a few exceptions hitherto only known as fossils—are new and specially modified forms of families and genera inhabiting shallow waters in modern times, and have been driven down to the depths of the ocean by their more powerful rivals in the battle of life, much as the ancient Britons were compelled to withdraw to the barren and inaccessible fastnesses of Wales. Some of their organs have undergone considerable

modification in correspondence to the changed conditions of their new habitats. Thus down to 900 fathoms their eyes have generally become enlarged, to make the best of the faint light which may possibly penetrate there. After 1000 fathoms these organs are either still further enlarged or so greatly reduced that in some species they disappear altogether and are replaced by enormously long feelers. The only light at great depths which would enable large eyes to be of any service is the phosphorescence given out by deep-sea animals. We know that at the surface this light is often very powerful, and Sir Wyville Thomson has recorded one occasion on which the sea at night was "a perfect blaze of phosphorescence, so strong that lights and shadows were thrown on the sails and it was easy to read the smallest print." It is thought possible by several naturalists that certain portions of the sea bottom may be as brilliantly illumined by this sort of light as the streets of a European city after sunset. Some deep-sea fish have two parallel rows of small circular phosphorescent organs running along the whole length of their bodies, and as they glide through the dark waters of the profound abysses they must look like model mailships with rows of shining portholes.

It was at one time held that the temperature of the ocean never descended lower than 39° Fahr., but this unfounded assumption was disproved by the *Challenger* expedition. As low a temperature as 27° has been obtained in the South Atlantic in the neighborhood of icebergs. The freezing point of salt water is 25° Fahr., and the fact that it contracts steadily down to freezing point instead of expanding again like fresh water when within 4° of it, causes the coldest water to sink always to the bottom. In a sounding of 2900 fathoms taken in the South Atlantic, the bottom temperature was 32°, and the last 1000 fathoms might be described as absolutely glacial. The second 1000 fathoms consisted of water from 32° to 36½°, and in the course of the next 500 fathoms the temperature rose to 40°. The remaining 400 fathoms constituted the warm upper strat-

um of water, 40° being the limit at which the sun's rays exert any direct heating influence.

In the North Atlantic no lower temperature than 35° is found, and the warm stratum, instead of being only 400 fathoms, is 800 or 900 fathoms deep. One reason for this comparatively high temperature is that a ridge runs at the bottom of the sea right across the ocean from Greenland to Norway, rising above the surface to form Iceland. This ridge is of such a height that the deeper and colder parts of the Arctic basin are unable to communicate with the North Atlantic. Dr. Nansen states that the soundings taken by the *Fram*, while drifting with the ice, gave a depth of between 1600 and 1900 fathoms, and he thinks that the whole Polar Basin should be considered as a continuation of the deep channel which runs between Spitzbergen and Greenland, from what he calls the North Atlantic Ocean. In Norwegian charts the North Atlantic may reach as far as Spitzbergen, instead of terminating, as in English charts, at the latitude of Iceland. But as the Doctor's words are liable to misinterpretation, it is as well to point out that no deep channel exists connecting the Arctic Ocean with the main portion of the North Atlantic Ocean.

The increased depth of the warm stratum is also due to the fact that the waters of tropical latitudes have been heated by the Gulf Stream or Florida current. The Gulf Stream itself dies out in mid-Atlantic, losing its movement, warmth, and deep color, and becoming mere surface drift. But the ocean water it has heated, gaining a greater specific gravity under the evaporating action of the dry trade winds, sinks downward, and, mingling with the cooler water below, extends the depth of the warm stratum to 800 or 900 fathoms. The warm stratum is then carried northward by the vertical circulation of the ocean, the cold bottom water from the poles rising near the equator, and the warm surface water from the equator sinking near the poles. This action is attested by the fact that the plane of 40° of temperature rises at the equator from 700 to only 300 fathoms from the surface.

To the vertical circulation of ocean water North-western Europe owes its climate. Without it, England would be subject to the same low temperature as Labrador, and all the Norwegian harbors would be ice-blocked. The temperature of the atmosphere at the North Cape, in Norway, is $14\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ below zero, while the temperature of the sea is several degrees above it. The great thickness of the warm stratum enables it to resist for a long time the cold air of northern latitudes, and below the cold ice-water covering the surface of the Polar Sea Dr. Nansen found a deep layer of warmer and saltier water, which still preserved a temperature of one degree above freezing-point. The Pacific Ocean, owing to its wider area and to the absence of any such heating agency as the Gulf Stream, is filled to a very large extent with water of glacial or sub-glacial coldness. Surface temperatures taken on the west coast of South America at Payta, 5° south of the equator, and at Coquimbo, 30° south, were found to be the same, $63\frac{1}{2}^{\circ}$ Fahr.

As a result of the many careful and systematic deep sea investigations, there is an almost universal consensus of opinion among leading scientists in favor of the permanence of the great ocean basins. Geologists divide the world into three areas:—

- (1) The abysmal area, from 1000 fathoms below the sea level downward.
- (2) The transitional area, from 1000 fathoms below the sea level upward to the sea level.
- (3) The continental area, including all dry land.

For practical purposes the sea level may be taken as a constant figure, although, even in the same latitudes of one and the same ocean it is not always the same distance from the centre of the globe. The waters of the ocean are attracted by the proximity of huge land ridges, just as the water in a glass is drawn up at the edges. It is calculated that the surface of the Pacific Ocean is 2000 feet nearer the earth's centre at the Sandwich Islands than on the coast of Peru. At the present epoch the sea level stands at such a height in the transitional area that its rise or fall would flood or lay bare the largest surface of land. If the level rose only 100

fathoms, fourteen million square miles of land would be submerged. If it sank to the same extent, ten million square miles would be exposed. The enormous disproportion between the mean height of the land and the mean depth of the ocean makes it impossible to be-

lieve that the land at present above the sea level has ever formed the bottom of oceans as deep and vast as those now existing, a very moderate upheaval of which would suffice to bring about a universal deluge.—*Nineteenth Century*.

RAHEL LEVIN AND HER TIMES

THERE exist rare personalities, principally among women, which are both original and magnetic. They can draw together the most various characters, while at the same time they hold peculiarities in suspension by virtue of a comprehensive sympathy. A society thus held together, centred round one person, frequently meeting and anxious to meet frequently, is generally known as a salon. The woman who successfully presides over a salon helps to raise social life to a fine art.

The salon was Parisian in its origin, and its very name brings sparkling memories of fine gentlemen in powder and fine ladies in brocade; but the prototype formed in the *Ville Lumière* gradually found itself reproduced in the heavier Germanic circles. Madame de Staël, when she came to Berlin in 1803, found that all the most distinguished citizens were in the habit of meeting at the house of the brilliant Jewess who is the subject of our sketch. The influence of Rahel's salon extended, with certain interruptions, over twenty years, while during that period she may be fairly said to have represented what Sainte-Beuve so aptly calls the tinctive social current of her time. Rahel's salon differed from its older rival in Paris in the breadth of its interests. Madame de Staël's visitors were chiefly politicians and diplomatists; in the circle which surrounded Rahel were seen such men as Prince Louis Ferdinand, Prince Radziwill, Von Humboldt, Gentz, Heine, Schleiermacher, Schelling, and Jean Paul Richter.

The circle to which she belonged was to a certain extent exceptional. She was born in 1771, a Jewess, the daughter of a well known and fairly wealthy Berlin jeweller, and received the name of Rahel Antonie Frederike. Her

health was naturally delicate, and her home not a very happy one. She had also to face the fact that in the eyes of some her race was a disadvantage. On her deathbed she could say: "That which was during the early part of my life the greatest ignominy, the cause of bitterest sorrow, to have been born a Jewess, I would not now have otherwise at any price."

Wealth and intellect, however, can always find their admirers in a great city; and the Jews of Berlin, like so many other Jews, possessed a fair share of both. Moses Mendelssohn, the philosopher, was an intimate friend of Rahel Levin's family; his daughters were among her dearest companions.

To associate with the guests assembled at the Mendelssohns' house was in itself an education; Lessing was a life-long friend and frequent visitor; Lavater, Von Humboldt, and the brothers Grimm were often to be met there. Moses Mendelssohn had the strongest belief in giving a solid education to girls as well as to boys, and his own daughters were accomplished linguists. The girls and their friends read fiction in all languages; "We were possessed with the desire to become heroines of romance," says Henriette Herz. Indeed their lives were not entirely unromantic. Dorothea Mendelssohn was to pass through half her existence as a Jewish matron, wife of David Veit, then to leave her home for the sake of that eccentric Christian, Frederick Schlegel. Henrietta de Lemos, the ideal of a lovely Jewish maiden, after becoming at fifteen years old the bride of Marcus Herz, had a long and toilsome pilgrimage before she reached the end of an honorable and honored life. Rahel was less highly educated than her friends, but she had an instinctive

appreciation of intellectual power. When sixteen, she met at the house of Doctor Marcus Herz, Mirabeau, "a burly French gentleman in the inevitable powder and pigtail of the day, with fierce eyebrows, pitted with small-pox;" and the enthusiastic energy of his talk made her forever after in love with the very thought of political freedom. The fiery orator of the Revolution, on his part, was sufficiently influenced by what he saw of Jewish society in Berlin to join the Abbé Grégoire on his return to Paris in a movement for the rehabilitation of the Jews. About the age of twenty-one Rahel became engaged to a Count von Finkenstein; but inevitable religious difficulties separated them, and the anxieties of this affair overshadowed her life for a time. She next went to Paris; and during a long stay there her animated sketches of people and things in 1800 were circulated even among strangers. Jean Paul Richter vowed that they were worth ten descriptions. "No one," he said, "has thus at a glance understood and characterized the French people. What eyes they were to see so keenly and clearly the truth and only the truth!" Richter always considered her the only woman in whom he had found a sense of humor. It was during these years that Rahel fell once and forever under the influence of Goethe, and was soon accepted by her friends as an interpreter of his works. The master himself never met her till years later, but he knew her letters and her talk by report. "Yes," he says, "she is a charming girl, strong in her emotions and yet prompt in their utterance. In short, she is what I call a beautiful soul." This admiration for Goethe attracted kindred spirits to make her acquaintance. Among them was Ludwig Tieck, the son of the Berlin rope-maker, and her admiration for his originality led Rahel to think him almost equal to her idol.

Already people in Berlin who enjoyed brilliant and intellectual talk were beginning to break through the bonds of caste and prejudice, and to frequent the houses of such Jews as Moses Mendelssohn, Doctor Herz, and Madame Levin, Rahel's mother; and a kind of literary society called the

Tugenbund had been formed among them. We have an account of an evening spent in the year 1801 in Rahel's house in the Jägerstrasse written by a French gentleman who had been introduced to her.

Upon the sofa beside the hostess was seated a lady of great beauty, a Countess Einsiedel, . . . in the background stood Frederick Schlegel in conversation with Rahel's brother. The door opened suddenly and a laughing, picturesque figure entered and rapidly took possession of the armchair by Rahel. It was Madame Unzelmann, a well-known actress. "What is this," cried Rahel; "is there no Maria Stuart?" "Ifland has brought out another piece in which there is nothing for me to do. I turn it therefore to the best account, by coming to spend the evening with you!" "This is charming," said Rahel; "and best of all you already find here two special admirers, Schlegel and my brother." Baron Brinckmann was about to step forward, when Frederick Schlegel, with the awkwardness peculiar to him, advanced and said in a solemn confused way, that it was not he, but his brother August Wilhelm, who was the enthusiastic admirer of Madame Unzelmann. The talk became very animated, ranging over the most varied topics. I heard the boldest ideas, the acutest thoughts, the most capricious play of fancy, all linked and suggested by the simple thread of accidental chit chat. Most remarkable of all was Mademoiselle Levin herself. . . . About Goethe she said some astonishing things, such as I have never heard equaled. Gentz entered, but was careful not to go near Schlegel, who thought him a "paid scribbler, miserable enemy of freedom." Rahel, ever observant, succeeded in drawing him into an animated discussion which was interrupted by the entrance of Prince Louis Ferdinand. All rose for a moment, but resumed their places and conversation as before. The handsome face of the Prince was clouded, and his manner uneasy and preoccupied; he entered at once into conversation with Rahel. He spoke with angry indignation against Napoleon, and of the friendly relations still maintained toward him by the Prussian Court; he accused the Emperor of undermining the freedom of Europe. Some one referred to his brother-in-law, Prince Radziwill, to whom he was strongly attracted by their common love of music. The Prince inquired if he had not already been there. "No," was the reply; "he has probably gone to his hunting seat." "Gone to hunt! you do not know my brother-in-law," said the Prince with a smile. "He hunts, of course, when he must, but it is all done in a musical sense. His love of sport is abundantly gratified by leaning, rifle in hand, against a tree and singing *La Caccia! La caccia!*" When the Prince took up his hat to go the company followed his example. But upon the staircase Prince Radziwill met and brought him back into the room. The departing guests as they passed beneath the windows of the house heard delightful

strains of music stealing upon the night air. It was Prince Louis improvising, as he was wont to do in certain moods. Rahel and Prince Radziwill stood by the window listening.

Rahel is described at this time as neither tall nor handsome, but delicately formed and most agreeable in appearance; with pure, fresh complexion and dark expressive eyes. The room in which she received her guests was simply furnished, but gave evidence of her refined taste and love of music; the refreshments offered were the plainest. Guests in such meetings as these came for social intercourse not for show, and hostesses had the courage to invite their friends when wit and good-humor were the chief attractions they could offer.

Jean Paul Richter came to Berlin in 1804, and his first introduction was to Rahel. She was so surprised to find that the whimsical author could talk just like commonplace people that she repeatedly exclaimed, "You cannot be he!"

When Madame de Staël came to Berlin she was invited to spend an evening with Baron Brinckmann, Rahel's lifelong admirer and friend, for the special purpose of meeting her. After a lively conversation with Rahel, she remarked to Brinckmann: "You have exaggerated nothing; she is extraordinary. I can only repeat what I have often said during my travels, that Germany is a mine of genius whose depths are yet unexplored." Then addressing Rahel, she said: "Mademoiselle, if I stayed here, I believe I should become jealous of your superiority." "Oh, no, Madame," replied Rahel. "I should come to love you, and that would make me so happy that you would only be envious of my happiness."

It appears, however, that the brilliant French writer retained some feeling akin to jealousy, for when she received guests at her own house, Rahel was not among the few ladies admitted. To Rahel Madame de Staël appeared "like a disturbing hurricane;" while her book, "*L'Allemagne*," she characterized as "one lyrical sigh that she can no longer lead the Paris conversation." There was no room for two such women in one capital.

It was in 1803 that Rahel, then thirty-two years of age, met the man she was afterward to marry, Varnhagen von Ense, whose memoirs and letters throw such a direct light upon his generation. He was at that time acting as tutor to the sons of an intimate friend of Rahel, the banker Cohen, and he had often heard her discussed as one who was in touch with the best life of the great century of German letters, and was therefore anxious to make her acquaintance. One night, when he was reading to the Cohens some extracts from Wieland, Rahel was announced. "From what I had heard from others," says Varnhagen in his *Reminiscences*, "I was prepared to see a most extraordinary person; what I did see was a light graceful figure, small but vigorous, with delicate, well-rounded limbs, and hands and feet peculiarly small. The forehead, which was shaded by a profusion of black hair, announced intellectual superiority; the quick, determined glances left one in doubt whether they were more disposed to receive impressions or to communicate them, and a settled expression of melancholy added a charm to her clear and open face; while in the short conversation I had with her I found that the chief feature and quality of her mind was that natural, unborrowed vivacity which throws upon every subject some new light and shadow. Three years afterward," he continues, "I happened to meet Rahel one cold spring morning under the lime-trees. I knew her companion, to whom I spoke, and while I walked a short distance with them, Rahel to my delight joined in the conversation, and asked me to visit her in her mother's house in the Jägerstrasse. Our intimacy strengthened daily; I told Rahel all my secret thoughts, and nowhere could I have found truer sympathy or more useful advice."

It would be impossible to tell the story of any cultivated German of this period without some reference to the stirring European events which then affected all classes. The great democratic French Revolution had developed into a military tyranny; Napoleon, as Emperor, aspired to universal despotism. The Prussian Court still

preserved a neutral attitude toward the conqueror, the secret hope of the acquisition of Hanover being its real motive. A treaty of alliance was almost signed between Prussia and Napoleon in August, 1805. But French troops having forced their way through Prussian territory, the battles of Ulm and Austerlitz laid all Germany at the feet of France. Prussia then saw herself as others saw her, and knew that she was only a tool in Napoleon's hand. The patriotic Queen Louisa, Prince Louis, and the warlike party in Berlin rejoiced that their countrymen's eyes should thus be opened. Pitt had clearly pointed out that Prussia was responsible for this disastrous campaign, and the map of Europe was rolled up before his dying eyes.

Even yet, however, the attractions of Hanover overcame the King of Prussia's patriotism; a fresh treaty was signed with Napoleon, and Count Schulenberg seized the coveted territory. Great Britain, in retaliation, swept nearly every Prussian ship from the ocean; Napoleon himself abundantly showed his contempt for his weak ally. Rahel was at one with all her distinguished friends in feeling the depth of degradation into which her country had fallen. Jewess as she was, she thought in these matters only as a Prussian. Her friend Gentz had published a patriotic pamphlet which produced a great impression; and when it was publicly known that Napoleon was actually entering into negotiations with England to restore Hanover, then, indeed, Prussia saw how fruitlessly she had sinned. One last act of aggression filled up the cup; Palm, the Nuremberg bookseller, who had circulated Gentz's pamphlet and the songs of Arndt and Gleim, was shot by order of a French courtmartial, and the magistrates of his town were threatened with the same fate. Fox held up this outrage to universal odium before he descended to his grave. Gentz drew up a noble manifesto against Napoleon; Prince Louis was longing to lead his countrymen into action; while Napoleon answered by describing Queen Louisa as an "Armida in her madness setting fire to her own palace."

But it was soon over. Prince Louis

died bravely in the action at Saalfeld; the crushing blow of Jena felled the resisting nation to the earth. Henriette Herz tells us the announcement which reached Berlin: "The King has lost a battle. Quiet is the first duty of the citizen. I require it from the inhabitants of Berlin." "Who thought," she asks, "of disturbing its 'quiet'?" The Berliners could even find it in their hearts to laugh when the French troops rode into their city: "Little fellows in gray cloaks, talking noisily together, riding three upon one horse, and *pour comble d'horreur* upon their three-cornered hats, in close proximity to those tricolors which had figured victoriously in two hemispheres, was stuck a leaden spoon ready for instant service." At once they were dubbed the Spoon Guards.

Napoleon showed his vengeance in characteristically petty manner by lying bulletins about Gentz and about the Queen of Prussia, while he publicly declared that he would render the German aristocracy so poor "that they shall be obliged to beg their bread." The pathetic story of his interview with the Queen of Prussia at Tilsit, and the failure of her passionate prayers to influence him, made a deep impression on the minds of her devoted and admiring subjects. Other distinguished women suffered from the conqueror's harshness at this time; both Madame de Staël and Madame Récamier were banished from Paris.

It was during the winter of 1807-8, within sound of the French guns, that the philosopher Fichte delivered his famous "Discourses to the German Nation," and all classes in Berlin were inspired by them. They gave the keynote to a band of eager young men, Fouqué, Chamisso, Hitzig, and Neumann, all intimate friends of Rahel and of Varnhagen, who became known as the North Star Band, and who helped to rouse Berlin against Napoleon.

Rahel and Varnhagen had now become betrothed to each other. "I was twenty-four years old," he writes, "Rahel, my senior by more than half those years. This circumstance taken by itself might seem likely to have driven our lives widely asunder. It

was, however, but an accident ; it was essentially of no account. This noble life so rich in joy and sorrow retained all its youthful vigor ; not only the powerful intellect which hovered above every-day regions, but the heart, the senses, the whole corporeal being were as though bathed in clear light. A lasting union was, however, at that time denied us."

Meanwhile Goethe, that serene Jupiter of the German Olympus, preserved a calm unbroken by sight of his country's sufferings. When asked by Perthes to help the National Museum, a projected patriotic paper, he declined. He found it, he said, difficult to be just to the passing moment. "Our interest in public events," he was wont to maintain, "is mostly the merest Philistinism." Nothing indeed seemed certain but disgrace, and this, we are told, drove the men and women of that day to the solace of literature and to the stimulus of intellectual intercourse. Their habits whether at home or in society were of enviable simplicity. Rahel, Henriette Herz, Schleiermacher, and his sister would have their rooms and balconies filled to overflowing with evening guests, not only independent of the adjunct of ices and champagne but grateful if the supply of tea and bread and butter proved adequate to the demand. All suffered from the same straitened circumstances and none were ashamed of a poverty forced upon them from without.

For two years the French occupied Berlin, when suddenly, at a time when all seemed hopeless, the Austrians won the glorious victory at Aspern. This was Napoleon's first defeat, and the news was received at Berlin with the wildest enthusiasm. Hope again revived, and Varnhagen at once left to join the Austrian army as a volunteer with his friend Von Marwitz. He was wounded at Wagram, and taken as a prisoner of war to Vienna, where his faded and war-worn uniform procured him a hearty welcome from the Arnsteins, Eskeles, and Pereiras. But peace was a necessity to Austria, and the hand of Maria Louisa was given as its price. Varnhagen accompanied Count Bentheim to Paris and witnessed the fêtes in honor of Napoleon's mar-

riage with the Archduchess, his visit greatly increasing his dislike for the French Cæsar. Rahel spent a dreary time in Berlin during her lover's absence. All her friends were dispersed ; Schlegel and his brilliant wife were in Paris, Tieck was in Dresden, and Henriette Herz at Rügen. She corresponded much with Frau von Fouqué, wife of the creator of Sintram and Undine, a quaint unworldly creature, who lived among his own mediæval dreams in his father-in-law's ancestral halls of Neunhausen. "Do not live so much alone, dear Fouqué," Rahel wrote to him. "Nothing should lie waste in us, least of all human intercourse ; we need the inner stimulus which comes of such contact only."

After a long and dreary separation Rahel and Varnhagen spent some time together at Teplitz. "About this time," he writes, "I and Rahel became acquainted with the divine musician who threw all others into the shade." It was Beethoven, of whose presence at Teplitz all had heard, but whom none had yet seen. His deafness made him avoid society, and his peculiar ideas, increased by solitude, rendered it difficult to be acquainted with him. He had, however, occasionally seen Rahel in the Castle gardens, and had been struck by her countenance, which reminded him of some beloved face. Beethoven did for her what he had obstinately refused to do for many ; he sat down to the piano-forte and played his yet unpublished pieces, or allowed his fancy to run wild in the most exquisite improvisations.

Varnhagen was asked by the Prince de Ligne to accompany him to Vienna as his adjutant ; but he felt that in the present state of Austria's alliance with France such a position would not be congenial to him. He meant to work both with sword and pen against Napoleon, so he rejoined Count Bentheim at Prague and Rahel was once more alone. Then came the campaign of Russia and Napoleon's disastrous retreat. The Russians crossed the Vistula into Germany ; and early in 1813 Count Wittgenstein and his Cossacks chased the French soldiers through the streets of Berlin. Varnhagen was appointed adjutant to General Tetten-

born, and together they started for that campaign in North Germany which was to prove fatal to the French army. Victory succeeded victory, till at last not a Frenchman was left on the right bank of the Elbe; and on the 18th of March Tettenborn made his entry into Hamburg. At night, when he appeared with Varnhagen and other officers at the opera, the audience rose in a body and sang the popular song "To Hamburg's Success." Some play was improvised, we are told, and every piece of clap-trap was rapturously applauded. The famous actress Schröder came upon the stage with a Russian cockade and was greeted with a storm of applause. Rahel meanwhile was in Berlin spending her time and money in caring for the wounded, organizing the hospitals, and collecting subscriptions for widows and orphans. "The Jews give all they possess," she writes. "It was to them I first turned. Dear good August, in this terrible time do make an effort to write something about the hospitals. My heart has been so oppressed by all that I learn about the mismanagement. You must tell people plainly, earnestly that it is the most dreadful of all sins to cheat the sick and wounded. . . ." Early in the summer she removed to Prague and carried on the same good work. "Each poor fellow," she writes again, "wrings my heart; mere villagers, but they behave admirably. Everywhere there is courage, goodwill, help of all kinds. I have no room for the number of anecdotes which are on the lips of all. In Breslau a number of ladies were in consultation about collecting money. A young girl suddenly left them and presently returned with three thalers. They saw at once that she had parted with her hair. A messenger was sent to the hairdresser, the long locks of hair were brought back and made up into rings which were sold at high prices for the good cause." And again, a few months later, she writes of the wounded soldiers: "The unfortunate creatures lay last week in carts, crowded together in the narrow streets, all under drenching rain. As in the olden times it is the townsfolk who did everything. They fed and tended the sufferers in the streets or on the floors

of the houses. The Jewish women distinguished themselves; one alone bound up three hundred wounds in one day."

It was at Prague that Rahel received the news of Fichte's death. During the winter he had resumed his stirring lectures, but was attacked by nervous fever and died after a few days' illness on January 27th, 1814. Rahel, who loved him as a friend and always called him her dear master, mourned him in a beautiful tribute: "With him Germany loses half its power of sight; we may well tremble for the rest. . . . Fichte can sink and die! Is it not like an evil enchantment? Yesterday, I saw it in a Berlin paper. I felt more ashamed than shocked, ashamed that I should be left alive; and then I felt a sudden fear of death. If Fichte must die no one is safe. I always think there is no safeguard against death like really living; and who lived more fully than he? Dead however he is not, cannot be! Is Fichte not to see the country recovering itself from the war, border-marks and hedges replaced, the peasantry improved, the laws mended. . . . thought free to utter itself to King and people—this alone a happiness for all future! Lessing! Lessing too is gone, remembered only by a few. He who had to fight for ideas which now stand in every day's newspaper; which have become so commonplace that people forget the originator and repeat them time after time in stolid imbecility! . . . Lessing, Fichte, all such honored men, may you see our progress, and bless it with your strong spirits! It is thus I think of the saints, enriched by God, loved by God and faithful to Him. Peace be with our revered master!"

In 1814, during the general cessation of hostilities, Varnhagen and Rahel returned to Berlin and their romance, begun under the lime-trees, ended in a happy marriage, soon after which they left for Vienna, Varnhagen being among the diplomatists summoned to the Congress.

In the city of the blue Danube Varnhagen and his wife found themselves in a circle of brilliant personages. The Emperors of Austria and Russia were there, with Talleyrand, Nesselrode, Pozzo de Borgo, Prince Hardenberg,

Wellington, Castlereagh, and Gentz, who alone is said to have seen every one else's cards while skilfully concealing his own. Varnhagen adds: "I need scarcely say that the Imperial Court had prepared the most brilliant reception and kept open table for all its illustrious guests and their numerous retainers and dependants. . . . But what I must mention as remarkable and what no one could have conceived, had he not witnessed it, was the atmosphere of Viennese life, the element in which days slipped away, the jovial luxury, the strong outpouring of fun and laughter, the happy good-humor . . . the half-Italian *dolce far niente* and its concomitant half-Italian humor." Day after day festival succeeded festival; the love of display, amusement and dancing asserted its full power till the old Prince de Ligne was felt to have summed up the situation once for all in his celebrated epigram: *Le Congrès danse bien, mais il ne marche pas* Rahel found at Vienna many intimate friends and even relations among the Jewish circles there. Marianne Meyer, her cousin, now Frau von Eybenberg, the morgannatic wife of Prince Reuss, was a celebrated beauty. The Schlegels, now Roman Catholics, rejoined her there. She was a welcome guest at the Arnsteins' brilliant reunions, and it was with them she stayed when the Congress broke up in confusion on the news of Napoleon's flight from Elba.

When Varnhagen was summoned to Berlin on diplomatic business, Rahel removed to Frankfort-on-Maine; a truly memorable visit to her, for it was in this city that she first met Goethe. Having made an excursion with her friends to Niederrad, the scene of the Gretchen episode in Goethe's early days, a carriage passed them, and Rahel, looking in, saw the poet. "He too was making a pilgrimage back into the days of his youth. The shock, the delight makes me wild. I cry out, 'There is Goethe!' Goethe laughs, the ladies laugh. I seize hold of Vallentin, and run on ahead of the carriage; then, facing round, I see him once more."

But better still was to come. On September 8th, 1815, she writes:

"This is a letter worth having. Now will you rejoice that I am still here, good, dear August. Goethe was with me this morning at a quarter past ten. This is my diploma of nobility. But I behaved myself so badly, like one to whom the stroke of knighthood is given before all the world by the wise brave king whom he honors above all. . . . Toothbrush in hand, in a state of red powder, I stood in my dressing-room when the landlord came up and said to Dora, a gentleman wished to speak with me. I thought, a messenger from Goethe. I ask who it is, and Dora returns with Goethe's card, and the message, he will wait a little." Thus like so many long-looked-for interviews this one came inopportunately at last, and the admirer said not all she wished to the admired one. ". . . He said, with a somewhat Saxon, very flowing accent, that he regretted he had not known I was at his house. . . . I told him about the Congress and the impression it had made on me. About that he was very wise, looking at it as an affair done with two centuries before, and said it was not a thing to be recorded as it had no form or outline. Altogether he was like the most aristocratic prince, like the most amiable man; easy but dignified and avoiding personalities. . . . No Olympian deity could make me more honorable or show me greater honor. At first I thought of sending you his card, but I will not trust it to the post."

It is strange to find the patriotic Rahel's devotion uncooled by her idol's philosophic indifference, on account of which so many rising men of the day almost hated him. Years afterward she writes to her brother Ludwig Robert, on hearing that Goethe had been decorated with the Black Eagle of Frederick the Great: "Now my work has not been for naught. I have the Black Eagle Order of Frederick the Great. It fully covers my rewarded heart. . . . That this man (Goethe) should thus experience that his contemporaries acknowledge, study, comprehend, idolize, love him with sincerity is the summit of all my earthly desire and effort. This I have helped forward, I, a ball in the hand of Providence—Madame Guyon says she

is that—and of this happiness I am proud.”

In 1819 the Varnhagens again settled in Berlin, but to find everything changed. The angel of death had been abroad in the land, and Rahel, writing to her friend Baron Brinckmann, alludes very pathetically to the gaps made by the cruel war. “Death upheld by war, has made great havoc among those friends whom your description shows to have been deeply engraved upon your memory. In every corner of our quarter, where we used to see our dear ones, are now strangers. They are all tombstones. Scattered like dust is the whole constellation of beauty, grace, coquetry, wit, preference, cordiality, pleasantry, unrestrained intercourse, earnest purpose, and spiritual development. Every house is becoming a shop; every social meeting a dinner or a party. . . . Everybody is wise and has bought his wisdom at the nearest market.”

Such is the inevitable experience of all who live long enough. Rahel's letters and diaries were shown to her friends, and by many were copied and admired; she seems to have felt a kind of pride in being a voluminous unprinted author. It was not till 1830 that Varnhagen collected passages from her manuscripts and published a short book of aphorisms entitled “Stray Thoughts of a Berliner.” She says of herself: “I am certainly not unwilling to become an author: I should not be ashamed to write a work like Newton's on astronomy or mathematics; but to be able to produce no work and yet to be in print, is a thing I abhor.”

As to religious belief, Rahel had ceased to be a Jewess of the stricter sort for many years; she had indeed been brought up, as she herself says, “as if I were in a wild wood, without any religious teaching.” We have seen that she regretted her Jewish birth; but as time went on her heart and intellect led her to appreciate her noble heritage as we may glean from the following quotation: “What a history is mine! I, a fugitive from Egypt and Palestine, find with you help, love and tender care! It was God's will, dear August, to send me to you, and you to me. With delighted exaltation I look

back upon my origin, upon the link which my history forms between the oldest memories of the human race and the interests of to-day, between the broadest interval of time and space.”

It does not appear when, if ever, she made a public profession of the Christian faith, though undoubtedly she embraced its doctrines in a broad, humanitarian, perhaps rationalistic spirit. Many mystic works of Christian authors were beloved by her, notably those of Angelus Silesius. Custine said of her that she had the mind of a philosopher with the heart of an apostle. One of her sayings about herself will throw some light on her beautiful and sympathetic nature: “When I come to die, you may think: ‘she knew everything because she entered into it all, because she never was or pretended to be anything in herself; she only loved thought and tried to make thought connected and harmonious. She understood Fichte, loved green fields, loved children, knew something of the arts both of use and beauty; endeavored to help God in His creatures always, uninterruptedly, and thanked Him that He had made her thus.’”

In the summer of 1832 her health, which had long been a matter of serious anxiety to Varnhagen, began to fail. In March, 1833, she died; and we may fitly close our account of Rahel with the noble and touching tribute offered to her memory by Heine, who had already dedicated to her the *Heimkehr* poems of his “Book of Songs.” He speaks of the delight with which her published letters were received by all her friends: “It was a great deed of August Varnhagen when he, setting aside all petty objections, published those letters in which Rahel's whole personality is revealed. This book came at the right time when it could best take effect, strengthen and console. It was as if Rahel knew what posthumous mission should be hers. She died quickly that she might more quickly rise again. She reminds me of the legend of that other Rachel, who arose from her grave and stood weeping by the highway as her children went into captivity. I cannot think of her without sorrow, that friend so rich

in love, who ever offered me unwearied sympathy and often felt not a little anxious for me, in those days when the

flame of truth rather heated than enlightened me. Alas those days are over!"—*Macmillan's Magazine*.

SEASIDE LIFE IN AMERICA.

BY FRANCIS H. HARDY.

DURING a recent visit to the United States I inspected a new bridge, built across the Delaware River for the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, a few miles north of Philadelphia. This work represented an expenditure of two million dollars. Failing to see any justification for such an outlay of money, I asked why it had been built.

"To save passengers for Atlantic City the time and trouble of a transfer across the City of Philadelphia; and to broaden the territory from which such passengers, in a 'daylight' journey, might reach this seaside resort during the summer months."

"Will this seaside traffic justify such an expenditure?" I asked.

"Yes, fully; listen to these figures. Between Sandy Hook, at the north end of the Jersey coast, and Cape May, at the southern extremity (about 100 miles), are located fifty-four seaside cities. To these little cities by the sea each season come a body of visitors—none of whom stay less than two weeks—numbering more than 3,000,000. The visitors who come for one day, or from Saturday to Monday, will add eight millions more to this body. And together these visitors spend, each season, at least 150,000,000 dollars. A narrow strip of sand, worthless from an agricultural point of view, one mile wide and 100 miles long, you will thus observe, brings to New Jersey more new wealth than the great Western State of Illinois draws from its crop of grain, raised on 10,000,000 acres of the best farming land in America."

This summary of seaside traffic startled me, and the impression was deepened by the recollection of the early days of Atlantic City, the largest of American seaside resorts.

Atlantic City, although the largest, is but one of a thousand seaside resorts scattered along the Atlantic coast to

which the American people of all classes journey every summer for pleasure and for health. Life is lived at high pressure in America—both social and business life—and the bracing air, twin with winter weather, sets a pace so fast that with a rise in temperature comes always a dangerous drop in physical condition. Rest, and the tonic air of the sea, are necessary, or a recovery to normal condition is doubtful. Then, too, back in the interior, far from the coast, Nature has a way of getting on a man's nerves, and he craves a sight of the open sea. For the sea, idealized by long absence, ceases to be the face of Nature—becomes, to his mind, the face of God. And a knowledge of this morbid mood in many Western minds lent pathos upon one occasion to what otherwise would have been merely a very funny speech of an old farmer friend. Standing on the seashore by my side, he caught his first view of the sea. "The first time I was ever out of sight of land. God! how it rests me!" That is what he said. And I think all close students of American life will agree with me in saying that nothing is so restful to the restless American as the sight and sound of the unresting sea.

Seaside pilgrims, broadly speaking, break up into three great classes—democracy, in search of health and pleasure; religious democracy, in search of a renewal of spiritual as well as physical vigor; and society, seeking a more cooling atmosphere, in which the old round of city life and dissipation may be continued during the hot summer months.

Let me take Atlantic City as typical of the first class—democracy pure and simple. I do not mean the mere casual tripper, however. Atlantic City is situated on a sandy island—one of a chain of such islands which form a

natural breakwater along the New Jersey coast—ten miles long, half a mile wide, and at its highest point not over twenty feet above high-water mark. A shallow bay, five miles wide, separates it from the mainland. On this small island—which in the early days of the century was under water—are located 400 hotels, all built of wood, which have a total capacity of 50,000 people. Some can "house" comfortably over 1000 guests. In addition to this hotel accommodation, the boarding-houses "put up" over 30,000; while in the private cottages, occupied only during the season, 20,000 more people find comfortable homes.

For a distance of five miles along the ocean front there is a fine beach—soft yellow sand for 100 feet above high-water mark, and when the tide is out 150 feet of beach, on which the same fine sand is packed as hard and smooth as a stone floor. Behind the soft sands runs a steel-framed plank-walk, five miles long, sixty feet wide, and provided with free seats every few yards; at night it is lighted by a double line of electrical lamps, placed on handsome bronze lamp-posts. During the season this walk is always comfortably full; while during bathing hours and in the evening it is crowded. Surf-bathing is the first attraction of the place, fishing the second, driving or dancing third, gunning forth.

I will give you the programme of the day as it is lived by guests at one of the large hotels—hotels where it costs a pound a day to live with any degree of comfort.

As your bedroom will, in all probability, face the sea, the first rays of light from the sun as it lifts out of old Atlantic will call you out of dream-land. If wide awake, and keen, very keen, on "surf-bathing," you will tumble into dressing-gown and slippers, and make your way down to the beach for a "buff bath," a tumble and toss in the dear old ocean, unencumbered with the orthodox bathing-costume all must wear at the regular bathing hours. On a clear, crisp, sunshiny morning, this "bare-breasted" battle with the breakers is a glorious tonic, and sends you home with an appetite for breakfast that spells bank-

ruptcy for "mine host" if discretion does not hold it in check.

After breakfast, stretched out on a wicker chair or lounge in a breezy corner of the wide veranda, you lazily read the morning papers brought by special train from Philadelphia and New York; meanwhile a splendid orchestra of forty pieces is playing music of a kind which mingles naturally with the lazy mood of place and hour.

About 11 A.M. the after-breakfast idlers disappear, but only to reappear a few minutes later in long lines of "bath-robed" and dressing-gowned figures, trailing down to the seashore for a surf-bath. It is an attenuated crowd, for as much of the usual garb as Mrs. Grundy, mamma, or modesty will sanction is left behind in the hotel, so that the small frame bath-house—which takes the place of the English bathing-machine—may not be uncomfortably crowded. These small frame bath-houses stand in long lines, 100 deep, at right angles with the beach, and are in charge of an attendant, who not only keeps the place clean and dry, but looks after your bathing-suit, drying it after the bath, and in a measure freeing it from the sand which during that bath works its way into every seam. These bathing-suits, by the way, are built on one pattern, originally designed, I believe, by a hater of mankind. They emphasize every weak point. The thin look thinner, the stout more aggressively rotund. One leg of the breeches is always shorter than the other; and the buttonholes are invariably too large to exercise the slightest control over the undersized buttons. A doleful and dreary blue in color, the white braid, supposed to add a fashionable frivolity, only aggravates the picture; while the straw hat which bathers in the "post-meridian" period of life wear as protection against the sun, and which is tied, with white tapes under the chin, will demoralize the most self-satisfied bather on his first walk down to the surf. For that walk must be taken through a crowd of people—people who are on pleasure bent, who have a quick eye and keen sense of the ridiculous, and who are not afraid criticism will disturb the bather.

But having run this gauntlet, and reached the kindly shelter of the sea, all memory of caustic criticism is swallowed up in a joy that is mental and moral, as well as physical. And the first breaker not only tumbles you shoreward, but sweeps you out of the careworn present, back to the days when "you and the world were young together."

At most of the South Jersey seaside resorts the beach slopes so gently that you can wade out shoulder deep, and bathe there in perfect safety. The slow lifting of the floor of the sea is also responsible for three clear lines of breakers. There is no seaweed to tangle the feet, no shells or stones to cut or bruise them. A favorite trick of bathers is to form a circle out where the water is waist deep, and as each "roller" comes in, jump up, and let its great bulk throw them high out of the water. At other points you will see a line of bathers—sometimes ten in number—hand in hand, flat on back, floating, every moment lifted into an upright position by some grand ocean roller. Others still prefer to dive through the advancing wall of waves. If you are strong of nerve and quick of eye, a fine trick is to stand with your back to the wave at the time when the great moving mass of water "humps" up its back, thins, whitens, curls, and breaks into seething, boiling foam. Just as the wave breaks you spring into the curling wave; and as it curls you are thrown a complete somersault, landing on your feet. But be careful that you have correctly timed the breaking of the wave; for if the white "curl" finds the back of your head or neck, you will not forget the love-tap of Father Atlantic for many an hour.

Men, women, and children all bathe together; but families or parties unconsciously form separate bathing-sets. Twenty thousand such bathers will blacken the sea, at one time, at Atlantic City; while at least 20,000 spectators will crowd the sand, above the beach, to watch the bathers.

And these watchers are well rewarded by a succession of quaint pictures that may be seen nowhere else. Here, for instance, is a family party—father, mother, two daughters, and two sons.

Waist deep in water, and hand in hand, the little family circle is gravely "riding the rollers." Suddenly the bald-headed, gray-bearded father is swallowed up by the sea. What is the matter? Shark or undertow? Neither. One of his boys—a prodigal son, who had deserted the family circle—has swum under water, caught the "paternal" legs, and given the head of the house a ducking. "Dad" finds his feet, and makes after the boy, who is now racing down the sands. The boy, full of laughter, falls exhausted. Up comes "paternal," and a moment later that boy is kicking and shrieking in the paternal arms, and is soon enjoying a ducking which will linger long in his memory. The dear old "mater" has been watching this battle of "the boys"—watching with such deep interest that she has failed to note the coming of a big, bold "breaker." For that bold breaker it is a case of *Veni, vidi, vici*. The old lady is stood on her head, and for a brief period two fully developed under-standings point plaintively skyward. She is soon right side up, however, and, red of face, gives an angry glance at that bold bad sea, which has dared to take such liberties with a respectable wife and mother.

Half an hour is the doctor's limit on a surf-bath; but this is nearly always exceeded, some of the young folks stretching it to a full hour. The Gulf Stream, it must be remembered, curves in toward the shore at this point of the coast; while the air of a July and August day is always surcharged with geniality. After the bath, rest is in order: first a cool claret punch and biscuits, then a dreamless, restful sleep of two hours, a sleep which is terminated by the lunch gong at 2 P.M. After lunch the lazy folk—and their name is legion—sit on the shady breeze-swept verandas, and listen to the band, through drowsy eyes watching a bevy of pretty girls in airy, almost angelic, costumes—pretty creatures who force the confirmed bachelor, even while he calls them "airy nothings," to wish he might give at least one of them "a local habitation and a (new) name."

The energetic visitor, however, after lunch will often go for a few hours'

fishing in the bays or inlets, hoping to win a piscatorial honor of the first class by landing a "gamy" fish called a sheep's head. The first one I captured bit at the hook with such vigor as to suggest a shark; but when his mild, effeminate face, so like the animal after which he is named, came to the surface, I was possessed by an uncomfortable feeling that I had hooked the mermaid mother of "Mary's little lamb."

After the dinner, at 7 P.M., the proper thing is a drive on the beach. If the tide is out you will find there a natural boulevard 200 feet wide, for the beach where the bathers met at noon is now bare and dry and hard—so hard that even when your carriage-wheels are wet by a spent wave, they leave no track in the sand, and the tramp of the horses comes muffled, as if from far inland. With the deepening twilight, to drive along this sea-beach is to find a new sensation. A waste of water lies on one hand, a waste of sand on the other. Above, the blue sky is losing each moment more and more its sunset color. Against that dusky sky swift-flying ducks or lazily drifting seagulls make a succession of black shadows; while the darkness, closing in around your carriage, seems to cut you off entirely from everyday life and its normal environment. An "other world" feeling, uncanny and disconcerting, gradually creeps over you. And at last the silence and the solitude grow oppressive—so oppressive that the thousand lights in the great hotels miles away are invitations strong to a life too merry to tolerate the morbid. And this is why, with new zest, you come back to the land of braying bands, brilliantly lighted ballroom, dancing folk, and the crush and clatter and chatter of the healthy happy crowd.

Some there be among pleasure seekers who are never happy save the gun is kept hot and busy—men whose desire to kill something refuses to be satisfied with the mild sport of killing time. For such men the quiet end of this beach offers sport in the shape of snipe, birds so swift of foot and wing that one brace will furnish sport for a whole day. The trick of this sport is to dig a hole in the sand three feet

deep, take a seat therein, and when you see a bird, blaze away. He, or the flock of which he is a part, will simply curve out to sea a few yards, and, returning, settle on the old spot. It is amazing how filled with true sporting spirit are these uncultured sand-snipe; and, honestly, they seem to take a pride in giving the visitor all the fun he desires. One old friend of mine—he is a Stock Exchange man, and therefore truthful—told me recently that, after firing all the morning at one snipe, without apparent damage to the bird, he fell asleep from sheer exhaustion. When he awoke, an hour later, that blessed bird was sitting on the barrel of his gun, nodding and winking, as if trying to say, "Lunch-hour is over. Come on. I'm ready for the second innings."

One feature of seaside life I have delayed speaking about until now, because it is an occasional rather than a regular incident. Some fine morning, if you have luck with you, your eyes will pick out a flock of gulls flying close to the water, and about a hundred yards from shore. This means much if the love of sport royal runs in your blood; for the gulls are after a small fish, on which the great bluefish also feed. And you race back to your bath-house after fishing-tackle—a stout line with a silver spoon at the end, covering a long sharp hook.

Ready now for the battle, you rush into the surf, and wade out until the still water is just below the arm-pits. Then, with three strong circles, you toss the "spoon" seaward a good sixty to eighty feet. The moment the spoon touches the water you turn quickly, and, taking advantage of a wave shoreward bound, hurry toward the land. Suddenly there comes a jerk which brings you face about and sends the line deep into your shoulder. You know what that means. "He" has struck at the spoon, and fourteen pounds of fighting-fish is at the other end of your line. Taking up an arm's length of slack you once more plunge shoreward. But your back being turned to the incoming line of breakers, a big "roller" catches you on the shoulders and tumbles you head over heels. Keep your wits about you now,

and if you love reputation don't let your line slack for even one second. This is less difficult than you think, for the inrush of the wave sweeps you with it, and so picks up automatically your slack. On your feet again, you dash the salt water from your eyes, blow the salt water out of your mouth, stick your toes deep into the hard sand, and make another rush for the shore. But now the line gives a wicked jerk. Look seaward. There, poised high in air, is your splendid fish. He has leaped clear of the sea, and for a glorious second shows four foot of diamond-studded silver to the sun and you. But don't stop to admire him; brace for a sharp pull, for when "he" strikes the sea again he will be broadside on, and not end on, and the strain will for a moment almost pull arms out of sockets. Now is your time. A big wave has caught your fish, and is sweeping him shoreward at terrible pace. Run; run like mad out of the water, up the hard beach, and through the soft sand which lies beyond. Don't look behind, don't give one inch of slack, or he is lost. What is that great shout? Why, your fish is in two inches of water, and willing hands have flung him high and dry. The battle is over; you are victor. And with that wild shout ringing in your ears you fall exhausted on the sand, your last ounce of "pull" spent. But, lying there in the hot embrace of the soft sand, knots in every muscle, the tingle of the tide in every vein and veinlet, the roar of the sea in your ears, you cry from the very bottom of your lungs, "Thank God for life—for life, mere life!" You have caught a memory that will travel with you life's journey through, and brighten and lighten many a care-en-cumbered hour in the days that are to be.

The excessive heat sends the American people to the healing and the cooling of the sea. And this being so, it is perhaps only natural that Satan, whose orthodox home is one of high temperature, and his servant, Sin, are always in evidence at American seaside resorts. This manifestation of seaside sin is, however, not painfully aggressive to the many, but to a class it gives

offence; and as this class has money, it is not surprising to find that an effort has been made to found a seaside resort into which sin cannot enter.

About twenty-five years ago a body of these sea-loving but sin-hating Americans decided to found a religious home. They were led by a very shrewd, far-seeing Methodist minister, name Stokes, on whose advice a tract of land—some 300 acres—was bought. This tract, which had a mile of sea-frontage, was then way out in the wilderness, and so far from any possibility of settlement that the Legislature of New Jersey granted the party—the Ocean Grove Association—a most liberal charter, one that made them autocrats within their town limits. Further, the State covenanted that no license to sell intoxicating liquor should be granted to an hotel within a mile of "Ocean Grove." They began with a "camp meeting" lasting ten days, all living in tents. To-day "Ocean Grove" counts within its limits at least 1500 buildings, although the tent-life of its earlier days is still retained for use of families with but small incomes. The season now lasts a full three months, during which the population never falls below 25,000, and on special days often rises to 150,000. The new tabernacle has seating capacity for 10,000 people, is lighted brilliantly by electric light, and its acoustic properties are so perfect that a man speaking in an ordinary tone of voice can be distinctly heard in every part of the vast auditorium. The place is run on Puritanical lines. No liquor or tobacco can be sold *at any time*; no card-playing or dancing is allowed. On Sunday the gates are locked, and no vehicle is admitted, although people who wish to attend church are allowed to walk inside. No shops are open on Sunday. If you wish to buy the innocent milk, you must go across to Asbury Park to procure it. Every week-day from three to five religious services are held, and on Sunday twice this number. It is a remarkable fact, but fully 99 per cent of the people within the "Grove" attend at least two religious services every day of the season. There is a large model of the City of Jerusalem, and a lecturer explains it twice each

day to all who care to listen. Surf-bathing is indulged in by all; and a curious habit—one which suggests that modesty and morality are not always twin—is that followed by some, of putting on their bathing costume in the morning, attending service so garbed, and then going down to the beach for a surf-bath. Sometimes they will even join an open-air meeting later in the day, still in this dress, which is now wet and clinging.

The greatest pulpit orators in America visit Ocean Grove and preach. Each season there is a musical festival, at which really first-class singing is heard, by a well-trained chorus and well-known soloists. At one such festival the expenditure ran above £3000. There is never any disorder or drunkenness to annoy the women and children. All these good points combine to make the resort popular, even with many who are not in sympathy with the strict rules. And many who are not even church-members approve the place, because the teaching of its men and the voice of its pulpit are strong in favor of loyalty. I heard, upon one occasion, the venerable president of the Association, the Rev. Dr. Stokes, say, speaking to an audience of ten thousand preachers and teachers gathered from all parts of the Republic, "We are soldiers of the Cross. But under the white banner of the Cross every one of us must nail the Stars and Stripes. And each soldier in God's army must hold it his high duty to die as willingly, as gladly, for country as for God." Such words from such a man sink deep, and their influence for stability in the State is hard to over-estimate.

The most striking and original feature of seaside life at Ocean Grove is the service of song on the seashore at twilight. Here there will often gather a crowd of ten thousand people, and with the roll and roar of the old ocean for accompaniment they will sing the old songs of the Church. Between the hymns some one clear voice, lifting above the sound of the sea, tells again that old, old story which is so much to so many the round world over. To hear this vast seaside crowd sing "Jesu, lover of my soul," is to put a

new meaning into the old words, "Till the storm of life is past."

Separated from Ocean Grove by a narrow lake, named after John Wesley, lies the new city of Asbury Park, which in summer boasts a population on pleasure bent exceeding 30,000 souls. This is also a "prohibition" town; in all other respects it is rather worldly. But a curious feature is this—I mention it because it bears on the linking of "God and country" noted at Ocean Grove: the band which plays in the great pavilion on Sunday is restricted to "Hymns and Patriotic Songs." Asbury Park has a splendid board walk along the seashore two miles in length; back of this is a brick-paved track for bicycles; and behind this bicycle track an avenue for driving, 200 feet wide. An electric railway runs all around the city, and, continuing north, links it with the score of seaside cities between Asbury Park and Sandy Hook. One feature of Asbury Park I must mention. On the pier stand an old and disabled fire-engine and two circus cages, once the home of celebrated lions, exhibited for years by an American circus, and known to every boy in the United States. These three bits of drift from the great work-and-play-a-day world are always surrounded by a crowd of happy children—children who climb into the cages, under, and over them. The amount of pleasure the American boys get out of this visit, inside of the old home of "Roaring Dick" and "Terrible Tom," all my readers who are still blessed with clear memories of childhood can picture far better than I can here describe.

Between Asbury Park and the north end of the Jersey coast there is a continuous line of little and big seaside resorts, but they are chiefly cottage towns, where each family is blessed with a rooftop of its own. There is one exception to this rule, and I must say a few words about it. This exception is Long Branch, for many years called the summer capital of the United States, because General Grant, during his eight years' presidency, always passed his summer here; and Garfield died at Elberon, which is really one end of the same place. The name of

this little place, Elberon, has a curious origin. The property was originally owned by a man named L. B. Brown. He did not think "Brownsville" or "Browntown" would do as a name for his new city. One morning, on the way to the railway-station, the postman stopped him, and asked, "Are you Mr. L. B.—rown?" "Yes," he answered. He took his letters, and, caught by the jingle of his name with the last "B" dropped, he called his new seaside city "Elberon" (L-B-ron), and the tragic death of Garfield made a world which had never heard of Mr. L. B. Brown painfully familiar with the word "Elberon." To the many, then, Long Branch, as I have already said, is known as the summer capital. But to the initiated few it is better known as the seat of gambling in America. The happily ignorant "many" will probably drive along the splendid five-mile sea-front boulevard, and watch the never-ending procession of seacraft bound for New York Harbor, only a few miles away. The unhappily wise few, on the other hand, always hurry over to one of the twenty-six gambling-houses which run openly six months of the year, vainly hoping, perhaps, for the favor of the fickle goddess. Let me take you into one of these seaside gambling-houses, with which I may claim an expensive, if not an extensive, acquaintance.

Without it has the appearance of a gentleman's cottage. It is built of wood, two stories in height, and surrounded by wide verandas. At the rear, however, the suspicious would note a rotunda some sixty feet high, with glass and slate roof. The wide verandas, too, are so lined with large plants on their outer edge as to screen them from the prying eye of the "rank outsider." The broad entrance-hall is covered with rich Turkish rugs, in which the colors gold and blue predominate. The walls and ceilings are a peculiar mixture of yellow and gold, picked out with a score of pink-faced cupids. In the centre hangs a crystal chandelier, in which electric light burns night and day. Theoretically, it is always night in American gambling-houses. Passing through this hall we come to the real shrine of the

Goddess of Chance. Here the eye is at first blinded by the hundreds of electric lights which stud the dome, glisten from brackets on the walls, fall in a shower of sparks from two great crystal chandeliers overhead. White and gold are, in this *salon*, the prevailing colors in hangings and decorations. The carpet is a rich yellow, with pile so long that footsteps are as noiseless as when crossing a bit of turf. To the right a large *faro* "lay-out" fills an alcove, and is surrounded by about fifty men, all heavy players. Money is not openly used, but ivory chips, which are valued at from ten shillings to £20. You will frequently see £1000 put up on the turn of a single card. On the opposite side of the room stand four roulette tables, and the ball is busy at each, bringing, with each completed journey, a message of joy or sorrow to a crowd of two hundred people. In an adjoining room you will find three games of baccarat, and one game of rolling *faro*, each surrounded by a group of players. The place is very quiet—all talk is in a whisper; and the unwritten law is, that winnings or losings must be taken after the fashion of the Stoic.

As you watch the players a black servant in a handsome livery approaches and says, "May I show the gentlemen the way to the dining-room? Dinner is served." And following this sable servitor you come to a splendid banquetting-hall, and there, without a penny of expense, enjoy a dinner which in New York or London would cost ten shillings. From the moment you enter the house until you leave it you are the welcome guest of the proprietor. And you may remain a mere spectator for hours without receiving an invitation to try your luck, or the slightest intimation that you have overstayed your welcome. These houses run in opposition to State law, but the gamblers have carefully arranged matters so that no complaint shall be made against them; and in the absence of "legal knowledge" that they are in operation the authorities cannot take action. A local man stands on guard at the door of each gambling-house, to prevent the admission of any townspeople. And, further, the proprietors

make it a rule to patronize local tradesmen, and their annual disbursement, which exceeds £250,000, is an item which the thrifty Jersey folk do not care to banish from purely sentimental considerations.

A word in passing must be said of Coney Island, the great seaside "safety-valve" of New York City. Here we find the tripper triumphant. Eight million people visit Coney Island each season; and in one dining-room you may see 4000 people, all comfortably seated, and at one time, satisfying the inner man. Bathing, dancing, shows big and little, music good, bad, and indifferent—this is the day's delight for a crowd which takes advantage of the cheap transportation—1s. 6d. a round trip from New York—to get a beneficial blow on the beach.

I can only give brief mention of a host of small and large seaside resorts on the New England coast to which a class that is rich in mind and manners rather than in mere money goes each season. But at such places the sea has a serious rival in beautiful inland scenery and rocky, picturesque coasts, yachting and picnicking dividing with surf-bathing the favor of the visitor.

With this brief tribute to New England seaside life I pass to the Mecca of the millionaire, the old city of Newport, Rhode Island. For if it is true that all good Americans go to Paris when they die, it is equally true that all rich Americans go to Newport before they die, for she is the acknowledged queen of American seaside resorts. "Beautiful for situation;" the old Bible phrase leaps to the lips at the first sight of this lovely corner of Rhode Island—Rhode Island, which succeeded the old Indian name Aquidneck, "Isle of Peace." To the sea she shows the highest bluff and cliffs on the Atlantic coast. Toward the sound she descends in a gentle plane, as if anxious to meet, on equal terms, the fleet of yachts which float in what was once the greatest commercial harbor of the New World, and is still the finest roadstead. In one corner of the Island nestles the old city, founded in 1638 by dissenters from the Massachusetts Puritans. The dissent of their de-

scendants has carried the people a long way from old Puritanism!

Here, in this old-world corner of New World gayety, you find queer crooked little streets that tie themselves into lovers'-knots; grass-grown squares, whose broken railings are eloquent of "protection" in the past and a too "free trade" in the present. Here the first school supported out of the rates and open free to all was established. The social "dip" in old ocean was forestalled a century and a half by the religious "water dip," for the first Baptist church in America was opened here. The oldest Jewish synagogue stands in one corner, built 136 years ago, and still in use to-day. For 250 years the annual meeting of the "Society of Friends" has gathered at this quiet corner of the town. While here you see the little house in which, 140 years ago, the first American newspaper was printed and published by a nephew of Benjamin Franklin. Bishop Berkeley here lived, and wrote his oft-quoted lyric containing the prophecy, "Westward the course of empire takes its way;" and Newport's famous "old mill," which runs back nearly 300 years, has furnished a score of poets, headed by Longfellow, with theme for song and story. The British captured the place in 1776, and occupied it for three years, showing a very low estimate of the town's past by their suggestive action in sinking the town records at "Hell's Gate." The French, who came with the Americans when it was reoccupied, fell in love with the beautiful spot, and tried their best to have it ceded to France. This is the old Newport. What shall I say of the new?

Avenues lined with magnificent summer houses; "cottages" only in name, for many of them cost more than half a million dollars, a number over a million. And in these palaces a right royal life is lived. Hospitality is generous, and days fly by as if on golden wings—and, truth to tell, gold in full measure alone could buy such "wings." Bathing has gone out with the "smart set," although the beach is a fine one. But polo, yachting, riding, driving, lawn-tennis—the lawn-tennis championship of the United States is decided

at the Casino grounds—and the usual round of “social life in cities lived” are sufficient to fill in the time. Hotel life is practically non-existent at Newport, and to be in the swim one must have an income of at least £10,000. Many men spend five times that sum in a season. Three of the Vanderbilts, William Aster, the Belmonts, the Lorillards, Mortons, Bigelows—all the names familiar in American social circles are represented at the Queen of Watering-places by a palace varying in style from the long many-gabled red building of the Lorillards to the stately white marble pile owned by the father of the Duchess of Marlborough, W. K. Vanderbilt.

Bellevue Avenue and Ocean Drive are sights for the visitor at the driving hour; but above and beyond all other attractions is the Cliff Walk. This is a narrow path which for two miles follows the brow of the rocky bluff. To the north is a line of “cottages” resting in wide gardens that blaze with flowers and are bordered by hedges of privet and buckthorn. To the south, and far below, lies the broad Atlantic. And whether you look on this spread of ocean in the early morning light, when a mist makes the islands on the horizon mere shadows brooding on a silent sea; or at noon, when that sea is one sheet of brazen metal, with a beauty Oriental in its opulence; or in the moonlight, when the sea, all silver now, is a mirror save where its water

finds the rocky islet, or the base of the cliff, and there dissolves into fleecy foam—at all times, under all conditions, this picture will find welcome place in memory, and make you love more deeply and more aggressively this dear old earth.

Newport boasted a greater commerce than New York until the year 1767; then her position in the world of trade was lost, and for a hundred years her population remained stationary. Staten Island had stolen the laurels of Rhode Island, and the Dutch city on the Hudson must have smiled as she watched her complete victory over an old rival. But “time at last makes all things even.” Trade soon bound the proud island of the Hudson in fetters of iron. The massive buildings, children of her new prosperity, slowly swept out of sight her beautiful gardens, wiped the smile from off the face of Nature. And the wealth she won for her merchant-princes, what did they do with it? Carried it back to Newport, the rival she had ruined; lavished what New York, the slave, had won on that Newport whose natural beauty and wealth of tradition had won their allegiance. And this is how Newport, the great of the eighteenth century, long dethroned, came again into its own in the closing years of the nineteenth century, and, as the loved mistress of American millionaires, was crowned Queen of New World Seaside Cities.—*Cornhill Magazine*.

ICEBOUND.

A TALE OF THREE MARINERS.

BY HERBERT RUSSELL.

WE had been blown many leagues out of our course by a succession of heavy northerly gales, and on this particular day, July 17, 1875, our position at noon was about 63° S. and 70° 30' W. You need but to glance at your map to see that these are low parallels indeed for a ship to be driven into, in the stormiest region in the world, and during the depth of the winter season in the southern hemisphere. We were

a bark of 780 tons, named the *Arabian*, bound from Melbourne for the River Thames. Three weeks thus far had we been struggling to get to windward of Cape Horn, but league by league we had been buffeted deeper into the heart of the Antarctic Ocean. It grew very disheartening to come on deck morning after morning and find still the same dreary, desolate scene of storming waters and scowling heavens;

the shrill blast piping as keen as steel through our rigging; and the ship, forlorn and sodden, looking up close-hauled, plunging heavily into the tall foam-crested billows, her half-naked spars reeling wildly against the wintry sky, and her bowsprit pointing wide of its proper course.

I was chief mate of the *Arabian*, and upon the morning I have named it fell to my lot to stand the forenoon watch. When I came on deck at eight o'clock the dawn was just breaking away upon the starboard beam, and slowly, very slowly, the details of the wild-looking picture stole out to the broadening of the gray twilight. It was not blowing so hard as usual on this particular morning, but the cold was intense. I never recollect the like of it. Muffled up as I was to the tip of my nose, with the thatch of my son'-wester drawn low over my eyes, my face yet felt as though the skin was being flayed. For the first time during the voyage I envied the skipper the huge fur overcoat in which it was his habit to come on deck after breakfast every morning. Yet I very much doubt whether there was anything in clothes to have kept out the peculiar searching quality of that bitter cold.

"There should be ice about, Mr. Gordon," said Captain Wastinage, as he stepped out of the companion hatch shortly after daybreak, hugging himself in the fur coat I have just mentioned.

"Yonder's a berg, sir," said I, pointing to a gleaming feather tip upon the horizon on the lee-bow. "There's a good deal of floe about. We've bumped against several large lumps of ice within the last hour."

"To think," said he, slowly gazing round upon the dreary stormy scene, "that in all probability it is a beautiful summer's day in England, the country basking in the sunshine, and the air laden with the perfume of flowers and the droning of bees! Wonderful are the contrasts this world has to offer! But are we never going to get round the Horn?"

"We're going well to windward now, sir, and have been ever since I came on deck at eight bells," I replied, glancing over the side at the foam slid-

ing past. "The wind is taking off in weight. Maybe a change of weather is coming along."

"Well, I hope so, I'm sure," said he, "for I'm well-nigh sick of this Vanderdecken business."

He moved away to the compass, and I fell to pacing the deck again. It was too cold to stand still for long. The wind continuing to moderate as the gloomy daylight broadened, I gave orders for the reefs to be shaken out of the topsails, and under the pressure of her increased spread of canvas the *Arabian* stormed through it in grand style, raising a great smother of yeast forward, and giving the two oilskin-clad figures at the wheel plenty of work to keep a steady helm. By ten o'clock we were within a couple of miles of the iceberg; and a grand sight was that towering mass, extending for at least a league along the horizon, with its countless cathedral like spires limned in glistening outlines against the leaden sky. I had sighted many a berg in my time, but never a statelier nor more imposing ice-heap than the one which was now whitening the murkiness to leeward. In places it could not have been less than eight hundred feet high. Somehow the spectacle of the vast floating mass seemed to accentuate the loneliness of that ocean scene. It created a sense of solitude which was not so noticeable in the bare watery waste stretching to its boundless confines.

"A big lump to run foul of in the blackness of a Cape Horn night!" said the captain, halting by my side to survey the berg. "Many a stout ship has gone a-missing with all hands through colliding with those silent monsters of the deep."

I shaded my eyes with the sharp of my hand to gaze at what looked to me like a black object, just clear of a projecting point in the ice which we were opening.

"What d'ye see?" inquired Captain Wastinage.

"Something upon the ice, sir," I replied, pointing.

He stared, then shook his head.

"My sight isn't what it was," said he.

"Stay, I'll get the glass."

He stepped to the companion hatch, and in a moment or two returned with

a pair of powerful binoculars, which he focussed and levelled.

"Why," he exclaimed, after a prolonged look, "I do believe it's a ship ashore there. See what you make of it, Mr. Gordon."

I took the glass from him, and the moment I had the berg in view there leapt into the field of sight a vessel, apparently a brig, seated upright upon a level ledge of ice a few feet above the surface of the water. The spectacle was a strange and surprising one, and I gazed at it awhile in silence. The vessel was completely rigged, with yards across; she lay very nearly end on to the point of view from which I was regarding her, and seemed a lumpish kind of craft, like a whaler.

"Well, what do you see?" demanded the skipper.

"A ship, sir, as clear as daylight—a brig, I think. I wonder now how she came there, and how many years she may have been drifting about upon that berg?"

"Why, d'y'e know," says he, glancing up at our canvas, and then over the side, "I've a very great mind, Mr. Gordon, that you shall go and take a look at her. Who can tell what discovery you may make? There might even be human beings aboard for all we can tell at present. Anyhow, I think we should take a closer look at the ship. We can run down to within half a mile of the berg, and it wouldn't occupy you very long to take a couple of hands in a quarter-boat and row across to her."

"Very good, sir," I replied, for although I little relished the prospect of a boat excursion in that bitter weather, yet my curiosity was aroused by the extraordinary sight of the ship on the ice, and I was willing to go and find out what I could about her.

The *Arabian* was kept away from her course by a couple of points; and when we had got as close to the berg as it was safe to venture, the helm was put down and the main-topsail laid aback. The port quarter-boat was lowered; two men tumbled into her. I took my seat in the stern-sheets, and we shoved off and pulled away toward the ice. The sea was high, but the surges ran foamless and regular, and

the little cockle-shell went sliding over them as dry as a cork. Being to leeward of the berg as we were, the water, close in under the shelter of the cliffs of ice, was as smooth as a pond. The ledge upon which the vessel lay sloped down in a kind of shelving beach, ribbed like the sands of the sea-shore after a gale of wind.

"Vast rowing!" I sang out. The men tossed their oars inboards, and the stem of the boat grounded lightly on the ice. A few gulls and other seabirds circled about, and their cries were the only sounds which broke the death-like, oppressive stillness of that gigantic, prismatic pile.

I sprang out, and the two men followed. We laid hold of the gunwale of the boat and ran her up the slippery incline to well out of reach of the water. The vessel lay about fifty yards up the slope, with her stern toward us, and across her counter was painted in big white letters the name "Bedford, Boston."

"A Yankee and a whaler," said I, clapping my hands upon my breast to try and infuse some warmth into them. "How came she here, I wonder?"

"Maybe she's come up from the Polar regions," answered one of the men. "I've been whaling away down in them parts in my younger days, master, and can tell you that the ice in those regions is funny stuff to get amongst. It'll nip a ship and lift her out of water without the least warning, unless she gives it a pretty wide berth."

We began walking toward the brig, cautiously and slowly, for the surface was intensely slippery. Her hull looked to me to be as sound as on the day she was launched.

"Wou'dn't take much to run her afloat, I reckon," said one of the men. I thought not either. In fact, it was difficult to conjecture what prevented her from launching, seated as she was upon a seawardly slope so highly glazed. That she was deserted, I made no doubt. We came to a halt under the swell of her quarter, gazing up. She was a bluff, chubby-sided craft, built, after the American fashion, of very narrow strakes, and was sheathed with dull yellow metal, which here and

there hung from her bends in long ragged strips. We walked slowly all round her, but little was to be gathered from an outside survey. Yet it seemed no easy matter to scale her tall sides and gain the deck.

"How are we to get on board?" said I.

"There's only one way as I can see," answered one of the men, named Lepper, "and that's by getting the painter out of the quarter-boat, chucking the end of it over one of the bobstays, so as to allow it to reeve itself, then go up it hand-over-hand, and the rest 'll be a simple enough matter of shinning."

"That's a good suggestion," said I, "and about the only practicable one. Johnson, go you and fetch the boat's painter."

The seaman went to where we had left the quarter-boat, and, after fumbling a bit at the ring-bolt in the bows, returned with the rope coiled over his arm. At the first throw he hove the fakes fair over the lower bobstay, caught the end as it swung back, and in a minute was scrambling, as only a monkey or a sailor can scramble, up among the bowsprit rigging. Getting upon the spar, which glistened with a casing of ice, he made his way inward along the foot-ropes, and disappeared over the fore-castle head.

The spot wherein the brig lay was a ravine, running for a couple of hundred yards into the iceberg, and enclosed by precipitous prismatic cliffs, towering to twice the height of her mast-heads. Had the sun been shining on those crystalline peaks, the glare must have been blinding. Curiously enough, I did not find the cold so intense as I had done earlier in the morning, possibly because we were completely sheltered from the wind. The silence of the place was subduing to the spirits, and one almost started at the sound of the strange, harsh cries uttered by the few sea-fowl flying around the glacial crags.

After an interval of two or three minutes, Johnson thrust his head over the bulwarks close to the fore-rigging, and lowered the end of a stout rope, which I laid hold of, and by the aid of it climbed into the fore-chains, whence

I easily enough gained the deck. I came to a pause, gazing about me. What I beheld was but the commonplace scene of a whaler's decks. Large try-pots stood near the foremast for the boiling of the blubber into oil. The planks were slippery with ice, and crackled beneath the tread. Everything was in its place, saving that all the boats were gone from the davits; otherwise, so far as appearances went, the vessel might have been abandoned but yesterday.

"Not much the matter here!" says Lepper, moving about in a peering way. "Pity we couldn't get the little hooker off, master, and carry her home. If so be as her hold's anything like full up with oil, she'd more'n pay for the trouble."

I thought so too. My own belief was that a very small effort would have sufficed to stir the vessel from her icy cradle; and although she might make a little water on first floating, I never doubted that her hull was as sound as a bell. While I stood considering whether I could devise any project for getting the brig off, by running out a kedge and warp to the seaward ledge of the iceberg, I felt a snow-flake settle upon my face; it was followed by another, and yet another, and in an incredibly short space of time the air was thick with the white smother of a dense fall. It did not immediately enter my head, until a remark from one of the two seamen brought me to a perception of the fact, that if this snow-storm should prove of any considerable duration, our position might turn out to be rather an awkward one. The feather-like thickness shrouded the sea to within a few yards of the berg, and therefore the *Arabian* was veiled from our view. If any freshening of the wind came along, Captain Wastinage would undoubtedly haul off from the neighborhood of the ice as a precaution; and although he might take the bearings, and the berg was a good big object, not very easily lost sight of in clear weather, yet in those stormy regions, where a gale comes thundering down with scarcely any warning, the bark might be blown hull down below the horizon before the whirling white blindness cleared away. Yet to have

put off in the quarter-boat in search of the *Arabian* would have been sheer madness. Not only was it that we stood every chance of missing her, but if once the berg was swallowed up in the snow-storm, we might not be able to fetch that again either, and then, indeed, our plight would be a perilous one.

I put it to the men, for they were each sailors, and their opinion was worth hearkening to. Both of them were for remaining where we were until the smother cleared away. They said that, at all events, we had a shelter now, and the skipper would know where to seek us; whereas, if we put off in the quarter-boat, there was no telling what might become of us.

"Come, then," says I, "since we have to remain aboard this hooker for awhile, let us try whether we can't find out something about her; we'll overhaul her anyhow." I stepped to the companion hatch, followed by the two seamen. The slide of the little hatch was closed, but not fastened. I thrust it back; it yielded slowly, with a sharp crackling of ice in the grooves. A strong, damp, fishy odor arose from below.

"Smell the oil!" exclaimed Lepper. "I allow there's tons upon tons of it stowed flush up against the bulkhead. D'ye know what good sperm's worth? Why, thirty pound a ton. Then there'll likewise be a tidy quantity of dry whalebone away down somewhere in the hold, I don't doubt."

I thrust my head into the hood of the hatch. A dim twilight sifted into the interior through the skylight, the glass of which was already veiled by a thin layer of snow. But nothing was to be seen by peering in this fashion, so I put my foot upon the ladder and descended. Gloomy as it was down here, there was yet plenty of light by which to distinguish objects. I found myself in a plain little interior; a sea parlor of just such a kind as I should have expected to find in a brig like the *Bedford*. A table stood cleated amidships, flanked by lockers built against the bulkheads, which served as seats; a rack of harpoons and muskets occupied the fore part of the cabin, and aft a narrow gangway led to the sleeping

berths. Johnson and Lepper came down the steps after me, shaking the snow-flakes off their jackets. The three of us stood looking about for a few moments. I then began to hunt about in the lockers, hoping to find the vessel's papers, but could not come across them. Meanwhile the two seamen were exploring the sleeping berths aft, and I heard Lepper exclaim to his companion that he had discovered what he reckoned to have been the pantry, and that it looked to contain victuals enough to last us three men for a month, providing they were good and sweet. It cheered me to hear this; for when I glanced up through the open hatch and perceived the snow mantling down thicker than ever, I guessed that our stay aboard this little ship might run into very much longer than we had first reckoned.

Having failed to find the ship's papers in the lockers, I thought I would go and rummage about in the berths, till I came to that which had been occupied by the skipper, where I did not doubt I should light upon what I was seeking. The first one I entered I judged to have been the captain's cabin, from the character of its furniture. A flap-table, covered with navigating instruments, projected from the wall opposite the bunk; a bag of charts stood in a corner; a tell-tale compass hung from the ceiling overhead; a chronometer rested in a case beneath a shelf of books; and a few odds and ends of marine garments dangled from pegs against the bulkhead. Casting my eyes over the table, I perceived the log-book lying half hidden under a little pile of papers. I immediately guessed that I should probably gather more particulars concerning the *Bedford* from its pages than from the official register of the ship. So I brought the book into the cabin, and sat down to try and make out from it as much as I could of the story of this ice-stranded vessel.

Johnson and Lepper came back and seated themselves, and I read extracts aloud to them. The story of the *Bedford*, as I pieced it together from the log-book, was as follows: She had sailed from Boston in May, 1848, upon a whaling cruise into the South Seas.

Her skipper's name was Ephraim Cheesman, and she carried a crew of eighteen hands all told. She seemed to have met with but little luck at the beginning of her voyage, and on December 10, 1848, at which date her position was about ninety miles to the westward of the South Orkneys, she got three tons of sperm oil from a dead whale, making a total of two hundred and sixty barrels up to that time. After this she seemed to have been more fortunate, and after touching at the Falkland Islands to recruit, she steered away to the southward, and down to June 20, 1849, had got 1120 barrels of oil in her hold. The entry under this date ran thus :

"Latitude, 76° 50' S.; longitude, 97° W. A dark stormy day. Ice all round us. Brig hove-to. Dangerous situation."

On the 22d came this entry :

"Snow clearing away at noon revealed the outline of a large iceberg close aboard, to leeward. Tried to 'bout ship, but missed stays. Saw the brig was doomed. Noticed a shelving foreground of ice, and steered for it as our only chance to escape instant destruction. The vessel took the ice with her forefoot, and ran up the slippery incline, high and dry. Shouldn't have believed such a thing possible. Is quite uninjured. Thanks be to God for His mercy in preserving us and the ship."

After this the entries were continued, in a desultory sort of manner, for a period of about two months, during which time the crew seemed to have stuck to the ship, although I found no record of any attempt to get her off. The last entry was made under date of August 30, and was to this effect :

"Have decided upon abandoning the brig. Shall try and get away in the boats to Petra Island. No chance of the vessel coming off; the men all grumbling furiously. Anybody coming across this kindly report."

I closed the book, and stepped up through the companion to take a look at the weather. The snow now lay about three inches deep on the deck, and continued descending in the same blinding smother. The effect of the opaque cliffs of ice on either hand

faintly glimmering through the falling flakes was strange and beautiful. The brig herself, or as much of her as was visible, had been transformed into a shape of crystal. There seemed to be no wind; but situated as we were, deep down in that terrific gorge of ice, half a gale might have been hooting through the sky on high without our feeling it.

Well, there was nothing to be done but wait, and so I returned to the shelter of the cabin, closing the hatch after me. The hour, by my watch, was getting on for noon.

"Who'd think," exclaimed Lepper, opening the log-book, and squinting at it in a manner which assured me he couldn't read, "that this here hooker had been jammed on the ice like this for seven-and-twenty years?"

"Ice keeps things fresh," said I. "You'll probably find the victuals in the pantry aft are as sweet and wholesome as the day they were shipped."

"I hope so," says Johnson, folding his arms and rolling his eyes. "We don't want to die of starvation, master."

"D'y'e allow this berg's drifting at all?" inquired Lepper.

"To be sure it is. A detached floating heap of ice like this isn't going to lie motionless on the face of the ocean. Yet, from the figures given in the log-book, its northerly trend has been very slow. The tendency of icebergs is always to move away from the Poles. A long series of northerly gales, such as we have been having, will, of course, set it away southward again."

"Any chance of the berg breaking up and liberating of the ship?" said Lepper.

"The berg may break up, but it would probably crush the brig to atoms in so doing. Much more likely that the whole heap of it will capsize."

Johnson nodded. "That's the trick with these here ice-islands when they grow top-heavy by washing away underneath," said he.

"Well, what the comfort's to be done if so be as the bark is blown away, and we're left aboard here?" muttered Lepper.

"I'm of opinion that we might succeed in getting the brig afloat by means of a kedge and warp," said I. "In

fact, I very much wonder that her crew didn't make the effort. I can see nothing to hinder her from launching if sufficient power were applied to stir her."

"Well," said Johnson, rising, "what d'ye say, master, to our going and overhauling the stores, and finding out what there really is in the shape of food and water in the pantry there?"

"A good notion," I answered. "Come, I will go along with you."

The three of us passed through the narrow gangway, and entered the mere box of a cabin which served as a pantry. Well, to cut this part of my yarn short, we found, after thoroughly rummaging the little place, some barrels of ship's bread, a couple of tierces of beef, a small cask of rum, some stone jars full of limejuice, a quantity of flour, sugar, preserved spuds, and such like matters; in all sufficient, as I calculated, to last the three of us for nearly a month. The provisions were all in good condition, though flavorless. I never doubted but that there would be an abundant stock away down in the lazarette under our feet, for whalers always go to sea liberally found in the matter of food and drink.

"Well," said I cheerfully, for my spirits were in nowise affected by our situation, "here's the means of keeping life together anyhow, my lads. I don't say that I wouldn't sooner be safe and sound aboard the old *Arabian* than shut up in this stranded hooker, and glad enough should I be to see the snow clear away, and show us the bark again. Yet, for all that, we might easily be a very great deal worse off than we are."

They answered ay, ay, that was right enough, and then we carried enough food and drink into the cabin to make us a meal. There was a loud crash somewhere outside while we sat at the table, and I guessed that a portion of the berg had broken away. I stepped on deck to take another look round after we had made an end of eating and drinking. It still continued to snow in the same dense fall, and the gloom of the air suggested that there was but little chance of its clearing up. I walked forward as far as the fore-

scuttle, which was buried beneath the soft white mantle, and scraping the lid of the cover clear with my boot, I tried to raise the hatch, but found it frozen fast to its coamings. I called to Johnson to bring a handspike, and with the heel of this we contrived to pry off the cover. It was as black as ink below. Johnson put his head in, then withdrew it hastily and spat.

"Whew!" cried he, "there's foul air down there—stagnant and poisonous maybe. But I've read that where a flame will burn a man can breathe."

He struck a match and extended it to the full reach of his arm. The flame burnt clearly enough, and the feeble glimmer of it revealed a ladder affixed to the bulkhead. I set my foot upon it, and descended. The air was not indeed actually foul, but it was charged with a damp fishy smell, which I conjectured to emanate from the oil stowed in the hold. It was very dark down here, in spite of the light which descended through the open square of hatch, but presently, when my sight had grown accustomed to the gloom, I made out that I was in the forecabin of the brig; a low-ceiled interior shaped to the moulding of the vessel's bows, with bunks let into the walls on either hand. The place was destitute of furniture, save for a sea chest or two lashed to the deck, and a few odds and ends of wearing apparel dangling from the bulkhead. There was nothing to be seen down here, and after lingering a moment or two, I again ascended the ladder, closing the hatch after me, and returned to the shelter of the cabin.

I should but weary you if I were to narrate in detail the passage of the hours of that day. The time passed slowly, with never an instant's cessation in the blinding white thickness that continued softly to descend. At three o'clock the twilight of the early Cape Horn night was casting deep shadows upon the little cabin in which we three men sat, waiting, and seldom speaking. A swing lamp hung from the beams of the ceiling overhead. I kneeled upon the table and took it down. The burner contained a wick, but there was no oil in it. We had no need to want for fuel on board a whaler. In-

deed, I had taken notice of some cans of oil while we were rummaging in the pantry. So I passed the lamp to Lepper and told him to trim it, and while he was gone I sent Johnson to try and collect some dry sticks, in order to make a bit of a fire in the little stove which stood at the after-end of the interior. Both men fulfilled their missions, and presently the little sea parlor made quite a show of cheerfulness in the glow from the stove and the sheen shed by the lamp.

The hours of that night seemed interminably long. I believe I dozed off now and again as I sat at the table. Johnson stretched himself upon a locker and slept soundly, snoring lustily. Lepper remained wakeful, talking occasionally, and smoking most of the while. Two or three times during the night I put my head out through the companionway, and found it still snowing, and as black as a wolf's throat. Occasionally the dead silence without was broken by sharp crackling and rending noises, denoting that masses of the ice were breaking away. A notion once came into my head to get up a number of the oil casks from below, and set them on fire upon the ice which sloped from the ship to the water, in the hope of thawing it away. But after a little reflection I dismissed the project from my mind as a wild and dangerous one, likely to result in the destruction of the ship herself if attempted.

It left off snowing about a couple of hours before dawn, and the atmosphere grew clear, with plenty of stars twinkling frostily in the black heavens. I guessed a fresh wind was blowing from the loud washing noise of the sea, although not a breath of air stirred down in the deep icy gorge betwixt whose walls the whaler lay. The contour of the berg showed out in a wan, spectral outline, most ghostly in its silent dimness. A small black object halfway down the glimmering slope puzzled me exceedingly, until suddenly I recollected that it must be the *Arabian's* quarter boat which we had hauled up to that spot. The brig herself, in her mantle of snow, looked pale and illusive in the gloom, with a strange transparent glaring of the snow upon her

skylight caused by the lamplight in the cabin. It was the completest picture of Cape Horn desolation I could possibly have conceived; a scene so forlorn, so bleak, and rendered so mysterious by the shrouding of the night, that it was impossible to gaze upon it without a sense of deep emotion. I thought I had been alone on deck, but when I turned to go below again, I saw the figure of Lepper standing motionless in the companionway.

"'Struth!" said he in a low voice. "how cold and lonely it all is, master."

"What will have become of the bark, I wonder?" said I, peering into the obscurity.

"Blowed away, sir, I expect. I allow there's been a stiffish breeze a-going all night, and Capt'n Wastinage 'ud take care not to keep this here berg too close aboard if any wind came along."

"D'y'e think," said I, "that we may be able to get this craft afloat?"

"Do I think so?" he echoed, looking around him in the slow manner peculiar to seamen. "Ay, master. I don't see nothing to prevent us if we can get holding ground for a kedg anchor."

"The edge of the berg will give us that," said I; "but will the vessel founder when she comes to be water-borne?"

"No, sir. The oil in her hold 'll keep her afloat."

I should have thought of that too. I said to him, "We will make the experiment in the morning, Lepper."

"Right, sir," he answered, and with that we returned to the shelter of the cabin to wait the coming of the dawn. It was nine o'clock by the time the light had broadened into day, and at that hour the three of us had made a very tolerable meal out of the provisions we found in the pantry, and were on deck viewing the sea, which ran in deep violet folds to its confines. It was a wide, clear morning; the sky of a misty blue mottled with many feather-like clouds, and the wind, as one could see now that the ocean was visible, a smart sailing breeze. Nothing was in sight, but then our sphere of vision was limited to but a small part of the spacious watery circle by

reason of the walls of the ravine in which the ship lay. Johnson said he would go as far as the water's edge, and find out whether there was anything to be seen of the *Arabian* on this side of the berg. He dropped over the side, and went slipping and stumbling down the slope to within a few yards of the margin of the berg, where he stood awhile gazing about him, and then turned and retraced his steps, shaking his head as he came toward us to signify that nothing was in sight.

The snow which had fallen was frozen in a hard crystal covering upon the brig's deck, and this made it difficult to move about and work. The cold was intense. I believe had any man folded his arms and sat quietly down, it would have been no great while before he was frozen to death. When Johnson had climbed on board again, the three of us turned to, and began by stretching along a hawser which lay coiled upon the forecastle. This was hard work, for the frost rendered the rope as stiff as iron, and it was impossible to straighten out the spiral coils. A couple of anchors were stowed at the bows, but both were too big for us to handle. I guessed that if there was a kedge aboard, it would be down in the forepeak, under the black forecastle we had explored on the previous day, that being where stores of this nature are usually carried on shipboard. So we brought up the lamp out of the cabin, lighted it, and descended into the darksome hold in the bows, and sure enough, after a little spell of rummaging, we came upon a small kedge of about three or four hundredweight. By means of a tackle attached to the forestay we were not long in getting this little anchor up on deck, and then, with a whip rove at the yard-arm, we slung it bodily over the side on to the ice.

This was cheerful work, being undertaken as it was with a view to our deliverance from an imprisonment that might otherwise have been of very long duration; and besides it kept us warm, and the bitter keenness of the air prevented our feeling fatigued. So we went at it with a will, and having got the little anchor upon the ice, our next business was to shackle the end

of the hawser on to it, and bend a tripping line, to drag it to the water's edge. The brig lay, as I have already told you, somewhere about fifty yards up the slope, and the ice being naturally extremely slippery, it was a matter of no very great difficulty to drag the kedge that distance. We got the *Arabian's* quarter-boat out of the way, for the little craft was too valuable to us to lose. There was a kind of ledge, like a broad step, in the ice about five feet from the water, and over the edge of this we hooked the fluke of the anchor, leaving it the whole berg to drag against. Then, returning on board, we carried the hawser to the capstan, and all was now in readiness to make the attempt.

The pawls of the capstan were frozen hard, and it took us a spell of vigorous thrusting to break out the ice, so that the barrel would revolve. Lepper began to sing the old windless chanty, "Whiskey, boys, Johnnie;" we took up the chorus of the rousing melody, and made the silent glaring cliffs of ice ring again to the echoes. "A song is as good as ten men," says an old forecastle saw, and to one steady tramping the wiry coils of the hawser stretched slowly out until the rope was as taut as a harp-string. The kedge came home a little. I heard the flukes of it breaking up the ice; then it caught, and our progress was arrested.

"Heave!" cried Johnson. "All together now!"

We redoubled our efforts. Several ominous creaking sounds arose, and I thought the hull stirred slightly. My fear was that she might have made a bed for herself in the ice from which our slender strength could not stir her.

"Once again!" yelled Johnson, who was crimson in the face with his efforts. "Push, sir; push, Lepper, she'll come!"

I flung the whole force of my straining weight upon the capstan bar. The creaking sound continued. Suddenly the capstan yielded, and the three of us fell forward on our faces in the snow. My first impression was that the hawser had parted; but at the next instant I realized that the brig was indeed actually moving. Smoothly as a sleigh, with a rasping, rending

sound which increased into a low roar as she gathered way, did the fabric go gliding down the incline. I sprang to my feet with a triumphant hurrah, which the two seamen caught up and swelled into a hurricane cheer. The vessel slewed a little as she moved onward, and so narrow was the gorge that I feared lest she should cant right across it, and jam hard and fast by the head and stern. But in another moment she was sliding like a greased plank off into the water; her port quarter took the sea with a prodigious splash and a burst of spray, and she bounded, buoyant as a cork, out on to the blue billows.

"The boat!" shouted Lepper; "we've forgotten the boat, sir."

"By Jupiter, so we have!" I exclaimed, glancing at our empty davits. "How are we to get at her now? We must have her, men."

"I'll swim to the berg and fetch her," said Lepper, beginning to pull off his sea boots.

"You'll find it perishing work," said I.

But in another moment the stout-hearted fellow had plunged overboard into the icy water, and was striking out for the gorge in the berg. But here he had some difficulty, for the wet ice was so slippery, he could get no foothold at all upon it; and so often did he slide off that I began to fear he would be drowned. At length he managed to creep up the slope on his hands and knees, then rose and walked toward where the boat lay, shoving her easily enough down the incline, and tumbling inward as she ran afloat.

When he was aboard again, I sent him below to dry himself and take a stiff pull of rum, while Johnson and I turned to and hoisted the little craft up at the davits. We felt the wind now that we were clear of the ice; it was about north-east, and set us directly away from the berg, which was a great blessing, to be sure. Our first business now was to get some sail upon the vessel; but this was no easy matter, seeing that all the canvas was frozen as stiff as glass. However, by cutting the gaskets with our knives, and carrying the halliards and sheets to the capstan, we contrived to spread the two top-

sails, foresail, and standing jib; and what surprised me not a little was to find that the sailcloth, which I had expected would prove rotten and decayed in the last degree, was as sound as new. I sent Johnson to the helm, telling him to keep the brig's head about west, and when he had brought her to this course, she went bowling away in grand style, raising quite a smother of froth about her chubby bows. She sat high upon the water, for oil is a light cargo. We sounded the well, and found the old hooker as tight as a bottle.

There was much for us to be thankful for in the unexpected success which had attended our efforts to get the *Bedford* afloat. Not only was it our prompt deliverance from what might easily have proved a long and tedious imprisonment; there was the prospect of a very considerable sum of money apiece for us to take up as salvage if we succeeded in carrying the ship safely into port. When we had run the berg into a mere gleaming pinnacle upon the horizon, and the ocean on every other hand stretched in a bare blue weltering plain to its confines, I called a council of the two men to settle upon what port we should steer for. Lepper was in favor of making for the nearest place, while Johnson wanted me to carry the brig home to England. He argued his case so well, pointing out that it would be as easy for us to work the brig the whole distance as to carry her to some nearer port, and thence make the best of our way home in another ship, that in short we resolved to make the attempt, counting upon obtaining the loan of a man or two from the first ship we might fall in with. And so sunset found us braced up on a sharp bowline, weather-bowing the surges in long buoyant plunges, with our bowsprit pointing as nearly a true course for London river as the sit of the wind would permit us to lie.

And now, to bring the story of this queer adventure to a close, we contrived to navigate the brig very well for about ten days, and although we met with some pretty strong blows, yet the adverse weather which had pursued us in the *Arabian* seemed to have broken up, and we were enabled to

make a good deal of nothing. During all this while we sighted nothing, but upon the tenth day, shortly after dawn, we made out the smoke of a steamer right ahead. I knew at once that she must be coming our way, for as we were certainly not going through the water at a speed to overhaul anything driven by engines, it was clear that the vessel was heading toward us. And so it proved; for in less than a couple of hours she was within hailing distance abreast of us, rising and falling without way upon the long flashful ridges of brine, an ugly tank of a craft, schooner rigged, with a red and black funnel amidships which vomited forth thick sooty coils.

She proved to be the Yankee steamer *Jessica*, from New York for Valparaiso, though I reckoned she was pretty well out of her shortest route round Cape Horn. I told her skipper that we were three English seamen carrying a derelict brig to England, and asked if he could spare a couple of hands to assist us. Upon this he inquired whether there would be any share of the salvage for the job? I replied that he might count on our acting fairly in the matter; and without further palaver a boat was lowered, and the mate came on board of us, accompanied by a couple of stalwart-looking fellows, whom he designated "molasses oysters," and who, he said, were quite willing to help us navigate the brig for a consideration.

With the aid of these two additional hands we got on capitally, and luck seemed determined to favour us, for that same afternoon the wind drew

round into the south and west, and blew a stiff breeze, before which we sped northward for over sixty hours. After this, day by day we mounted the parallels, gradually leaving the stormy regions astern, and finding the sun gaining in power each successive noon-tide, until anon we were in the tropics, then bowling along in the north-east trades, then crossing the Bay, and finally in soundings.

We brought the *Bedford* into the Thames one day toward the close of October, within twenty-four hours of the arrival in London of the *Arabian*. A curious case in connection with marine law arose out of our salvage of the brig, for when we came to try and discover the Yankee owners of her, they were not to be found. The firm had ceased to exist some twelve years before, and in spite of the most diligent inquiry nobody in any way concerned in the ship or her cargo came forward. So the matter was carried for settlement into the Admiralty Court, and the judge advised the solicitor we had employed to communicate with the United States Consul in London. This gentleman, after due investigation, recommended us to sell the vessel and her freight, and share the proceeds, a course we were nothing loth to adopt; and, although I have reason to believe that we were pretty liberally robbed first by one and then by another, yet I felt I had little enough right to complain when I was presently awarded a sum of fifteen hundred pounds as my share for the part I played in the strange and romantic affair.—*Leisure Hour*.

MODERN IDEALS OF EDUCATION.

BY WILLIAM K. HILL.

"A narrow and false aim in education has been established and encouraged all over the country—mere brain development, to the exclusion of the development of any other capacities."—"Suggested Reforms in Public Schools." C. C. Cotterill, p. 69.

"Nothing was more prominent in the proceedings (at the Berlin Conference in 1890) than the sharp distinction between education and instruction. The speakers always spoke of education as meaning the total forming of

a human being in not alone mental, but moral, physical, and religious relations as well. Instruction was everywhere subordinated to education, discipline, training, development."—"Report of Education Bureau, Washington." 1889-90. Vol. I., p. 396.

ONE charm of intellectual life is the variety of its ideals. Any levelling of these would destroy the mainspring of

intellectual effort. The stereotyping of the educational ideal is therefore no part of my purpose. But of the innumerable ideals of education all are not in themselves worthy, and many flourish solely from their cloistral isolation, walled in as they are from the life and light of the great world by the cherished traditions of a public school or the time-honored customs of an ancient university. While light and air are hateful to stagnant prejudice, to the spirit of progress they are welcome and invigorating. Such invigoration is my excuse for attempting a new exposition of the educational ideal. Many minds have grasped this ideal in times past and moulded it into new shapes of strength and beauty, and for awhile the world has followed after the new light. But sooner or later the heart of man has grown weary, the clinging clay of habit has clogged his endeavor and slackened his eagerness, and the mists of prejudice have closed in between him and the great ideal of education—*mens sana in corpore sano*. This, at the cost of the epigram, I would extend to *mens præclara in corpore sano*. For I submit here at the outset that, while for the body health (including strength) is the utmost attainable, for the mind health (even if it be allowed to include beauty) is not the highest possible or desirable. The mind must be also noble, original, great. And here I join issue, not with the theoretic, but with the practical ideal of education as it is carried on to-day. The theoretic ideal of education is perfect—nothing could be nobler—but where is it followed? Economy and the ratepayer have warned it from the primary school. In the secondary school the great Scholarship Steeplechase is the chief occupation. In the university the spirit of examination, like a huge cuttle-fish, is gradually winding its multiple tentacles around every effort at original thought and ideal culture. Only in remote corners of the educational world, where competition has not yet set her sterilizing foot, does the white flower of ideal culture bloom unsullied. But the school is the proper soil for the culture of the mind. For, howsoever the influences of life may modify the full-grown plant, it is at school the seed

takes root, and whatever earth time may cast above it, from that root the growing mind will draw its distinctive shape, color and individuality. Here then is the key to the educational ideal. As by its fruit the tree is known, so should the tree be that which will yield the fruit desired. What then is the capacity to which we must draw out that bundle of potentialities called a child? Shortly this—the threefold capacity to meet all the haps of life without hurt and discharge its duties with success, to enter the Valley of the Shadow a stronger, nobler, more highly organized being than when he first came forth from the Unknown, and to leave in this “fair field full of folk” some seed of his planting—be it of thought, word, or act—which shall make it richer for the work of all who follow.

This in the abstract, broadly stated, is the ideal of education. How far do our aims tend toward it? To what extent are our methods calculated to secure the attainment of it?

Let us consider the first element of the triplex ideal—the capacity to meet all the haps of life without hurt and discharge its duties with success. Here again the possibilities are threefold. The hurt may be physical, mental, or moral, since the duties of life will fall under those three heads. We do much to guard the child against the first kind of injury by encouraging—it were better if one could say compelling—him to harden and strengthen his body in the gymnasium and the playing-field. But much of the strength he thus acquires is worn away in the strain of sitting at the desk, breathing a vitiated atmosphere that defies ventilation, for long hours at a stretch. Something of this strength he saves, at the expense of learning and his teacher's temper, by a wise restlessness and a judicious inattention. The benefits of athletic exercises are much discounted in the modern school through a nervous anxiety to make good, by longer hours of study, the time subtracted for them. The ideal of education requires that equal time should be devoted to body and brain culture. “The child who learns for four hours and plays for four hours will learn more, and learn it more

easily, than the child who learns for the whole eight hours." * There is a world of truth in Bacon's paradox: "To spend too much time in studies is sloth." †

Turning now to mental hurts, what are we doing to guard the future man from the consequences of ignorance, prejudice, short-sight, bad judgment and narrow-mindedness—to name only a few of the prominent mental ailments? Much, certainly, for ignorance, since we shovel into his head a multifarious knowledge that would make him a Solomon, did but a tithe of it stick. Here, however, nature hurries us from one extreme to the other. Either in the chase after the phantom of a liberal education we confuse and stupefy the energies of the adolescent mind by a shower of incoherent snippets from every face of knowledge, or we smother the shoots of individuality in the barren dust of paradigms or kill them with the indigestible pemmican of primers. And the net result of much learning is too often a brilliant ignorance—a bodiless will-o'-the-wisp that we mistake for the lamp of knowledge. The great antidote to shortsight and prejudice, the Science of History, we usually administer in the form of dates, lives, marriages, facts and genealogical tables. We make little effort to apply the lessons of the past to the events of the day, to correct false estimates of current political, social and intellectual complications by a comparison with the parallels that abound in the story of the past, or to cultivate great motives by leading the youthful mind to the founts of inspiration in the recorded motives of the mighty dead. We study Geometry, the arch enemy of false conclusions, as an abstract concatenation of puzzles, making no attempt to impress upon the youthful intellect the parallelism between a false conclusion in an academic theorem and the illogical deductions which support so many pernicious customs, superstitions and conventions in real life.

And, absurdest of all, the broadening of intellect, which is the *raison d'être* of a multiplex scholastic regimen, is constantly retarded by the specialist laudation of one subject as superior to all others either for daily use or intellectual culture. The two most notable sinners in this direction are the Classicist and the Scientist, enwrapped, one in the narrow mindedness of culture-worship, the other in that of intellectual evolution. The ideal of education requires a more intimate and conscious connection between the *materia scholastica*, so to speak, and the educational effect its constituents were intended to produce on the raw material of youthful mind when they were first included in the school curriculum. Learning ancient or modern history should be more of a preparation for pronouncing judgment upon the history introduced to our notice every morning by the daily newspaper. The accurate solution of geometrical problems should be more intimately linked, by illustrative parallels, with the correct solution of the mental difficulties that assail us between the rising and the setting sun. What La Chalotais said of education in his day is equally applicable now. "Our education does not affect our habits, like that of the ancients. After having endured all the fatigues and irksomeness of the college, the young find themselves in the need of learning in what consist the duties common to all men. They have learned no principle for judging actions, evils, opinions, customs." * The student should not emerge from school and college entangled in the meshes of a narrow prejudice, which it takes ten years knocking about in the world to throw off. These institutions should be to him, as it were, the central flame of a great beacon flooding the sea of life with light in every direction, so that, look where he may, his judgment of men and things will be illuminated by the light which shines upon them from his education.

Now as to moral hurts—the consequences of pride, anger, thoughtlessness, falsehood, treachery, and many

* "Health and Education," Charles Kingsley. P. 87. Quoted by Cotterill (v. *supra*), p. 51.

† Essay "Of Studies."

* Compayré. "History of Pedagogy." Trans. Payne, p. 346.

another vice. Do we not, to speak candidly, every teacher of us, deal gently with the pride of ability, speak lovingly and approvingly and applaudingly to it ten times for every once that we set hands on it and whisper of the snares ahead? The notorious conceit of the Sixth Form is not wholly due to the momentous passage from childhood into manhood. The speech, manners, and general attitude of the teacher have much to do with the "side" put on by Brown major on his last prize-day, when he raises to his lips that poisoned parting-cup of youthful admiration which affects his peace of mind for many a day and lays him in the dust many times before he finds his level, and humility. And do we not too often encourage anger to take off his coat and fight it out like an Englishman and (but this we do not say) a prize fighter? How ready we are to cure falsehood, thieving, treachery, and all the kindred of vice by driving them from our midst into that unspeakable kind of school where no questions are asked, if only the fee be paid. Neither do we wage any systematic crusade against thoughtlessness in all its Protean manifestations—that trifling vice which, by its endless iteration, overshadows all the rest—but dismiss it too readily as the inevitable companion of childhood, even if we teachers do not ourselves maintain before our children a notable example of it in our own unmethodical, slipshod and untidy habits. In all these matters the ideal of education requires a more intimate and conscious connection between the moral atmosphere of the school and that of life. "Schoolmasters ought always to be considering, not merely the boy as he is at school, but the *man* as he will be in the world." * How very different is the spirit of modern education from that which inspires Bacon's pregnant essay "Of Studies." The link of connection between school life and real life being the teacher, the ideal requires in him a greater readiness to divert the youthful mind from the immediate to the future consequences of thought,

speech and action. As things are, the child is forever knocking his head against rules and restrictions, forever suffering correction and punishment, without winning that educational profit which would result from a more systematic effort on the part of the teacher to make him understand *why* he is restrained, punished, or corrected—not the "why" as it bears on the "now," but as it will affect the distant "then." It is so easy to cane poor Brown for lying and send him about his business; so difficult to find time to prove to him the future consequences of an unchecked tendency to falsehood. It is so easy to put him in the Task Book for blotting his exercise and filling it with erasures; so difficult to find time to demonstrate the pitfalls prepared for inaccuracy in the paths of life. In all these things we have fallen away from the ideal because the spirit of the ideal and the glory that enshrouded it have departed from the Temple of Knowledge.

We teach always, but seldom educate, and yet "Instruction," as Locke truly observes, "is but the least part of education." * We do not try to develop mind—we only try to stuff brain. But, as Compayré says, paraphrasing a thought in Plutarch's "Morals," † "the soul is not a vase to be filled, but is rather a hearth which is to be made to glow." "We labor only at filling the memory, and leave the understanding and the conscience void." ‡ An essential principle of Pestalozzi's system, as formulated by Fischer, was "to give the mind an intensive culture, and not simply extensive; to form the mind, and not to content one's self with furnishing it." § That we *do* sometimes educate is nothing to our credit, but is merely due to the fact that stuffing cannot be carried on persistently without some sort of education resulting. We do not consciously educate. In the early days the great spirit of progress bade man adopt cer-

* Compayré. "History of Pedagogy." Trans. Payne, p. 199.

† *Ibid.*, p. 63.

‡ Montaigne. "Essays." Book I, chap. xxiv.

§ Compayré. "History of Pedagogy." Trans. Payne, p. 439.

* "Suggested Reforms in Public Schools." C. C. Cotterill, p. 106.

tain methods of mental treatment that education of the mind might result. The growth of population compelled the delegation of the methods to many assistants. These, while still applying the methods, have forgotten the object at which the methods aimed. That is why in school we teach grammar and work exercises, but in a way that does not educate the mind in the faculty of language. We teach geometry, but in a way that does not educate the faculty of reasoning. We teach history, but not so as to educate the faculty of political and social judgment. We teach drawing and poetry, but in a way that does not educate the faculty of artistic and poetic appreciation. We take off marks for mistakes, and we cane, exclude and drill for youthful crimes, but we do not educate the mind to an appreciation of the necessity of accuracy and the hurtfulness of vice. All these we leave to a greater, nobler and wiser teacher, whom the child meets when he passes out of school, that old Nestor—Life. And the school has become but a vast piece of lifeless machinery—a complicated clock that will tell you at any moment the place of the child in the mark-book or the class, give you his relative position in a variety of exercises from the alphabet to astronomy, but, for the rest, can inspire him neither with intelligence, taste, judgment, nor reason, but only tick, tick, its everlasting round of marks, places and prizes.

Let us pass now to the second element of the educational ideal—the capacity of the child to enter the Valley of the Shadow a stronger, nobler, more highly organized being than when he first came forth from the Unknown.

In this direction the real is happily more in touch with the ideal, but simply because the development of this capacity is in the hands of circumstances more than in those of the teacher. The great tonic of effort—repulse—the child cannot help meeting with every day of his school life. But the decision whether it shall strengthen or injure and weaken him we too often leave to chance. It is not a cardinal duty of the teacher, universally recognized as such, to be ever watching the effects of scholastic environment upon

the child and guiding its action toward a wise development of his mind. Our business is to see that his answers to certain conventional interrogatories are correct and to assign to those answers a proportionate value in marks. Whatever may be the theory of educationists and the methods of that *rara avis*, the born teacher, this is the practice of the average assistant-master. For this he is appointed, for this he is paid, and on the successful application of this method his reputation rests. I submit that the educational value of success in class is inferior to that of failure, if the latter were thoughtfully studied and judiciously used as a handle for getting a grip on character. Ability is "very fair to look upon," while stupidity is very ugly. Is it any wonder that the teacher's heart runs after ability? But nobleness—that nobleness which rises up again and again from the shame and dust of defeat and presses on undaunted to the goal—is not generally a companion of ability. Sometimes they are met together, but far oftener nobleness is to be seen gazing out of the sad eyes of the dunce and dullard, the backward and the weak. Ability cannot dispense with patience, perseverance, pains. But when a bright intelligence illumines all the dark recesses of knowledge, and a strong capacity enables it to take intellectual hedges and ditches in its stride, ability knows little of effort and the character born of effort. Here, again, we must turn to the plodding dullard, heavily handicapped by nature, struggling with a slow perceptive and a feeble retentive capacity to limp wearily along after the swift and brilliant ability. In the dullard's labor, self-sacrifice and patient effort the scholastic ideal finds the seeds of nobleness—the nobleness of strife. But is not our practice very different? Is the encouragement of the weakling "duffer" in any way proportionate to the praise showered on the "top boy" and his peers? Is it upon the tail of his class that the average teacher bestows his kindest smiles, his most disinterested effort? Do we seek always for a good average of class ability, or for a bright first bench? Let the Spirit of Scholarships answer. Thus do we neglect the soil where nobleness might best

be cultured for the clouds where the sun of ability shines. In the same manner we hand over to chance the cultivation of those subtle susceptibilities which carry the human organism to a higher development. We do little to test, still less to record for study and management, the individual characteristics and sensory capacities of the child. On his entry the first thing we do is to test his brain by a cursory examination and upon that allot him his place in the class. The ideal requires that we should first test his person and his personality. What some heads of schools do from choice all should compel themselves to do as a duty. No new boy should be admitted without a full history of his antecedents, not merely in the three R's and their attendant studies, but in general intelligence, character, habits and physical capacities. These should be at once recorded in a sort of scholastic "log," containing separate pages, or columns, where the results of constant observation, for which school life offers a thousand opportunities, might from time to time be added. Here deficiencies of sight, speech, hearing, appreciation of color, physical defects and deformities, and peculiarities of character would be conveniently tabulated for ready reference. Well-thought-out forms, requiring only to be filled in with particulars, would reduce the labor to a minimum.

But we have no right to talk of labor. This study of personality the ideal of education conceives to be an essential element of scholastic activity. Therefore it has the right to claim the importance and honor of individual attention, and the larger schools should certainly have an official devoted to such duties. Then, indeed, the development of the child organism might be controlled so as to advance *pari passu* with the growth of the child-mind, instead of lagging behind, jostling or passing ahead of it, and in every way interfering with it, as it does now. For to misunderstanding of the individual organism are due those errors of over and under pressure, which at one time lay the child on the sick bed of brain-fag or nerve prostration, at another foster the growth of "lazy louts."

Only by ceaseless attention to these neglected branches of child-culture can we hope to make the child a stronger, nobler, more highly organized being. As things are, the conscious activity of the teacher is directed to the making of accurate grammarians, polished classical scholars, abstruse mathematicians, shrewd scientists, eloquent linguists, skilful draughtsmen, sweet singers and powerful athletes. But the making of the accurate, polished, abstruse, shrewd, eloquent, skilful, powerful *man*—that is left to the *accidents* of school life. A great contrast to this manifold one-sidedness in education is afforded by the practice of the Greeks. "A leading conception in Greek education is that of symmetry, or harmony; the ideal man, in Plato's phrase, must be 'harmoniously constituted'; all opposing tendencies must be reconciled; and while the physical, the intellectual, and the moral must each be made the subject of systematic training, there must be no disproportionate development in either direction." * Absorbed in the application of the means, we have forgotten the object at which they aimed. Soul and intellect have been divorced. The secondary activity has become the primary, and the primary has sunk out of general recognition. We are running aimlessly up and down intellectual roadways, entirely forgetting to pursue them to their convergence upon the soul. A thorough understanding of the child-mind is not required as a compulsory equipment for the culture of that mind, because centuries of use have stereotyped the methods, and it is sufficient if they be applied artificially at the bidding of the principal, much as the engineer of a Thames steamboat blindly controls his vessel by the directions of the youth who shouts "Ease her!" "Stop her!" from the deck.

It has always been matter of interest to me to observe how many boys who fail utterly at school become prosperous and successful citizens in the world—and why? Because they lack those abilities which the limited number of educational "means"—commonly

* Compayré. "History of Pedagogy." Trans. Payne, p. 41.

called "subjects"—are calculated to test, but are strong in the possession of those human qualities, shrewdness, steadiness, determination, common (not mathematical) sense and pluck, which are handled only by the accidents of scholastic environment. These our Chiron, Life, makes the prime motors of educational effort, and these the educational ideal requires should be the prime motors of scholastic effort, to which grammar, history, language, science and the rest stand only in the relation of helpers. "In the opinion of Montaigne letters and other studies are but the means or instrument, and not the aim and end of instruction. . . . It is of little consequence to him that a pupil has learned to write in Latin; what he does require, is that he become better and more prudent, and have a sounder judgment."*

Let us look now at the third and most interesting, because most elusive, element of the educational ideal—the capacity of the child to leave in this "fair field full of folk" some seed of his planting—be it of thought, word, or act—which shall make it richer for the work of all who follow. As we enter upon this branch of our inquiry there looms up before our eyes the shrewd old tag, *Poeta nascitur, non fit*. This is the favorite weapon of the enemy of training. Certainly it is one of the few smart sayings which are not half truths; but it is quite possible to misapply it, as is often done. De Musset said that three men in four have in them a poet who dies young. Were we to inquire *why* this ubiquitous germ of poesy died young, I think we should find that in many cases he died, like other babies, from maternal mismanagement—want of nourishment, perhaps, or want of thoughtful tendance. It is such want of nourishment and attention in the day of scholastic training that renders so much youthful promise of originality abortive. Here again the ideal levels against the Real the old charge—the purposeful activities of scholastic life in no way make for the development of the quality of originality of mind leading to productive activity. As before, this is left more or less

to the accidents of school life, the main activities of which are merely acquisitive. This defect is least apparent in pure and applied science, because there acquisitive work and productive work are constantly and closely interlinked by the very nature of the work. But in language the tendency and general practice is to spend vast quantities of time in the mere acquisition of grammatical facts. Too little is devoted to that reading and free composition which would create a faculty of using the language for original literary production. History, as I have shown before, is studied too exclusively from the acquisitive and pictorial side, not from that ethical and philosophical point of view which, by a constant consideration of cause and effect, a constant dwelling on the lessons to be drawn from the course and result of historic lives and movements, would draw out those faculties that build up the mind of the great historian.

In the same manner the drawing-master is generally content to secure the accurate reproduction of line and shape without any effort to develop innate or dormant capacities for original drawing. Sometimes a prize will be given for a free sketch from the life. But there is no constant watchfulness and systematic effort to detect and foster any latent original capacity, no attempt to open the child's eyes to the fact that the lines and shapes, which occupy him for weeks and terms, are mere steps toward the attainment of the lines and shapes he sees about him in the school garden and his school-mates' bodies. Nor is he systematically encouraged to experiment upon these forms themselves. How many children do attempt to scribble from the real, and how seldom are they helped and encouraged to bring their imperfect efforts to perfection.* In music the teacher is content to obtain an accurate and tuneful performance of song or instrumental piece, and does not think it incumbent on him to secure that understanding of the structure, or that appreciation of the æsthetic quality, of the thing performed

* Compayre, "History of Pedagogy." Trans. Payne, p. 104.

* The Royal Drawing Society is doing good work in this direction, but the sphere of its efforts is still comparatively limited.

which would excite and aid any latent capacity for similar production in the child performer. Klemm, in his "European Schools," describes an ideal lesson in singing which he himself witnessed at Düsseldorf. The teacher wrote a little poem on the board. The pupils, helping each other, bit by bit composed a melody which the teacher scored. Then they supplied the harmony in a similar way, aided by the teacher, and finally copied the joint composition into their MS. books. Whatever the composition may have been worth, the *education* was ideal. In poetry all lines and verses are alike committed to memory, and at most the sense is elucidated. But there is no effort to arouse the child to a mental comprehension of the word pictures and the word music, nor any effort to make him weigh verse with verse, stanza with stanza, and see and hear and feel that one is more beautiful than the other—an effort which would arouse any faculty of reproduction he might possess and prevent him confounding his scribbled lines of more or less rhythmic prose with true poetry. What is the good of learning verses by heart if we do not understand what makes them poetry? Some of the poetic spirit of the author must, of course, percolate into the mind of the child in the process of learning by rote; but how much less will so enter the mind than if the *poetry*, not the verses, were taught by the teacher. Otherwise learning poetry is a mere mnemonic exercise of little value. In all these matters we are too apt to lull our scholastic consciences with the thought, "Originality, like murder, will out." It will, if it be present in bulk. But the originality which is present in a thin vein—perhaps, for all its thinness, of a choice quality—will not out, unless it is worked, but, like the neglected baby, will languish and die young. "Socrates was convinced that the human mind in its normal condition discovers certain truths through its own energies, provided one knows how to lead it and stimulate it."* But there are in every school

activities which do tend to foster originality of mind, only they are not an integral part of the recognized curriculum. I refer to the school societies—the debating, literary, classical and scientific societies.

In the debating society the school has a powerful instrument for developing any faculty of eloquence, any power of producing original forensic literature, which may be latent in any of its members. But how little this instrument is utilized. Suppose a prize is given at the end of the session for the best set or extempore speech, what facilities are offered during the session for studying good models or having the child's irregular efforts criticised and corrected? In many cases such aid would be resented. Why? Because the debating society is not so much (if at all) an instrument of education as a means of amusement to those children who possess, what is the first requisite of success in public speaking, the "gift of the gab." Then, what a wealth of possibilities is latent in the literary society, if only there were some authoritative effort on the part of the teachers to mould its crude products into nobler shapes and gently and patiently guide its efforts along the paths of true originality. But now it is too often the scene of rough and ready plagiarism, stamped with the applause or disapprobation of incompetent judges blinded by the prejudices of inexperienced youth. And again, it is a means of amusement merely instead of a joint source of pleasure, profit and productive culture. So in other societies, such as the scientific, where all the facilities for original research in miniature are present, a great educational instrument is neglected to the detriment of culture in originality.

And what an opportunity is lost in that strangely prevalent mania of childhood—the rage for collecting. To take only eggs and coins, what would not systematic oversight, encouragement and adult scientific assistance do for the development of the great biologist and historical numismatist, if only the incipient taste and industry were grasped in the day of their susceptible youth and judiciously guided into the adult capacities of manhood. But

* Compayré. "History of Pedagogy." Trans. Payne, p. 24.

here, as everywhere, the primary has become the secondary, and it is the latter we cultivate. For, while we devote hours to teaching the principles of biology out of books, the innate taste which leads a child to study animal life at first hand is either left to work out its own education, or at best looked upon curiously and rewarded with the casual praise reserved for an amiable hobby. The scholastic ideal requires that all these now secondary means of education should be raised to equal rank with science and the humanities—nay, be placed above them. They must be organized with as much care, and supervised by the teachers with as much diligence, as the regular subjects of the school curriculum. For these are the subjects that link the activities of the school to the activities of the great world.

What use, for instance, is a knowledge of all the mere *events* in the Tudor period to the child when he leaves school and becomes a full-fledged citizen? But is not a thorough understanding of the intimate relation between the effects and causes of all the movements in that great turning-point of English history, quite apart from the expansion of mind such understanding has brought him, of daily and hourly use to him in his duties as a citizen? Are not the lives of the great men, whose personalities colored and, in a sense, created that turning-point in English life, and a thorough understanding of their characters and motives, full of lessons to him in his attitude as a man? "It is not," says Montaigne, "so necessary to imprint in the memory of the child the date of the fall of Carthage as the character of Hannibal and Scipio, nor so much where Marcellus died as why it was unworthy of his duty that he died there." * What will all the learning of Ollendorf and Sweet avail the child in the counting-house and on the hustings if he has not acquired the gift of speech? Will the capacity to recite whole books of Virgil (no mythical feat, by the way), or repeat whole chapters of Scott, enable him to appreciate the poetic sweet-

ness of Watson or the romantic charm of Weyman, when they rise up before him, speaking to him with new tongues unhallowed by the praise of his ancestors, unstamped with the brand of the aristocracy of the classics? Still less is there any hope of himself being able to bequeath to posterity something that shall enrich the sum of human knowledge or increase the sphere of human pleasure, if his education has been confined to a mere knowledge of the number, nature and arrangement of the dry bones of fact, without any training in the capacity of appreciating the beauty of the flesh that covers them and the spirit that infuses them with life—be it physical or intellectual. It is in this branch, literature—that study which is the one common possession, the one common interest of all civilized human beings—that we most feel the deficiency of modern educational methods. Let me take a concrete case. It was my lot recently, in a Scholarship Examination, to set, among others, two papers on literary subjects—one on Julius Cæsar, the other on the Lay of Horatius. Controlled to a certain extent by the conditions of my task, I was obliged to set a number of conventional questions; but I contrived to mingle with them others calculated to draw out evidence of education in the faculty of appreciating both works *as literature*. Of these the most characteristic was: "Quote, without discussing, any passage you think (*a*) particularly poetical, (*b*) particularly stirring or eloquent." Combining the papers, out of sixteen candidates eleven attempted (*b*); but several of them quoted passages remarkable for beauty of imagination rather than emotional eloquence, showing inability to distinguish these qualities. Ten attempted (*a*); but five of them showed similar want of clearness in distinguishing between intellectual and emotional beauty. Bearing in mind that in (*b*) a candidate would be helped by personal feeling, even in the absence of specific education, and considering the general confusion between (*a*) and (*b*) in the answers, I was unable to decide whether the teachers of the respective classes had made any special effort to educate the æsthetic faculty. Evidence of such

* Montaigne. "Essays." Book I., chap. xxv.

education was too meagre. My general feeling, however, was that no such effort had been made, at any rate systematically.

Looking back on my own experience, both as a pupil and a teacher, I am often staggered by a sense of the immense disproportion between the time and labor spent on *teaching* and the resultant *education*. Why is so much modern teaching futile? Why, after eight or ten years' learning of French and English, are so many children unable to hold five minutes' conversation in the former, or deliver extempore a dozen well-knit and thoughtful sentences in the latter language, and that their own native tongue? Why, after as many years' study of the historic follies of the race, does the child disfigure his citizenship with social and political blunders even more outrageous? The answer lies, to my mind, in the fact that so much modern teaching is mechanical and soulless. "So many teachers are mechanics when they ought to be artists."* I do not say that the work of all teachers is to be thus branded—far from it. Many, I know, are far forward on the road to the ideal; but they, in such an inquiry as this, are out of the question. For it is to the great body called the Average that the ideal is a feeble light, glimmering on the far distant horizon of the intellect, not yet perceived, much less attained. And the general work of this great mass, I say, is mostly futile, because it has become a mechanical and soulless routine. Unlimited time and money, ceaseless labor and vast learning are devoted to the skilful manipulation of the instruments of education—history, science, language, music and the fine arts—accompanied by a most astonishing forgetfulness of the object for which these instruments are wielded—the culture of mind. It is as if the ancient Greeks, sitting down to carve those lovely embodiments of the beautiful which are now the world's eternal heritage, should have become hopelessly absorbed in the grace and

dexterity with which they poised and moved the graving tool and entirely forgotten that the movements must be so guided as to result in the production of an Apollo or a Venus. But whereas, in this case, the folly of such absorption would have been at once apparent in a shapeless and hideous mass of marble, the human mind comes into life with inborn capacities and divine beauty, which no amount of false culture can wholly stifle or disfigure. Nor does the spiritual ugliness of a senior wrangler, who cannot add one original monograph to the treasures of the Royal Society, or a senior classic who, drilled in the quantities of every Latin metre and conversant with the roots of every Homeric verb, cannot for the life of him turn out a single couplet of true poetry in his native English, appeal to the human mind with the crude and forcible logic of the shapeless stone. The educationists of the seventeenth century were divided by a sharp line of demarkation into two camps—"the formalists typified by Malebranche and the realists by Locke. The first held that the main purpose of education is discipline, training, or formation; and the other, that this purpose is furnishing instruction or information."* The clearer light of the nineteenth century has shown that neither purpose is sufficient and both must enter into true education. But the ideal demands the recognition of a third purpose—that of developing the faculty of original production, whether mental, moral, or material—to which instruction and formation are in reality tributary. The perfect educational motive is in the unity of this trinity of purposes.

"Happiness," says Compayré, epitomizing the doctrines of Herbert Spencer, "does not consist in the satisfaction of such or such a privileged inclination. It consists in being all that it is possible to be—in complete living. To prepare us for a complete life, such is the function of education. . . . Conforming its efforts to nature, distributing its lessons according to the exact divisions of human functions, education will seek the branches of knowledge the most fit for making of the pupil, first, a sound and healthy man, then a toiler, a workman—a man capable of earning his livelihood; then it will train him for the

* Dr. Hinzpeter. Speech in Debate at School Conference in Berlin, 1890. "Report of the Commissioner of Education, Washington," 1889-90. Vol. I., p. 385.

* Payne in Compayré's "History of Pedagogy." P. 211.

family and State by endowing him with all the domestic and civic virtues; finally, it will open to him the brilliant domain of art under all its forms."*

But what is the question which a modern parent, leading his child into the awful sanctities of the learned Doctor Pangloss's study, brings in his anxious eyes and eager manner? "Sir! sir! what must my boy do to be saved?—saved from sinking into the ruck of helpless, struggling, stupid humanity and the oblivion of a grave whose headstone bears no token of one noble word, or thought, or deed enshrined in the hearts and memories of his fellow-men?" Not at all! The question is, "Do you teach Latin?—or bookkeeping?—because I want my boy to get a scholarship at Balliol—or enter his father's counting-house." Knowing this full well by old experience, what does our shrewd Doctor put in his sessional advertisement? "Preparation for Oxford and Cambridge Locals, London Matriculation, Army and Civil Service Examinations, Commercial Certificates and Open Scholarships at the Universities." And the Spirit of the Ideal Education looks sorrowfully around in

vain for any such advertisement as the following: "This school has been established with the object of fitting children to discharge the duties and enjoy the pleasures of life by making them stronger, nobler, more highly organized beings and training them to be honest and capable citizens and (when possible) great men and women, so that they may worthily enjoy existence and leave the world richer for their temporary presence in it." But surely this is the object of all our school teaching, and it is so universally acknowledged and widely recognized that it is quite unnecessary to blazon it on our advertisement boards. Alas! it is just in that universality of acknowledgment and recognition that the mischief lies. It is such a commonplace, this ideal, that *no one ever thinks about it*. And therefore it is that almost every one has forgotten to aim at it. For the ideal is not that which is unknown, but that which, being recognized as the final limit of effort, is put aside as for the moment unattainable and, being so put aside, is thereupon forgotten.—*Contemporary Review*.

OMAR KHAYYAM.

BY JAMES A. MURRAY.

"Although my negligence is great and sinful, whilst engrossed in the delights of wine and song, still I am not unmindful of the Almighty Lord of the blue heaven."—*Shah Behram and the Virgin*.

NISHÁPÚR lies on the south side of the Elburz Mountains, in the far north of Khorassan. The long range of the hills sweeps far above it, turquoise-laden, rich with fertile fields, to every crest and summit. Below, twelve thousand water-courses run through the land; the Saka waters Nishápúr itself, and the villages set round about; in all the province there is no city that is larger, "nor any blessed with a more pure and temperate air." It is a place fulfilled with fruits, and girdled with

gardens of perfect flowers—the flowers that Omar loved, and that he has sung of many times:—

"At dawn, when dews bedeck the tulip's face,
And violets their heavy heads abase,
I love to see the roses' folded buds
With petals closed against the winds' disgrace.

"Like as the skies rain down sweet jessamine,
And sprinkle all the meads with eglantine,
Right so, from out this jug of violet hue,
I pour in lily cups this rosy wine."

Here Ghiás uddín Abul Fath Omar, son of Ibrahún, the tent-maker, was born; in the city founded, on a reed-filled marsh by Jehamurs, destroyed by Alexander, and, at last, rebuilt by Shahpúr. Of his boyhood no record has been left. Perhaps even then, in that subtle Eastern climate, which ren-

* Compayré. "History of Pedagogy." Trans. Payne, pp. 542, 544.

ders the passage from youth to manhood as sudden as the change from flower to fruit, he trod gently on the dust which may have been "the apple of some beauty's eye;" or thought of those whose limbs were slowly moulded within "the desert of Nonentity," who awaited their birth into the world out of the formless void which lies on either side of life. For Fericheddin was yet unborn; and Kátebi, with that golden compliment of his, like the celebrated Attár I., came from the rose-gardens of Nishápúr; but the thorn of Nishápúr am I, "Attár the rose;" Neziri, fitly named the nightingale, by Sáid; and many more who were later to be dwellers in Khorassan.

But if this part of Omar's life must be imagined evidence contemporary, yet perhaps not altogether trustworthy, gives clearly the main points of his contact with two men, among the most brilliant of a brilliant age. Hassan ben Sabah, afterward founder of the Iranian Ismailites had come from Rái, Nizám ul Mulk from Tús, to sit at the feet of the Imám Muaffek, then at the height of his reputation as a Sunnite sage. "He was," says Nizám, "more than eighty-five years of age; and it was an opinion generally received, that all young men who instructed themselves, under his direction, in the science of the Koran and in prophetic traditions, obtained the favor of fortune."

With these two, and in accordance with the belief mentioned by Nizám, Omar entered upon a friendship and a covenant, that he who first attained to dignity or wealth, should share it with his friends—a compact, it is said, proposed by Hassan, at the instance of his father, Alí, who foresaw the greatness in store for Nizám ul Mulk. The three remained for four years in Khorassan; thence Nizám travelled to Máwara un Nahr, Ghazní, and Kabul, and on his return was appointed Vizier to Alp Arslan, in the year of the Hegira 455. Omar appeared to claim the fulfilment of the promise; he was received with honor and distinction; the Vizier offered him an introduction to the Sultan, and a post as lofty as his own. But Omar steadfastly declined, desiring only—in that fantastic pun upon

Khayyam, his own *nom de plume*—to "stitch the tents of learning in peace;" and when Nizám perceived that he spoke in sincerity, he assigned him a pension of twelve hundred gold miscals from the treasury of Nishápúr. Hassan did not come forward until the reign of Malik Shah, when he was received with equal courtesy; but after obtaining office in the Sultan's household, the discovery of a plot to supplant his patron drove him into exile, to the Caspian fort of Almut, the "vulture's nest." While the same prince was on the throne, Nizám was discarded at the instigation of a favorite queen; and he died at last—stabbed by a follower of Hassan, now famous and terrible as the Shaikh ul Jabal and the head of the Persian Ismailites—with the words upon his lips: "I am going in the hands of the wind."

This statement of the relations between Hassan ben Sabah and Nizám ul Mulk is drawn mainly from the Wasáyá or Testament of the latter, and is accepted without question by both Whinfield and Fitzgerald, in spite of the direct accusation of partiality brought forward against it in the Dabistán. In that work, Mulla Máid charges Nizám with utter disregard of the compact which he had made. That he refused to countenance Omar, when the latter came before him; that Hassan waited long to be summoned by his friend; that, when he came to Nishápúr, and shamed Nizám into admitting him to the Sultan's court, the vizier intrigued against him, and finally drove him into exile by an unworthy stratagem: this is the account of the man who professes to defend Hassan from earlier calumnies. Nor is it probable that Nizám, in the record left by him, should do otherwise than attempt to free himself from blame.

In any case—with or without the patronage of Nizám—Omar retired to Nishápúr; there he studied the sciences, more especially astronomy, to such good purpose that, when he came to Merv, his reputation gained him a high place in the court of Malik Shah. He was appointed Astronomer Royal, in which capacity he compiled certain tables, the Zij i Maliksháhi; and he was one of the eight learned men em-

ployed to revise the old Persian calendar. This took place in 471 A.H.; his death is assigned to 517, and if Whinfield's proposal to fix this date at about 490 be entertained, the space of half a century, which is an absolute blank in his life, is to some degree filled up. That he returned from Merv to Nishápúr is certain; possibly in 485, when the Sultan died.

Two stories, both due to the Calcutta MS., and one, at least, exquisitely fit and gracious, complete our knowledge of Omar's life. The first rests on the authority of a disciple, Nizámi of Samarcand: "I chanced to meet Maulana Omar in a garden, and in course of conversation he said, 'My tomb shall be in a certain place where each breath of the north wind shall shower down roses upon it.' I marvelled at that saying, thinking that he spoke idly. Afterward I came to Nishápúr on many occasions and visited his tomb; and it was outside a garden, and the fruit trees reached out their branches over the wall of the garden, and had dropped their blossoms over his tomb, so that it was hidden beneath them."

Thus Omar's body rested; but some little while after he had died he appeared to his mother in a vision, and repeated the following quatrain:—

"Omar! of burning heart, perchance to burn
In hell, and feed its balefires in thy turn,
Presums not to teach Allah clemency,
For who art thou to teach, or he to learn."

II.

In the *Taríkh ul Hukama* of Shah-rastani a notice of Omar is given, which displays very well the general opinion in which his learning and his creed were held.

"Omar al Khayyám, Imám of Khorássán, and the greatest scholar of his time, was versed in all the learning of the Greeks. He was wont to exhort men to seek the One Author of all by purifying the bodily actions in order to the sanctification of the soul. He also used to recommend the study of politics as laid down in Greek authors. The later Sufis have caught at the apparent sense of part of his poems and accommodated them to their own canon, making them a subject of discussion in their assemblies and conventicles, but the esoteric sense consists in axioms of natural religion and principles of universal obligation. When the men of his time anathematized his doctrines, and drew forth his opinions from

the concealment in which he had veiled them, he went in fear of his life, and placed a check on the sallies of his tongue and his pen. He made the pilgrimage, but it was from accident rather than piety, still betraying his unorthodox views. On his arrival at Baghdad the men, who prosecuted the same ancient studies as he, flocked to meet him, but he shut the door in their faces, as one who had renounced those studies and cultivated them no longer. On his return to his native city he made a practice of attending the morning and evening prayers, and of disguising his private opinions, but for all that they were no secret. In astronomy and in philosophy he was without a rival, and his eminence in those sciences would have passed into a proverb, had he only possessed self control."

This extract indicates the main characteristic of Omar's verse-philosophy—the remarkable antithesis between scepticism and piety, between the most blasphemous fatalism and the most eager faith. It is a compound of the Sunnite teaching in which he was brought up, and of the irreligion common at the time. Ghazzáh of Túis, contemporary to Omar, was, he relates, sent to Nishápúr by order of the Sultan, "to waken their minds from this indifference on religious questions;" and Omar himself is probably alluded to as typical of the scientific unbeliever. Many, indeed, of his quatrains ridicule current creeds and systems of thought. Men are described as swayed by the lures of heaven and the fear of hell—by vain babble unregarded by those who master the mysteries of Allah. Their "weary beads and saintly show," like the blue garments of the darvishes, are marks of their hypocrisy: they pray, that they may be seen of others, even while they are lustful wine-bibbers; they despise their weaker brethren, and pass them in pharasaic contempt. "Glibly do they damn as infidel whoever is not, like themselves, an ass," forgetting that to revile does not become a moralist. But in the end,

"These people string their beads of learned
lumber,
And tell of Allah stories without number;
But never solve the riddle of the skies,
So wag their chin, and get them back to
slumber."

And for Omar himself? an answer might be given like that made by the harlot to the mocking Shaikh: "What I seem, I am; but, master, are you all you seem to be?" What Omar seems,

he is by his own confession : philosopher, poet, drunkard, lover, most tender to the dead and to the wonderful dumb life of the world around him. Nor does he seek to cloak himself in a semblance of piety. At one moment a devout and repentant worshipper ; the next, ready to cast the burden of all iniquity on Allah, and to plunge into pleasure as one compelled by the fate ordained for him ; it is impossible to decide which was his predominant mood. " Although," he says,

" Although the creeds number seventy-three,
I hold with none but that of loving Thee."

And, in a similar spirit, that if the mosques were overthrown, he would have recourse to Christian bells and stoles ; that it is better to be touched by God's pure light within a tavern, than be in darkness within his temple. In short, Omar avows himself to be " a sorry Moslem, yet not heathen quite."

The philosophy of Omar may be traced and woven together from the stray threads of it scattered throughout the Rubaiyat. Man is the microcosm, " the captain jewel of the carcanet," the apple of wisdom's eye. All knowledge is summed within him ; he is angel and demon, man and beast. He is as the bowl of Jamshed, that Holy Grail of Persia, which reflected the universe in its clearness.

" Pen, tablet, heaven, and hell I looked to see
Above the skies, from all eternity.

At last the Master Sage instructed me—

' Pen, tablet, heaven, and hell are all in thee.'"

While man is thus the summary of creation, he is as a drop of water to the ocean in comparison with God ; God, who once held the soul within himself, and set it thereafter in the body, like the chained Pythagorean harmony. Self is non-existent ; for the immortal part of man, linked to its source in heaven, moves him and impels him to perform actions which he can only think to be his own. To attain union with God is to be in the highest sense individual, and at the same time to lose individuality ; since it is to become fully developed and perfected in spiritual being, and to be so merged in the universal Truth that distinction is impossible. Such ecstasy,

such union with God, cannot be won in life ; for mortals are themselves a part of the vesture of phenomena hiding the Invisible :—

" They talk of you and me *behind* the veil,
But if that veil be lifted, where are we ?"

Yet, though a man be unable to free himself entirely from his fleshly bonds, he may do so in part ; he may slowly approach to God by prayer and fasting, by yielding up his life-blood for uncounted years. So he will reach and dwell in a " station," not indeed near to heaven, but far removed from earth. This God Omar seeks and worships in his more pious moments—one who is unclothed in the mean and disputed attributes of the schools, who is infinitely powerful, infinitely gracious, infinitely merciful. He does not ask that any should buy his forgiveness with good deeds, since he takes, without money and without price, the sinner to himself. From love of him the repentant lays down his life, " in hope thy love will raise me up again."

And then of a sudden Omar changes. God, by virtue of his omnipotence (it is the Sunnite concept of the *Fā'il i Hakikī*, the Only Real Agent), is the sender of sin into the world, the mover of that blind Fate which crushes out all living creatures relentlessly, without appeal. He plays for a space upon the chess-board of the earth with impotent pieces having no strength or will ; then he withdraws them to the place from which they came. How can he blame his puppets for excess, when he has preordained what they must do ? how can he doom to hell those whom he has made evil, who would not even have been born had their desires been taken into account ? But he sets them in the hands of destiny, and they cannot guess what may come to them ; for " when all looks fair about, and thou seest not a cloud so big as a hand to threaten thee, forget not the wheel of things ; think of sullen vicissitudes, but beat not thy brains to foreknow them." And that capricious tyrant, the wheel of heaven, grants good gear to ill men, and brings ill days upon the good. It has slain true lovers like Mahmud and Ayáz ; it has cast kings beneath the feet of the wheeling years. Soon it

will come upon us—upon you and me—and baulk us of our heart's desire, and overthrow the cup from which we drink, and blast the roses which are embowered above us.

Yet it is not for this graver mood that Omar is most famous when he puts off the raiment of the Sunnite sage; when he ceases to scoff at the hypocrisy and the vices of his time; when he abandons his stern fatalism and his yet more stern upbraidings of that iron destiny; then he becomes the poet, and more than the poet—a king of the earth in his own esteem. This is no longer Omar the mathematician, Omar the philosopher; it is Omar the lover of all goodly things within the world.

And although half-silenced premonitions, dark memories of his old philosophy, are seldom absent, they do no more than strengthen his divine and almost childish gladness in life while it may last. They serve to produce that keen and sombre beauty which exists as often as consciousness of death and delight in sensuous things are joined with one another, and give birth to such an impulse as moved Donne in later days to the most exquisite of his conceits—"a bracelet of bright hair about the bone." Since life is an image of the eternal palaces of God, of those places wherein run rivers of wine, where Houris redder than pomegranates, whiter than ivory, narcissus-eyed, abide: shall not men enjoy on earth the things which have their counterpart in heaven?

And so Omar comes forth from the tavern, the fragrance of the wine yet clinging in his robes, light language and dainty folly on his lips, to speak of Allah and his paradise. Hebe, her fingers and her raiment made rosy by the shadows of the nectar, is matched by another cupbearer, who holds within his hands the chalice of bright wine upon whose brimming surface the bubbles are lives of men. He is lord of the drugged cup, fulfilled with death and sleep; himself, he is the wine, the Noumenon, entering into a myriad shapes. He has fashioned like an imperial vessel, wrought cunningly to receive the soul, the body of man; and he has broken with his hands that

which his hands have made. Broken, however fair and strong a man may be; the future is emphasized that the present may seem more sweet. Time is an enemy to be overcome, to be robbed of each precious pleasure he may bear; for during every instant Time is approaching the gateways of Eternity. Days and nights must be employed in this sleepless defiance of the irresistible; and that in the consciousness of vain labor, which is more hopeless than any other thing.

Here, then, is the task which Omar sets himself—the search for pleasure; and where does he find it? he answers:—

"Life, void of wine and minstrels with their lutes,
And the soft murmur of Irākian flutes,
Were nothing worth; I scan the world,
and see—
Save pleasure, life yields only bitter fruits.

"Did He who made me fashion me for hell,
Or destine me for heaven? I cannot tell.
Yet will I not renounce cup, lute, and love,
Or earthly cash for heavenly credit sell."

Therefore Omar praises wine, with a frequency which has been thought monotonous, in stanzas into which others have sought to force a mystical significance. The first charge seems groundless in force of the fact that it is impossible to distinguish between spurious and genuine quatrains. That the second is partially true cannot be doubted; that Omar is read over-mystically is equally indubitable. His praises of wine represent neither a passion for the Divine Noumenon nor a hypocritical exaggeration of his own license; they are simply the stress, the accentuation, laid on mortal gladness, and designed to cast into vagueness an inevitable end which should be disregarded, although it must be feared. The aim of Omar is to glorify the real and present, to destroy anticipation of the future and unseen. He succeeds at least in the first part of his purpose, into which he throws himself with a most passionate directness. Wine to him is literally *τροφή*, *ἀβρότητα*, *χλιδή*, *χαρίτων*, *ιμέρου*, *πόθου* *πάτηρ*. It reddens as the flower of pomegranates or as a molten ruby, more odorous than the food of Miriam, perfect like

the shellless pearl. It flushes through the curved lucent glass in his hands, till the cup glows to transfiguration, like a Grail borne breast-high by an angel. To accept the draught is to triumph over doom; in ransom of the heart's blood that the world will take at last, all men may drink the pure blood of the world.

And with the wine comes the loveliness of the Persian women, cypress-slender, beside whose beauty the beauty of the moon grows pale. The low winds lift and shake their tresses: "Yea," says Omar, "my mind is troubled like thy ruffled hair." They are the bearers of oblivion, the ministers of wine. Dark or fair, clad in silk or sackcloth, lying on down or dust, it matters not; for the lover will follow his lady to heaven or to hell. They sit with Omar beneath the roses—roses that have risen many times and will fade as often. Can all this be mysticism intended by the poet? or the eagerness of this:—

"Who was it brought thee here at night-fall,
who?

Forth from the harem in this manner, who?

To him who in thy absence burns as fire,
And trembles like hot air, who was it,
who?"

Behind this joyous life lies the very shadow of death. Omar entreats his mistress to pour wine for him while she can, before the potters make vessels from their dust; to love him while the light is in her eyes and the laughter in her voice. It is the old sorrow for the dead, made personal and thereby increased in poignancy and pathos. The lion and the lizard haunt the courts of Jamshed's splendor, the wild ass stamps above the head of Bahram; birds wail over the skull of Kai Kawus, potters mould upon their wheels the ashes of Faridun and Kai Khosru. Those delicate lithe curves were once the more

perfect lines of a human body; the glass, the goblet, that one may break in carelessness, thrills with the anguish of a living creature. In like manner Omar prays that, when he is dead, he may be ground to dust, and mingled into clay with wine, and moulded to a stopper for the wine-jar's mouth. For all men have a regeneration which is sometimes beautiful and sometimes base. Roses and tulips spring from the dust of monarchs; beneath purple violets, dark ladies are laid. And still that pitiful refrain continues—of what avail is it, when men are dead, and do not feel, or see, or hear? It is the spirit of a most noble Hellenic epitaph, strangely distant from the Greeks in its unrestraint:—"We, the dead, are only bones and ashes; waste no precious ointments or wreaths upon our tomb, for it is only marble; kindle no funeral pyre, for it is useless extravagance. If you have anything to give, give it while I am alive; but if you steep ashes in wine you only make mud, for the dead man does not drink."

And now the dust of Omar, as that of all men, brings forth flowers: "God knows," he says, "for whom." For whom? to-day travellers from all countries make pilgrimage to the sepulchre in that soft garden where he rests. The splendid heaven of Nishápúr is over him; the cool earth embraces him; brown stems, crowned heavily with white and crimson blossom, rise from his ashes, and drop blown petals on his tomb. The ringdove murmurs in that low full-throated moan whose significance is sculptured over the ruins of Persepolis—the lament for strong dead men and imperious queens. But the dawn is as triumphant, the incense-wind as sweet, the gardens flower laden, as when Omar knew them more than nine hundred years ago.—*Fortnightly Review.*

BHOWÁNÍ, THE CHOLERA-GODDESS: SOME EXPERIENCES IN HINDU SANITATION.

BY E. H. HANKIN.

THAT an Englishman on visiting an Indian village in which cholera was raging should be able to offer the inhabitants no advice which he was certain was good and at the same time practicable, except that they should pray to Bhowáni, the Cholera-Goddess, may appear a matter for surprise to people in England. When it is further explained that the Englishman had come to the village furnished with such resources of modern science as a portable bacteriological laboratory, which included an autoclave and an immersion lens, and that he had had some experience of cholera epidemics under different conditions in India, the surprise will not be lessened; neither will it be diminished when it is learned that Bhowáni is another form of Kali, the terrible goddess of the Thugs, those road murderers who used to appease her by offering human sacrifices. Nevertheless, this was my experience on the occasion of a visit which I made to the Balrampur district in the autumn of the year 1894, and I venture to think that an account of my experience may prove of some interest.

Balrampur is a small native state, about half as large as England, situated to the north of the River Gogra, and lying within sight of the snow clad ranges of the Himalaya Mountains. Much of it is frequently flooded. Fever is constantly present, and cholera breaks out almost every year. No railway exists nearer than Gonda, which is twenty-six miles distant from Balrampur, the chief town of the state. One or two roads run through the district, away from which travelling is difficult, especially during the rains, when, as was my own experience, the tracts are impassable for horses and heavy going even for elephants.

My object in spending a few days' leave in this place was to see if it might not be possible to check the march of cholera by disinfecting wells. Thanks to the kindness of Colonel Anson, the Political Agent, I found myself in-

stalled in a comfortable bungalow, with the town in which cholera was present on one side, and the village of Dhusaha, in which the disease was also raging, on the other. A soldier belonging to the state had died in the compound, and one of the only two Europeans in the place had died of the same disease, in each case a few days before I arrived. I afterward found that two out of the three wells in use in the compound contained the microbe of cholera, and were probably responsible for these deaths.

The villagers at first objected to my putting any medicine in their wells. I regret to say that, so far as my experience goes, the first symptom of civilization among the lower classes in India is that they develop a sort of inverted conscience, which pricks them whenever they tell the truth. In Dhusaha this influence had not yet arrived, and consequently my suggestion to put a medicine in their wells was met with a plain-spoken and unambiguous refusal. I therefore spent my first few days in the place in making bacteriological observations and in studying the beliefs and customs of the inhabitants.

The village Dhusaha consists of a collection of mud huts. There had been about 320 inhabitants, but seventy-eight had died of cholera in the epidemic that was then existing. The water supply is obtained from four shallow wells. The mud huts are constantly falling down in the rains, and mud to repair them being taken from a piece of waste land, the hollow thus formed has gradually formed a tank. Refuse is usually thrown down on the margins of the tank; hence, its water is so putrid that the inhabitants not only do not drink it, but I believe do not use it even for washing clothes. The inhabitants pointed out to me that the reason why the water in one of the wells was bad was that it was situated near the tank, and that the bad water from the tank travelled along under the ground to the well and gave a dia-

agreeable taste to the water. I afterward found that the water of this particular well contained no less than 7000 microbes per cubic centimetre, and thus thoroughly deserved the character the villagers gave it.

The inhabitants are all high-caste Hindus, mostly Brahmins. Not a single sweeper or other low-caste man was in the place. Being of high caste they only eat food which has been cooked by themselves, and this only when it is perfectly fresh. They eat no sweetmeats or other food brought from the bazaar in the neighboring town. Their food consists almost entirely of rice and pulse, with occasionally a little unrefined sugar or dried mangoes.

But what chiefly aroused my interest was their views of cholera, and their religious observances in the presence of this scourge. If cholera breaks out in a village, the inhabitants say that it is due to Bhowáni their goddess, or to the army of Bhowáni being present in the place. They regard it as a judgment for their sins and shortcomings, and, as in other religions, they consider this evil to be a blessing in disguise. They immediately commence to propitiate the goddess by sacrificing flowers and rice. When travelling through the district the first sign of the presence of cholera which struck the eye was a small booth of grass mats surmounted by flags borne on long bamboos. In Dhusaba such a booth had been erected on the margin of a well which contained the cholera microbe, and in this booth the chief "jogi," or priest, of the village prayed with about a dozen of the older villagers. I myself heard him praying on three successive days in a loud voice, and I believe he prayed the whole day long with scarcely an interval for refreshment. I shall mention him again later on.

The villagers in this district, however, not only attempt to propitiate Bhowáni by prayers and sacrifices, but also by certain rules of conduct, which appear to me to be of interest and importance. Firstly, they say that Bhowáni will be angry if any of the inhabitants leave the village. Secondly, they say that she will be angry if any outsiders are allowed to come into the village at a time when cholera is present.

A curious incident illustrating the good effect of this belief happened at about this time in a couple of villages some distance from the town of Balrampur. There was only one well between the two villages. Cholera one day broke out in the village which possessed the well. On the next morning women came as usual from the other village to fetch water. But the inhabitants of the first village turned out and refused to allow them to approach, on the grounds that Bhowáni was among them and would be angry at being disturbed. The inhabitants of this second village had to get their water from elsewhere, and consequently came into the town to make a complaint. It may be noted that the official to whom they chose to bring their complaint was not the native prime minister or the native secretary for home affairs, or any other native official, who might be supposed to be better able to sympathize with their wrongs, but the head stableman, who was the only English official in the district at the time. I have no doubt that he pointed out to them that if they could not get their water, they were equally unable to get the cholera through this source.

Granting that the spread of cholera is chiefly furthered by human intercourse (and this at the present time few people seem inclined to doubt), it appears to me difficult to see how cholera could spread if these simple rules were rigidly enforced.

But there are other ways of avoiding the wrath of Bhowáni which appear to me to be only slightly less admirable than those above mentioned.

Firstly, they say that Bhowáni will be angry if any one takes medicine when cholera is about. Perhaps I owe some apology to medical men in suggesting that this rule is good. But when it is considered that if the natives were willing to take medicine, they would often have to walk twenty miles to the dispensary to get it, thus increasing the risk of spreading the disease through the four thousand villages that are in the district in question, it will be seen that there are advantages in the plan. Further, it would often happen that the medicine would arrive too late to have any effect on the patient, and

probably it would have a bad effect on the relatives in making them doubt the efficacy of English drugs. Cholera in this district often kills in a few hours, and when a fairly unanimous choice has been made as to which of the thousand and one now existing remedies is most likely to be able to cope with it, it will be time to object to the custom in question. The wish to do something when one sees a fellow creature in pain is very natural. I saw an old woman dying of cholera in Dhusaha. The sole treatment to which she had been subjected was that a mud plaster had been spread over the stomach, and small doses of holy water from the Ganges were being poured into her mouth. The latter treatment was intended as a medicine for her soul rather than for her body, as every Hindu should, according to the prevalent belief, drink this water before his death. Her relatives were too troubled by the occurrence to object to my putting some salol which I happened to have with me into this water, but it certainly did no good to the patient, and had I at the time known more about their religion, I should have avoided the risk of hurting their feelings.

When Bhowáni is in the village, it is also necessary to avoid feasting and other forms of indulgence. The excellence of these rules is sufficiently obvious.

What is the origin of this worship of Bhowáni, every detail of which, excepting the sacrifices, appears to be a sanitary precaution? Is Bhowáni the name of some primæval bacteriologist, who has since been deified? Or of some early sanitary commissioner, whose studies on the nature of cholera have since earned him a place in the Hindu pantheon? Or, on the other hand, has the form of worship arisen by some process of evolution from a simpler and perhaps less admirable model? *A priori* the latter alternative would appear to be the most probable, and it agrees the better with some inquiries I have instituted since my return to Agra. Bhowáni is another name or incarnation of the goddess Kali.* There

are not many worshippers of this goddess in the parts of the North-West Provinces with which I am acquainted. They occur more frequently, however, in the neighborhood of Calcutta; and here I made inquiries. I found, however, no trace in her worship of the above-described sanitary precautions. After some search, I met in Agra with a most devout worshipper of Kali, who had given up his business in order to be able to devote his time to religion. He showed great willingness to tell me everything connected with the ritual, and further gave me free permission to chop off his head if he could not stop a cholera epidemic by offering sacrifices and prayers. He was, however, more shocked than interested in the ideas of his fellow religionists in Balrampur, and I found in his worship of Kali no trace of any hygienic precaution. He told me that if cholera is present in a village, it is necessary to sacrifice to Kali every day, and that while the public worship, which may last about two hours, is going on, it is necessary that no one of the inhabitants of the village should stay away. Further, while the worship is proceeding, the inhabitants do not like strangers to come into the village and interrupt them, either by drawing water or in any other way. It would seem that, in Balrampur, it is these details of the ritual that have been more developed than they are elsewhere. In other places the worshippers of Bhowáni or Kali seem content with enjoining that the inhabitants should remain in the village during the two hours during which the religious ceremony is going on. In Balrampur, on the other hand, it is considered necessary that every one of the inhabitants should remain in the village during the whole of the twenty-four hours. Elsewhere the worshippers merely object to their service being interrupted. In Balrampur they object to strangers coming into the villages at any time when cholera is present, as if the worship were proceeding continuously.

I have left to the last a curious cus-

* Kali is the Destroyer. Diseases and pestilences are caused by her emissaries. The

views of the Thugs were that they could please her by acting as her emissaries. Consequently they regarded the murder of their fellow-creatures as a religious act.

tom, rather than a religious observance, which is met with in the Balrampur district. It relates to the disposal of the dead. The body of a person dead of cholera, instead of being burned, is buried. This may appear at first sight to be an insanitary proceeding. But in reality it is the reverse. Usually the bodies of Hindus are burned. It is a necessary part of the ritual that on the fifth, tenth, eleventh, or thirteenth day after the burning, according to the caste, all the relatives of the deceased should meet in his house with as many Brahmins as can be obtained, and that they should have a feast. Supposing this to be done at a time when cholera was present in the village, there can be no doubt that it would lead to the diffusion of cholera over the surrounding district. A case in which this appears to have happened is mentioned in a recent report by Surgeon Captain Pratt on cholera in the Gonda district. The worshippers of Bhowáni, on the other hand, prefer to bury the bodies until cholera has vanished. The burying of the body is not followed by the assemblage of the relatives for the funeral feast, but after the cholera is over they dig up the body, burn it, and then carry out the religious ceremonies. I cannot find that this apparently insanitary proceeding has ever restarted the cholera. Nor is it likely that it should, for it has recently been shown that the cholera microbe rapidly perishes in buried corpses. How far this disagreeable custom may be objectionable in respect of other diseases I am not prepared to discuss, but I have little doubt that it tends to prevent the spread of cholera.*

As already stated, my object in coming to Balrampur was to disinfect wells, and my proposal to do so had been met

by a direct negative on the part of the Dhusaha villagers. After learning their belief as to the nature of cholera, and the nature of their objections to the presence of a disinfectant in their wells, I was in a position to attack them again on the subject. Knowing that it is more easy to convince people by education than by argument, I collected about a dozen jogis and other kinds of fakirs and some Brahmins, and gave them a lecture which, with the accompanying experiments, lasted about two hours, and was completely successful in its object. Those who know fakirs chiefly, as I have seen them, hanging for hours head downward, over a hot fire in the burning Indian sun, or attempting to earn their salvation by other eccentric methods such as sitting on a bed of upturned nails, may think that I was too sanguine in hoping to succeed, and a short account of this lecture may therefore be of interest.

I commenced my lecture by showing them a human hair under the microscope, first slightly magnified, and then under increasing degrees of magnification, until, as they affirmed, it looked as large as a tree. Then I showed them some mildew growing in a test tube; this they recognized. Then, under a low power of the microscope, they saw that the mildew consisted of a mass of threads. Under a higher power (a magnification of 750 diameters) they recognized with evident interest that it was a plant, and they themselves pointed out the branches, the roots, the flowers, and the seeds. I then showed them a large collection of microbes which I had at that time collected from different wells in the neighborhood. In each case I gave the name of the well in the hope of increasing their interest in the subject, and with the *arrière pensée* of suggesting that their water was in need of improvement. The first microbe which I showed them was a large bacillus, that had grown out into long rods similar in thickness to the threads of which the mildew consists, and containing rows of spores which they recognized as seeds. I then showed them the same bacillus at an earlier stage of its growth, when the individual rods were shorter and slowly moving through the culture liquid.

* In many parts of Ondh it is a custom to throw the bodies of persons dead of cholera into rivers. In other parts of the country this fate happens to the bodies of persons dead of snake-bite. Still more widespread is the custom of disposing of the bodies of lepers in this way. For this I believe there are religious reasons. The bodies of young children are not cremated. In the case of poor people the cremation is often very partial, and the greater part of the disintegration is left to the sacred turtles which are always waiting at the burning ghats.

The next microbe I exhibited was still smaller and rapidly motile. The last was the smallest, and moved so quickly across the field of view that they could only see it with difficulty. This was the cholera microbe. I told them that it was the army of Bhowáni, but afterward referred to it as the "cholera mildew." I pointed out how in some respects these creatures resembled plants, in others animals. Since they had seen them moving, it was no use asserting that they were merely plants, so I contented myself with asking the question, "Who can tell which they are, animals or plants?" I then told them that the food of these creatures is dirt. I showed them some peptone under the name of the "essence of dirt taken from the inside of a pig." The nomenclature may appear strange, but if I am right in believing that peptone is usually made by allowing a pig's stomach to digest itself at a warm temperature, it at least cannot be described as highly inaccurate. I then showed them some water to which some of this "essence of dirt" had been added. I told them the name of the well from which the water had been taken, and explained that on the previous night the cholera mildew had been present in such small quantities, that I was unable to see it by means of the microscope, but that owing to the "essence of dirt" having acted as food, the water now looked as if milk had been added to it, and the reason of this was that many thousands of the cholera mildews were now present in every drop. It may be explained that the addition of peptone to water in this way is the ordinary method of testing for the cholera microbe.

I then somewhat changed the subject by asking why it was that no one ever got cholera by drinking holy water, whereas many persons died of cholera every year by drinking water out of ordinary wells. Holy water, it may be explained, is water taken from the Ganges or Jumna.* Many bodies of persons dead of cholera are thrown into

these rivers. Natives constantly drink the water of the river while cholera corpses are floating past, yet none of them contract the disease from so doing. Yet it is certain that the cholera mildew gets into the water. Further, this must also happen when cholera breaks out at religious festivals at Hurdwar and Allahabad; yet there is no evidence that cholera spreads to villages downstream more quickly than it does to other villages, to which it is carried by the returning pilgrims. I suggested that the reason of this is that the water of these rivers contains no dirt suitable for the cholera mildew. Consequently, when it gets into these rivers it quickly perishes owing to lack of nourishment. The water of these rivers appears to be muddy. If some of the mud floating in their water is examined under the microscope, it is seen to consist of nothing but little pieces of stone. If the mud from a well, on the other hand, is examined, pieces of leaves, of clothes, of human skin, and of other particles of animal origin may be discerned. Such things furnish food for the cholera mildew. Consequently, if a trace of the cholera mildew gets into one of their wells, finding there a suitable food, it rapidly reproduces until the cause of cholera is present in quantities in every drop. Here in Balrampur the wells were dirty, and hence cholera came and was bad every year. In Agra, on the other hand, where I came from, the wells were cleaner and cholera was far less frequent.*

I then went on to ask how cholera could be stopped. This could be done by adding to the wells a medicine which I possessed, which had the wonderful power of destroying dirt. The medicine, it may be explained, was potassium permanganate. To exhibit its action, I placed before them two glasses

* Evidence of the extraordinary purity of the Ganges and Jumna may be found in a paper which I read at the Indian Medical Congress in Calcutta (December, 1894), entitled "On the Microbes of Indian Rivers."

* I have stated some of the grounds on which this and other opinions expressed here are based in *The Annual Report of the Chemical Examiner and Bacteriologist to the Government of the North-West Provinces and Oudh for 1894*, published at the Government Press, Allahabad. But since writing the above, I have been led to the view that there is something in the water of the Ganges and Jumna which kills the microbe.

of water. To one I added a small quantity of the "essence of dirt." The other was pure water, or, rather, the best that I could obtain. I showed them some potassium permanganate, dissolved it in water, and added a few drops of the solution to each of the glasses. The purple color produced by the addition remained permanent in the glass containing clean water; but, in the other, owing to the presence of the peptone, the color was destroyed in a few seconds, giving rise to a yellow color; and presently a brown precipitate was deposited. I pointed out to my audience that where dirt was present the medicine had combined with it. The medicine was destroyed, and also the dirt, both falling to the bottom as a precipitate. I pointed out that this might be done in a well just as easily as in a glass, and that by so doing they inevitably render the water less fitted to support the life of the cholera mildew, and make the water like that of the Ganges.* I did not ask them to take away the life of any living creature, for this I knew was contrary to their religion; but I did ask them to remove its food and thus prevent this living creature from reproducing itself, and so giving them the cholera. Further, I said that I knew that drinking an English medicine was also contrary to their religion, and I did not ask them to drink it. There was plenty of dirt in their wells with which it would combine, and if they added it at night, it would, before the morning, have fallen to the bottom. Further, as they could see for themselves, if a trace of the medicine was present in the water, it produced a purple color, and therefore if they waited till the purple color had disappeared, they would be safe to

avoid the chance of swallowing the medicine.

Whether they were most impressed with the cogency of my arguments, or the exceeding badness of the Hindustani in which I expressed them, or by the price of my microscope, I do not know; but they appeared to be satisfied that it was a good thing to add the medicine to the wells; some of them even appeared to be eager to do so, since cholera was in their villages.

After giving this lecture I went to Dhusaha, and at last persuaded the chief jogi, Mahadeo Purhit by name, to allow me to put medicine into his well. The natives crowded round, showing much surprise at the quantity of color produced by so little of the substance. The addition was made at evening, and on the next day both the color of the permanganate and the cholera microbe which had previously been in the well had completely vanished.

Later in the day news was brought to me that Mahadeo Purhit was dangerously ill. I hurried over to see him, and to my dismay found that he was dying of cholera. In the afternoon he died. I went again immediately to the village, not feeling very sure of the reception I should get, since it was inevitable that, sooner or later, the inhabitants would come to the conclusion that his death was a judgment from Bhowáni for his allowing a Sahib to come into the village and to put medicine into his well. However, I thought that it might be possible to prevent their arriving at this conclusion by first getting another idea into their heads. I spoke to the villagers, and pointed out that his death proved the truth of what I had been saying, for I had said that the cause of cholera was in his well at a time when no one who drank its water was suffering from the disease. Now he had died from drinking this water. If I had put the medicine into the well a week earlier, he would now have been all right. I then seized the opportunity of making some prophecies about other wells which were in the village, and in which I had found the cholera microbe; and without more ado the villagers allowed me to put permanganate into all these wells.

It may be noted that it was most im-

* Some evidence that permanganate really acts in the way here described—namely, by removing the food of the microbe and thus starving it out—was subsequently obtained in an epidemic of cholera in Shahgunj. Here the cholera microbe vanished from the well water a few hours after the addition of the permanganate, but reappeared on the following morning. But within three days it had wholly disappeared from the wells which had been treated, though it continued to exist for weeks in other wells that had not been medicated. Less than two ounces of the permanganate had been added to each well.

portant that the villagers should have no objection to this medication of their wells. For if they did not approve of it, they might obtain their water from a tank or some other source which might be worse than the well itself. Although I succeeded in showing the natives that the addition of this medicine implied nothing dangerous to their caste, I could not help their being at first a little frightened of it. So I drank some water (and this was the second of the two occasions only on which I have drunk water since I have been in India) from one of the wells in the village, to which permanganate had been added; this I had to do in order to convince the natives that it was not poisonous.

The cholera stopped within three days of the treatment of the wells, that is to say within a time covered by the probable incubation period of the disease. It is not the object of this paper to prove that the disinfection of wells during cholera epidemics is useful, so I will confine myself to saying that the results obtained in other epidemics as in this have been encouraging, but not conclusive, as to the value of the method.

I wish rather to suggest that a help to progress in sanitation in India may possibly be secured by studying the customs of the people in the light of recent knowledge, and by encouraging those which appear to be of use. The customs above described exist, so far as I am aware, over a limited area only, and from the standpoint of others than the inhabitants themselves, this religion which makes quarantine in the presence of cholera one of the cardinal virtues, is little more than an ethnological curiosity. In other parts of India the religious beliefs of the people impel them to the most insanitary actions, especially at their religious festivals, which are known to be so potent in spreading diseases.

But I have come across customs which exist over a far wider area, and which I believe to have a beneficent influence in limiting the spread of epidemic disease. Take for instance the customs connected with giving water to strangers. I have been told that in some districts Brahmins keep a bucket

and rope at each well for the special use of travellers, these not being allowed to lower their own buckets into the well. In other places a man also is provided to draw water for strangers. Sometimes, in the case of villages situated near to the high road, a man brings water from the village to sell to the passers-by. But I believe a more frequent plan is for the villagers to subscribe, and to keep going a house in which passers-by can obtain water free of cost. A man of high caste sits inside the house at a little window. A traveller comes up and asks for water. In England he would receive it in a glass which he would put to his lips, and after having deposited on the edge of the glass any objectionable microbe which he might happen to have about him, whether influenza, diphtheria, or whooping-cough, would return the glass in a condition in which it might possibly be ready to infect the next comer. In India the simple process of giving a cup of cold water to a traveller is carried out with more regard to sanitary laws. Firstly, the traveller states his caste. If he is of high caste, immediately he holds out his hands, and washes them with water poured into them. Then more water is poured into his hands and thus conveyed to his mouth. If by any chance he should happen to touch the drinking vessel, it would be necessary to heat it in a fire to sterilize it, or, as the natives say, to remove the defilement, before it could be used again for the next comer. Supposing the traveller is of low caste, that is to say, one engaged in some filthy occupation, then the water cannot be poured direct from the vessel into his hands, because, as was explained to me by a Brahmin, it is possible that some defiled water might splash back from the man's hands on to the vessel. Hence the low-caste man has to drink from a little spout called a "tonti," usually made of bamboo, projecting from below the window. The water-provider pours water from his vessel into a sort of funnel. Thence it issues by the spout, and if any water does splash back from the man of dirty occupations, it merely falls on to the spout, and there is no risk of its infecting the water supply

for the next comer. If one realizes the complete absence of the dirt fearing instinct, among, for instance, the sweepers, and the fact that it is their business to remove the most filthy offal, which they generally do with their hands, and that consequently their hands are liable to be polluted with the most objectionable microbes, it will be understood that the above precautions are by no means a useless refinement. When I was examining one of these places the water-provider offered me a drink, adding that he had a glass. When I reflected that I had only just recovered from a mild attack of cholera, owing to an infection contracted in my laboratory from a moment's carelessness, I felt more inclined to drink from the spout than to run the risk of infecting his water by drinking in the English fashion.

It is now abundantly proved that the cholera infection is often carried into villages by returning travellers. There can be no doubt that it then infects others by the intermediary of the village well. In reading certain reports which contained much evidence in favor of this statement, I was struck by the fact that the traveller in each case appears only to have brought the disease to the village to which he returned, but does not seem to have deposited the infection in the villages through which he passed. There is the possibility that this, if true, is due to the above described arrangements for giving water to strangers. This inference, however, cannot be made with certainty until investigations have been made, both as to the customs in the villages in question, and as to the amount of cholera in villages situated on the high roads. Against this idea may be stated the fact that cholera is known to be frequent along great pilgrim routes. But it is possible that this is an exception which helps to prove the rule. Owing to the vast numbers of pilgrims passing along the roads, it would, I suspect, be impossible for the villagers to provide water for them all to drink, and it thus becomes necessary for them to draw it for themselves.

I have had opportunities of watching the customs of these pilgrims at

the large religious festivals held annually near Allahabad, at the point of junction of the Ganges and Jumna. For miles along the roads leading to the fair, and all over the plain near the site of the fair, families of Hindoos (chiefly Brahmins) can be seen encamped and cooking their simple food. Before eating they take off all their clothes, except a loin cloth, and wash themselves all over, for fear some defilement may be present on their clothes or bodies. As is well known, they object to a person of another caste coming near to them while they are eating. It is not so well known that they have no such objection if their food has been heated to a temperature sufficient to kill microbes, that is to say, if it has been fried in oil, except so far as persons are concerned who belong to the five lowest castes. The occupations of members of these castes are regarded as unclean, and they are not allowed to come near high-caste Hindoos while they are eating under any conditions, neither are such persons allowed to bring the uncooked food of Brahmins from the bazaar. It is obvious that each one of these rules has a tendency, though it may be slight, to prevent men of higher cast from swallowing the microbes which can cause diseases. Unfortunately, when at pilgrimages, they do not appear to pay much attention to the precautions which at that time are most required. I questioned several of them on that point, and they told me that they took no care as to what water they drank. I may parenthetically remark that I was walking alone among these natives without any imposing array of police or other officials. The only sign that I was an official was the doubtful one that I was carrying a notebook. Yet frequently as I passed the natives would turn round and call out after me, "God bless the power and property of the English Government." I was particularly struck by their using the term English, and I commend the fact to the attention of the members of the National Congress.

Sometimes the customs attending pilgrimages are fearfully insanitary. For instance, at the site of a pilgrimage in the Madras Presidency is a hill

which is supposed to be a god. It is surrounded by twenty-four small tanks. On the great day of the festival nearly a hundred thousand persons bathe in, and drink, the water of each of these tanks. Each tank is thus defiled by everybody, since, for religious purposes, every one must go round the hill and bathe in each of the tanks. Little wonder that these pilgrimages are potent means for the spread of cholera.

The idea that natives in certain parts of India, when in their villages, habitually take precautions to insure the purity of their water supply, may seem strange not only to English readers, but also to Anglo-Indian officials stationed in certain other parts of India where no such care is taken, as, for instance, is, I suppose, the case in localities where the supply of drinking water is derived from tanks. Here, I am informed, the natives are in the habit of washing themselves, their cows, and the Sahib's shirts, in the tank that also acts as the village cesspool and the village water supply. Personally, I know nothing of these parts of India. The following account is based on experience obtained near Agra, and in other parts of the North-West Provinces.

In every village at least one well is reserved for the supply of drinking water. Only vessels especially reserved for the purpose are allowed to be lowered into such wells. Great care is taken to preserve the drinking-water vessels from pollution. Musalman water-carriers or bhistis* do not allow any one but themselves to touch their water buckets, or the skins in which they carry their water. Hindoos generally draw water in an iron vessel known as a "dol." This is only used for drawing the water. When required the water is poured into another vessel, and only from this other vessel is the water poured into the hands of any one requiring a drink. No one is al-

lowed to go on to the platform of a well without removing his shoes.

Other wells in the village are reserved for household purposes. The vessels used to draw drinking water are never allowed to be lowered into these wells by Hindoos. I suspect that Musalman bhistis are not so particular; at any rate, this is the case with bhistis employed by English people. The poorest Hindoos have two separate sets of vessels, one to hold drinking water, the other for water used in household purposes, such as washing the cooking vessels.

Houses, being generally made of mud, are constantly in need of repair. The workmen (or coolies) who need water for carrying out this work necessarily employ very dirty earthenware vessels. I am certain that these are not allowed to be lowered into drinking-water wells, and I believe they are not allowed to be lowered into wells used for household purposes. A small tank containing dirty water is generally attached to each well, and from this the workmen take the water which they need in repairing houses. When first I saw these tanks I thought it was rather unsanitary to have such dirty water so close to the well. But the above statements, I venture to think, make it obvious that it is better to have such tanks than that coolies should lower their dirty vessels into a well used for drinking purposes.

I once asked a completely uneducated native why it was necessary to have dirty wells in the place, why the dirty wells could not be closed, and all the water, whether for drinking or household purposes, be obtained from clean wells. His answer was that if this were done diseases would become prevalent. Whatever truth there may be in this answer appears to me to depend on the practical necessity that in some cases dirty vessels have to be lowered into wells; and hence it seems to be a good plan, as things go, to reserve some wells into which alone such vessels may be lowered.

I recently had to do with a cholera epidemic in which certainly most of, possibly all of, the infection was derived from wells used for household purposes, and it is probable that the

* Bhistis are always Mohammedan, and only draw water for Mohammedans or for English people. Hindoos usually draw water for themselves, but sometimes water-drawers are employed. These are always of Brahmin or Ca-har castes.

disease would have been far more widespread if the water of such wells had been actually drunk by the mass of the population. The epidemic* in question occurred in Shahgunj, and at the time it was stated to be inexplicable on the grounds that only women had been attacked. I found that the latter statement was true so far as the first part of the epidemic was concerned. The women who were affected had no supply of drinking water in common. Some of them obtained their drinking water from a well situated a couple of miles away from their houses. But, out of seven cases I found evidence that six had been in the habit of going to one well which was used, not for drinking, but only for household purposes, and consequently was chiefly frequented by women. A few poor Musalmans, however, were in the habit of using the water for drinking purposes. Hindoos used a better well situated about sixty yards away. The epidemic affected twenty six Moham-medans and only one Hindoo. I have little doubt that the first part of the epidemic was due to accidental infection from the water brought by the women for household purposes. In the latter part of the epidemic the cholera microbe appears to have spread to other wells in the place; but in these cleaner wells the microbe seems to have assumed a less virulent form, for the cases which now affected both men and women in nearly every instance ended in recovery, and on my putting disinfectants into the wells the epidemic ceased.

It is commonly supposed that the natives are in the habit of washing their clothes and themselves at the wells, and that the water frequently runs back into the well. This is not quite accurate. Women generally wash themselves either in their houses or in the river, if one is near. Men wash themselves and also their dhoti or loincloth at the wells, and owing to the platform of the well sloping away from its mouth, very little water, if any, gets back into the well, provided

it is in good repair. Clothes, both of men and women, are washed by dhobies, who are never allowed to carry on their business near a well. They are obliged to use either the river or a tank. It is considered that the occupation of dhobies is unclean, and consequently they belong to one of the five lower castes who are not allowed to come near a well used by higher castes.

Perhaps the most interesting precaution taken by Hindoos about their drinking water is that those who are supposed to be engaged in dirty occupations, or vessels belonging to such persons, are not allowed to come near a well. In towns and larger villages it sometimes happens that a well is especially reserved for the use of Chamars and sweepers. More generally, if a sweeper wants water, he has to sit down at a distance from the well and wait till some one of higher caste comes and draws water for him.

This does not exhaust the list of precautions taken by natives in this district to insure the purity of their water supply. I was astonished to discover that they take pains to prevent the contamination of the River Jumna. While staying the other day in a bungalow in the Ram Bagh Garden, which is situated above Agra, on the banks of the river, a fisherman came to me and complained that my servants had dug a drain from the cook house and that from it dirty water was running into the river. The servants had made this drain by my orders, as I had a prejudice against the accumulation of stagnant water near to where my food was being prepared. On the fishermen making the complaint I hazarded the statement that it did not matter, since all up the banks of the river everywhere the natives were in the habit of depositing on its banks, as they often did at the margin of a tank, refuse which frequently fell into the water. The fishermen somewhat indignantly denied that this was the case, saying that men who would do such a thing must be of very low caste, and that higher caste people certainly always took pains to prevent the pollution of the river. To this I objected that the natives did not care whether the water was dirty or not, because a mile or two

* Some details concerning this epidemic will be found in my Annual Report already quoted.

lower down the stream they were bathing at the ghats just where a large drain ran into the river. The fisherman admitted that they did this, because their ancestors had always bathed there, but at the same time he said they do not like the drain being run into the river, because the river is holy and they make many prayers to it. It appears to me that this incident well illustrates to what extent with these people cleanliness is godliness, and tends to make one regret that cleanliness has not been left a matter of common-sense instead of having become incorporated with their religion.

I have only attempted to describe some of the customs of the Hindoos in respect of their supply of drinking water. A further study of their customs would show that, with the higher castes of Hindoos, cleanliness and the avoidance of defilement are virtues to be cultivated in one's self and admired in others. Among the poorer classes and among men of lower castes these hygienic virtues are apt to be tempered with much original sin of the insaniitary kind. But it cannot, I think, be denied, that even when only a few

members of higher castes are present in a village they exert a beneficial influence in preserving the supply of drinking water from contamination. Unfortunately, their influence does not go far enough, but it appears to me that this is only a reason for trying to extend it in those directions in which it appears likely to be of use.*

The above remarks may seem like a eulogy of the caste system. This is far from my wishes. A system which enjoins that persons who are careful in avoiding defilement should be admired and respected, but not imitated, at any rate by part of the population, is far from satisfactory even from the hygienic standpoint. From the ethical standpoint, a system which tends to keep certain classes in a low position and to prevent them from rising to anything higher, no doubt leaves much to be desired. Further, it seems to make no distinction in importance between matters which might be of great use, such as those relating to the water supply, and those of trivial import, such as the position of the cooking vessels while food is being prepared.—*Nineteenth Century*.

BEAU BRUMMELL.

BY A. I. SHAND.

LORD BYRON said there were three really great men living in his time. They were the Emperor Napoleon,

Beau Brummell, and his Lordship, for he modestly ranked Brummell before himself. Indeed, the illustrious Corsican and the renowned Beau had much in common. Both had risen to power from small beginnings: both asserted for a time an unrivalled dictatorship, turning an epoch of revolution to their own advantage; and as Napoleon was sent to pine in exile at St. Helena, so Brummell found his St. Helena at Calais and Caen. One died of a painful and lingering disease, and the other

* For instance, I am engaged in writing a tract in Hindustani on the prevention of cholera in India. By way of advocating the imposition of a quarantine on persons returning from a pilgrimage who may possibly bring back the cholera virus with them, I suggested in my rough draft of the pamphlet that such persons should be regarded as unclean for a week after their return. But on translating it into Hindustani, I was unable on the one hand to find any word for unclean that did not mean unholy; and on the other hand I found that the custom already existed in the case of certain distant pilgrimages. My informant, whom I have every reason to rely on, tells me that pilgrims returning from Goya and Budrinath are not allowed to eat with other members of their families or, I believe, to come near their wells, until they have bathed in the Ganges. I believe this custom

to be the reverse of widespread, but in my tract I have explained its advantages, and suggested that it should be applied to every returning traveller, that his clothes should not be washed until they have been exposed in the sun to dry, that he should be allowed to bring none but dry food back with him into the village, etc.

ended his days, even more miserably, in a madhouse. The Corsican adventurer had the advantage in birth, for he came of an ancient family. Moreover, the subaltern of artillery made his way when aristocratic connections were more likely to wreck a career than to assist it. Brummell's rise to social autocracy is the more astounding that he had no sort of family to boast of, and that in his day the fashionable drawing-rooms and clubs were jealously closed to upstarts and *parvenus*. Making every allowance for matchless assurance and extraordinary opportunities turned to excellent account, there must have been much in a man who not only became the *ami intime* of the Prince of Wales, but secured the attachment of a host of friends who stood by him stanchly when in extremity of adversity. Thackeray knew the world well, and he was right when he said that the world is really very good-natured. For whatever the qualities of Brummell, he had no heart to recommend him; he had nothing of that genuine touch of nature which wins affection irresistibly, and makes all mankind akin. He was frivolous, self-indulgent, and ostentatiously selfish. He could attach himself to the dogs who were helplessly dependent; he could pet a mouse and make friends with a cockatoo; but he was cursed with the superficial wit which loved to wound, and he seldom missed an opportunity of saying some bitter thing. If the smart rankled, so much the better. He swaggered cruelly on the strength of his social ascendancy, though, to do him simple justice, he spared the strong as little as the weak. Perhaps there never was a less lovable character than that of the dandy who luxuriated for years on disinterested charity and never altogether exhausted it, although he offered his benefactors the most irritating provocation.

This very remarkable man may be said to have had no grandfather. Sydney Smith declared that *his* grandfather disappeared about the time of the assizes, and the family thought it well to ask no questions. Had Brummell cared to trace his genealogy, it is understood that it would have gone

back to a tradesman in St. James's, who had saved money in service. The well-to-do shopkeeper had a clever son, who had the good fortune, through his father's lodger, Lord Liverpool, to gain the favor of Lord North. Those were the happy days of sinecures—of Clerks of the Pells and Stewards of the Powder Closets, who did duty and signed documents by deputy, but drew handsome salaries for themselves. Brummell *père* was free in his expenditure, and kept an hospitable table, but, nevertheless, he left personally to the amount of £60,000, of which the Beau inherited a third. One of the most mysterious of the many mysteries of a mysterious career is how he made that money suffice him through years of careless extravagance before he had betaken himself to the gaming table. No doubt, like the Rawdon Crawleys, he was an adept in the art of living on nothing a year, but even his credit as an *habitué* of Carlton House fails to suggest satisfactory explanations. We can only suppose that even then the Beau begged rather than borrowed, and that through fear or favor he levied blackmail on the wealthy aristocrats who were proud of his patronage.

His figure was his fortune and misfortune. The marvel is that he never succeeded in turning it to account by making a rich and aristocratic marriage. Had he done so he would have been the very man for a husband *à la mode*—to sue for a separation on incompatibility of temper, and live *en garçon* on the lady's money. As things were, his figure only served him for an introduction to the Prince, which certainly opened the most dazzling prospects. Brummell had the shapes and graces of an Antinous; and the Prince is said to have been greatly struck by them when the one George, as an Eton boy, was presented to the other on Windsor slopes. Their next meeting was at a dinner at Carlton House, and it was an almost unprecedented event, for the dinner was actually given that Brummell, who had just come from Oxford to town, might be introduced to the notice of his Royal Highness. The young Oxonian proved equal to the occasion, and passed the preliminary examination with such credit that

he was forthwith admitted to the Prince's inner circle. He soon became one of his most favored intimates, for Brummell, on his promotion, practised all the arts of the ingratiating courtier. And these arts seem to have been instinctive. When it pleased him to fascinate, like the leader of the House of Commons, he could exercise "a magnetic attraction." Moreover, there was no disputing his exquisite taste, and that person of his was a model block on which sartorial masters might risk reputation. The Regent, who prided himself on being the best dressed gentleman in Europe, had at last found a man after his own heart, and as he always generously indulged his caprices, he liked the cool assurance of his young companion. Brummell, as the vulgar saying goes, had taken the measure of his patron's foot, and knew precisely how far he might presume. The clever young courtier had his immediate reward. The plebeian, with a very moderate independence, received a cornetcy in the Prince's own regiment. The 10th Hussars were the crack light cavalry corps, and notoriously the most extravagant in the service. Though the quarters were either in London or Brighton, Brummell was permitted habitually to shirk his duties, so that he did not even know his own troop on parade. Yet he is said to have been the best possible company at the mess on the rare occasions when he honored it with his presence. Within three years he was gazetted to a troop, and the path of advancement lay fair before him. The Regent was likely to refuse him nothing—if he hit on happy after-dinner moments for asking—and as Lord Dalgarno said of his old father in "The Fortunes of Nigel," he might have made each successive boon he craved the stepping-stone to another. Then we have the first signal example of the follies perpetrated by a shrewd but reckless man, and of the tact and unblushing impudence in which Brummell excelled. The 10th, to the intense regimental disgust, was ordered from Brighton to Cottonopolis. The very next morning Brummell presented himself to the Prince at an hour which shows the progress of their intimacy.

He briefly explained the reason of the call. The regiment was ordered to Manchester. "Manchester, your Royal Highness! You must be aware how disagreeable that must be to me. I really could not go. Moreover," he added by way of rider, "you would not be there." The Prince, who was at least as selfish as the feather-brained captain, told him lightly to do as he pleased. So Brummell straightway sent in his papers.

Within a year he attained his majority and came into the patrimony, which was already dilapidated. The sum-total of his property can have barely been equal to a quarter of the income of the familiars with whom he was racing neck and neck. Racing at least with the ruck in a rivalry of recklessness, for he had already asserted a social supremacy which none seem to have cared or dared to resent. He had no pretensions to the brilliant humor of a Horace Walpole or a Selwyn, but he sparkled in conversation—he had cool readiness of repartee, and with an excellent memory for good stories, he could tell them almost with the spirit of Walter Scott. His winning ways with the fair sex when he laid himself out to please, made him devoted friends among the queens of fashion. Till his dying day the Duchess of York gave him graceful and substantial proofs of her regard; and not even Charles Fox stood higher in the good graces of the bewitching Duchess of Devonshire. In fact, he was nearly as autocratic at Almack's as at Watier's, and ladies of the most exalted rank would almost grovel before him. We are told that once when a duchess had taken a beautiful daughter to her first ball, she whispered in the *débutante's* ear, "You see that gentleman talking to So and-so; he will presently come and accost us. Do your best to please him, for he has everything in his power."

Brummell attached transcendent importance to dress, but he was literally a beau rather than a fop. He never imitated the fantastic extravagances of the Nashes or the Fieldings; indeed, the times had changed, and comparative sobriety of costume had been coming in, for that was the revolution which was to give him his opportuni-

ties. The eccentric cuts and *voyant* colors in which the French Count D'Orsay indulged in the next generation would have shocked the austerity of his taste. The perfection of his dressing was in its inconspicuous simplicity, but the fit was unimpeachable, and he was a connoisseur in the refinements of material. The story must be familiar of the rich baronet from the country who went to a famous artist in Bond Street to be fittingly attired. He had appealed to the master on the choice of a cloth. "Well, sir, the Prince patronizes superfine, and Mr. Brummell the Bath coating. We had better say the Bath coating, for perhaps Mr. Brummell has a trifle the advantage." *Mais il faut souffrir pour être beau*, and the Beau *par excellence* must have been exceptionally a martyr to his reputation. The coat sat like a glove, without the elasticity of kid, and the stately bow with which he saluted must have been matter of anxious deliberation. As for the buckskins, they clung close as the skin, and nothing was more difficult than getting into them except getting out again. The caprices of fashion were shown in the shape of the beaver; as hideous architecturally as a straight up-and-down smoke cowl, and pressed backward on the high coat collar which covered the nape of the neck. That hat, if we may judge by contemporary portraits, gave the most brilliant man of fashion the look of an idiot. But the *cruz* of a triumphant toilet was the arrangement of the cravat. It was almost as uncomfortable as the soldier's stock of the period, and infinitely more troublesome of adjustment. Before Brummell had begun to reign it seems to have been wound round the neck in cumbrous folds, bagging out awkwardly over the buff waistcoat. One of the Beau's chief titles to fame is that he suppressed the bagging and made the fall of the folds a thing of beauty. His genius conceived the idea of slightly starching, and history says that this was his manner of procedure. The shirt collar, of more portentous dimensions than Captain Cuttle's square sheet of canvas, when standing erect concealed the head and hair. The cloth of a foot in width was passed

round the neck and the collar turned down. Brummell, standing before a cheval glass with eyes raised to the ceiling, slowly and thoughtfully depressed the chin, folding the fine linen crease over crease. If the result was not a triumph of inspiration, the cravat was thrown aside. Hence the well-known story of his valet being questioned one day, when met upon the stairs with an armful of crumpled neckties: "These are our failures," was the grave reply. Independently of his profusion in ties, which was a matter of conscience, unlike Dr. Johnson he had a passion for clean linen, and few people had a deeper interest in his falling fortunes than his washerwomen. At Calais and Caen the long bills of these confiding ladies figured portentously in his schedules of debt.

The man who dictated fashions, and was personally superior to criticism, never hesitated to speak his mind when consulted, and often volunteered candid remarks. The Duke of Bedford, one of the grandest of grand seigneurs, asked his opinion of a new coat. Brummell scanned his grace from head to hip, told him solemnly to turn round, and completed the inspection. Then, taking the lappel between finger and thumb, he bent forward and said in pathetic expostulation, "My dear Bedford, do you call this thing a coat?" On another occasion he was walking up St. James's Street, arm-in-arm with a gay young earl. Suddenly he stopped short and asked his companion what he called those things on his feet. "Why, shoes." "Shoes are they?" rejoined Brummell, looking at them doubtfully. "My dear fellow, I fancied they were slippers." The best apology for his aggressive petulance and atrocious impertinence is that they were tolerated or tacitly encouraged. Raikes, who knew him intimately, tells us in his Journals that at that time "the highest to the lowest conspired to spoil him." "Never was there a man who had such unbounded influence and such general popularity in society." "He was the idol of the women." He had a house in Mayfair where he gave exquisite little dinners at which the Prince was a frequent guest, for he had engaged a famous

chef, and his cellar was undeniable. As he told Raikes, the Prince would often come of a morning to see him make his toilet, and lay the lessons to heart.

By this time he had run through his modest means and was industriously accumulating debts. The great patron of tailors and jewellers—for he had always a mania for gold snuff boxes and clouded canes—became a regular client of the usurers Howard and Gibbs, who were then at the head of the money-lending fraternity. He had neither lands nor expectations to pledge, and he must have been trading on the names of liberal friends who knew that there was small hope of repayment. The crash and the flight must have come sooner than they did, had he not at last had recourse to the gaming table. At first he was unfortunate, and in his disgust was inclined to leave off, when an unlucky incident encouraged him to persevere. He was walking in Berkeley Street with Raikes, at five o'clock one fine summer morning. He had left the club with empty pockets, and was bemoaning his fate, when he saw a something glittering on the pavement. He stooped and picked up a crooked sixpence. Though never religious, he was superstitious. He swore that that treasure-trove would change his luck—he had the sixpence bored and hung to his watch-chain, and thenceforth, whether by a coincidence or in virtue of the talisman, for long he had a marvellous run of good luck.

As a gambler he was the presiding genius of Watier's, which had a brief, eventful, and disreputable history. Situated at the corner of Bolton Street, it was started as a "court of harmony" by Maddocks, Lord Headfort, and other musical enthusiasts. But Watier was a superlative cook, and the fame of the cookery attracted troops of young *roués*. They took to late suppers and heavy play, and the play soon became ruinous. The host reaped a rich harvest, for, unlike Crockford, of fishmongering celebrity, he charged for the feasts, and men who were risking fortunes scarcely glanced at the bills they paid. But the pace was far too severe to last, and the society dis-

solved in general ruin. No set of men went headlong to the devil more gracefully, for it is said they were never tempted by stress of circumstances to take unfair advantages, and took the plunge one after another with serene imperturbability. Had Brummell been given to reflect, when his follies left him ample leisure, recollections of Watier's should have weighed heavily on him. Raikes, who is far from judging him severely, says, in fact, that it was his business and his pleasure to play the tempter. He invented excuses for the dissipated, ridiculed the scrupulous, and abused his power to terrorize the timid, for the novice he cut or cold-shouldered was scratched out of the running.

Nemesis overtook him for his *outré* conduct when he quarrelled with the Prince, though with characteristic audacity he held his own for a time as the Regent's formidable and fashionable rival. Tom Moore, as was his wont, put it neatly in "the Twopenny Postbag," where he made Brummell threaten to cut the Prince and bring the old King into fashion. Nevertheless he lost credit with usurers and tradespeople and with not a few fair-weather friends who preferred the smiles of Royalty. But when we hear unpleasant anecdotes—and there are only too many—of Brummell's unprovoked rudeness to the feeble and inoffensive we may remember that he did not spare the Regent. True, it was but a part of his constitutional improvidence that he never took serious thought for the future. Had he been more regardful of his prospects, the quarrel need never have occurred. He always protested that there was no foundation for the fable which gave him the *sobriquet* of "George, ring the bell." He said that had they been *tête-à-tête* he was on so familiar a footing that he would not have scrupled to ask his Highness to ring had he happened to have the bell within reach, but in the presence of others he would never have been guilty of such a solecism. The truth seems to have been that having taken offence at Mrs. Fitz-Herbert, he had been in the habit of sneering at the Regent's person and indulging his sarcastic vein at the cost

of the lady. There was nothing as to which the Regent was more sensitive than his growing obesity, and Brummell could not have stung him more deeply than in the memorable taunt which is matter of history, though there are various versions as to the circumstances. And there was as much humor as nerve in his way of giving the Prince the cut direct. One story may serve as well as another. The Prince, leaning on Lord Moira's arm, met Brummell with Lord Alvanley. His Royal Highness cordially accosted his Lordship, but ignored the Beau. As the parties moved on, Brummell asked very audibly, "Alvanley, who is your fat friend?" He had ample opportunity afterward for repentance, and the satisfied chuckle of the moment can scarcely have consoled him for closing the doors of hope and of Carlton House.

The long-deferred crash came as it was bound to do, and Brummell always attributed it to the loss of his fortunate sixpence. He had taken it off his watch-chain and given it away by mistake. In vain he advertised, and he was wont to say that that lucky rascal Rothschild had got hold of it. He determined on flight, but he had to take his measures secretly, for angry creditors were everywhere on the alert. His strategy of bluff was coolly conceived and completely successful. On a Thursday in May, 1816, he dined quietly at home, showed himself subsequently at the opera, stepped into a friend's carriage, met his own at the first stage out of town, hurried to Dover with four horses, hired a vessel, embarked his carriage, and with a favoring breeze was landed in a few hours in Calais. Really nothing in his career was more disgraceful than that deliberately arranged flight. It was matter of course, and perfectly honorable, that a man of fashion should victimize his tradesmen, but Brummell left in the lurch all the confiding friends who had generously, though foolishly, gone security for him. To the last he did his best to borrow, and his last effort in that line was an amusing failure. On the very eve of the exodus he wrote Scrope Davics, begging the accommodation of a couple of hundreds for the

night. "The banks are shut and all my money is in the three per cents." Scrope knew him well, and his answer was laconic: "My dear George,—It is very unfortunate, but all my money is in the three per cents."

Had he only profited by the lessons of adversity, he might even then have retrieved his affairs and come to a composition with his helpless creditors. There can be no greater tribute to his extraordinary personal fascination than the fact that he lived for years in Calais in luxury, and squandered money freely as before. He left London under a heavy cloud. His dishonorable behavior to the friends who had backed his bills would have condemned any one else to hopeless ostracism. But Brummell was an exception to every rule. In Calais he may be said to have betaken himself to the road; he waylaid the wealthy travellers of his acquaintance and compelled them to stand and deliver. These charitable contributions on a munificent scale could have been the only source of his profuse expenditure. His prodigality expended itself on the most useless objects. His small apartment was ostentatiously furnished with buhl and ormolu; on his table was a curious show of snuff-boxes—a dinner set of the rarest Sèvres was locked away in a bureau. Monte Cristo-like he employed a special courier to make purchases of porcelain and *bijouterie* in Paris, fastidiously rejecting what did not satisfy him. We can hardly help admiring the unblushing audacity of the man who received old acquaintances among such evidences of extravagance and calmly pocketed their checks and bank-notes. When his collection of china was subsequently sold under pressure, one pair of vases fetched £300, and the King gave 200 guineas for a tea service. Again he made the fortune of a gifted tailor, who had been a prisoner on the English pontoons and returned to Calais a pauper. He still gave himself as impertinent airs as ever, even at the risk of offending patrons or benefactors. Dining with the Consul at a formal party, he took one of his dogs with him, who lay at his feet. Brummell helped himself to the wing of a truffled capon, tasted it, and handed it to the poodle.

"Here, Atous, try to get your teeth through this, I'll be d——d if I can." That was of a piece with a reminiscence of his palmy days, when he disapproved of the champagne at a friend's table. Waiting for a pause in the conversation, he held up his glass and loudly asked the butler to give him some more of the cider. Lord Westmoreland, passing through Calais, asked him to dine at Dessein's at three. The exquisite thanked his noble friend, but declined, as it was simply impossible to feed at such an hour. We may suspect that any designs on his Lordship's purse had already been carried into execution. He always cherished the hope that the Regent might relent. He wrote to Raikes on the accession to the throne, "He is at last King; will his past resentments still attach themselves to the Crown?" The question was answered when the King passed through Calais. With all his careless good-nature, he is said never to have forgotten an injury, and he revenged the old cut with another. All he did was to return a snuff-box which the Beau stooped to offer him, and it is believed that within was a bank-note which was not returned.

So that hope was gone, but the distressed exile had reason to expect that his former political connections would help him to a sinecure. He could look for nothing so good as those which had enriched his father, but he would have been content with the Calais Consulate. Indeed, he had a half-promise of the reversion, but his venerable friend—the host of the capon episode—would not die, and it is ill waiting for dead men's shoes. In an evil hour he accepted the Consulate at Caen, with a salary of £400. But his Calais creditors were loth to let him go, and the only terms on which they would part with him were an assignment of £340 of the income. So he gained an annuity of £60, but with the sacrifice of the opportunities of levying contributions on all and sundry. No Englishman of fashion ever visited the Norman city. From the public point of view, no appointment could have been more absurd; and the old *habitué* of Carlton House must have felt it a sad descent, to be supposed to *viser* the

passports of vulgarians and look into bills of lading. He did his best to save his self-respect and so far succeeded. He fulfilled his part of the contract by showing the English colors over his door, leaving details of duty to a deputy. At Caen, the absolute stoppage of supplies put a check on his æsthetic indiscretions, but although even compelled to economize on his clothes, he would still make any sacrifice for the indispensables of the toilet. As at Calais, he spent a small fortune in oils, pomades, and perfumes; he devoted many hours daily to dressing; and like Mr. Crummles's conscientious artist who blacked himself all over to play Othello, even the soles of Brummell's boots were polished with patent blacking. It is said to have been a sight worth the crossing of the Channel to see him picking a way through the ill-paved streets, for there were no *trottoirs*, emerging speckless and scathless out of the muddy ordeal.

Things were bad enough with him, but still the Consul had a certain credit; it would have been a strong measure to put our representative under arrest. Moreover, more than once the Consul had despatched an emissary to friends at home, and the missions had helped to keep his head above water. Now he was guilty of another of his acts of idiocy, though possibly he may have meant it for a far-sighted *coup*. He wrote to Lord Palmerston, declaring that his consulship was useless and ought to be abolished. Lord Palmerston may have had no option but to act on the official recommendation of the official who surely ought to know best—but he gave Brummell nothing better. The Consulate was suppressed, the colors were pulled down, and the alarmed and indignant creditors made a rush at the ex-Consul. His income being gone, they were robbed of their security. The immediate cause of the arrest was the claim of a Calais banker who had made considerable advances. Brummell abused him bitterly and with no sort of reason, for it was himself and not the banker who was in fault. He could never have come to Caen had he not compounded for a lien on his income, and the salary with which he impru-

dently parted had really been assigned to M. Leleux.

No doubt he had done infinite mischief in his time by example, precept, and ridicule; he had led many a man along the road to ruin, and been as careless of the misfortunes of others as he was cynically indifferent to their feelings. But with the retribution that had overtaken him now, his worst enemies might have pitied him. We may touch but lightly on the closing scenes, when he drained the cup of misery and humiliation to the dregs. From the prison where he herded at

first with the lowest debtors and the vilest malefactors, he passed to the madhouse and the hospital for the insane, where he ended his days. Prematurely broken and worn out, he was attacked by paralysis, and his brain gave way. We drop a veil over the loathsome diseases which degraded the once super-refined dandy to the level of superannuated brutes. But at least the pillow of the dying man was smoothed by the hands of the Sisters of Charity, who made it a labor of love to succor the miserable. — *Cornhill Magazine*.

THE WOMEN OF LYRIC LOVE.

BY MAXWELL GRAY.

THIS fading century has been a fermenting rather than a progressive period in one particular phase of civilization. Perhaps women have never been so openly scorned on the one side, while certainly they have never enjoyed such deliberate and open recognition as human beings, entitled to as much consideration and collective social kindness as male persons, on the other. Male writers are prone to wax maudlin on the subject; women, they say, should be thus and thus—generally half angel, half idiot—because we like it so. The word chivalry is often shuttlecocked to and fro. And this is what nineteenth century chivalry amounts to—exaggerated personal homage to the few women who are young and comely, and in one's own class, with more or less contempt and aversion for the mass of womankind. So-called modern chivalry is not respect and compassion for weakness, but admiration and delight in female youth and beauty; eminently pleasant and wholesome, it does much to refine manners and give charm to social intercourse, but it is not chivalry. That fine and essentially Christian quality is an attribute, not of men only, but of every good, and many far from good, woman; its foundations are in pity and love, it is part of the parental, protective instinct in either sex. The finer-natured men are growing con-

scious of the fatuity of this wrongly-named chivalry. Women, they are beginning to say, are our sisters; let us respect and help them as we respect and help our brothers, without pretence of especial kindness to their sex. With these feelings Browning wrote *The Glove* and *Balaustion's Adventure*.

It is scarcely too much to say that the way in which men regard women is a test of character; no good man despises or thinks ill of women. Whereupon, instantly one hears cited the grand name of Milton, the austere virtuous, the religious, the lofty. Milton undoubtedly despised and disliked women; his highest feminine ideal was one who only worshipped as much of God as she could find in her husband—"He for God only, she for God in him." He was a great, a sublime poet, and a great Englishman; yet a Hebrew Pharisee, his God was cruel and implacable; he was himself not a kind man. His soul was not "a star that dwelt apart;" it flung itself into the turbid turmoil of his times, and was steeped in the black bitterness of Puritanism. He was a strong, not a gentle, man. The gift of tears, the grace of tenderness, the charm of human affection is not his. His great epic does not fulfil the promise of his *Allegros*, *Penserosos*, and melodious sonnets. Eve is little inferior as a poetic creation to Adam; yet the real

male protagonist of *Paradise Lost*, Satan, is vividly human, sympathetic, and virile. The genius that produced the *Ode on the Nativity* and *Lycidas*, should have brought "all Heaven before our eyes;" but, knowing neither tears nor kindness, it chiefly brought Hell. He who is incapable of love except in the Oriental sense, is more or less than human, angel or beast; Milton was a little of both, a belated Hebrew prophet, with the sourness, but not the self-denial, of an early ascetic solitary. The moral worth of women, from the beginning of time, has been appraised by their fitness to be wives and mothers. Judged by this standard, Milton would rank low, beneath Burns, beneath even Byron; he was a harsh father and an impossible husband, except for a seraglio.

To think rightly of women is to know pity, to love chastity, and to be capable of reverence.

For we ought first to think on what manere
They bringe us forth, and what payne they
endure,

First in our birth, and sith from yere to yere
How busely they done hir busie cure,
To keepe us from every mis-aventure
In our youth, whan we have no might :—

thus he wrote who made the *Legende of Good Women*, and created more noble and lovable female characters than any poet except Shakespeare. Also—

And for our sake ful ofte they suffer sore.

Women, Chaucer says, are the cause of all our joy, and of all the refinement, "lightnesse," that is, lightness, of life, and

Of knight hood, norture, eschewing all mallis,
Encrese of worship and of all worthinesse ;
Thereto curteis, and meke and ground of al
goodnesse.

This love of Chaucer's is tinged, but very faintly, by Madonna-worship, as well as by the fantastic exaggeration of troubadours, trouveres, and Minnesingers; but it is always sober and sincere, coloring everything he writes. It is more practical, less ideal than the mystic, poetic exaltation of Dante and Petrarch. His reverence for good women and sympathy with all, springs from a profound knowledge of human nature, and a large and generous heart.

So with Shakespeare. Both were men of the world, as well as great poets; both were good but not perfect men, full-blooded, genial, and eager and welcome guests at the banquet of life. Both were endowed with intellects of the first order, perfectly sane and serene, both acknowledged to be among the greatest delineators of human character and emotion. Each created a mighty wave of advancing civilization; the back-draught of Chaucer's wave was literary pause and civil wars, that of Shakespeare, the Puritanism that dragged Milton with it, thundering down into another and fiercer civil war. Neither poet stood alone, but was eminent among many. Chaucer was the finest English bloom of that first European renaissance of which the earliest signs are in the tenth century and the culmination in the twelfth and thirteenth; Shakespeare the English crown and consummation of the second and greater renaissance. He who created Lady Macbeth is, no more than Chaucer, no blind worshipper of her sex. Dramatists can speak only by inference; it may have been noticed that the nobility of Shakespeare's men is to a certain degree measurable by their estimation of women. How vilely that husband of Mariana's speaks in *Measure for Measure*! How certain we are that Benedick is a good man when he sides with Hero—incredulous of the slander! The advance of modern, which is mainly Christian, civilization is marked by increasing spirituality of marriage. Spenser, especially in the *Epithalamion*, reaches a high level, but it is in *Let me not to the marriage of true minds*, that the newer and more Christian views are gathered up and tersely presented. Marriage has never since Shakespeare fallen to so low a level as in pagan and early ascetic Christian days, though it receded with the back-draught of that great wave of sixteenth century enlightenment to Puritan savagery and Restoration profligacy, to be gathered slowly but steadily on the advancing tide into a greater billow, breaking in the present century and rolling in fullest force in the middle Victorian age in the poetry of Browning and Rossetti, who gave it tender-

ness and intellectual charm. Between these two grand poetic periods, the progress of civilization in England was slow and halting, the poetry arid metric prose, faint echoes of early splendor lingering in such lyrics as Lovelace's

I could love thee, dear, so much,
Loved I not honor more.

Those who kept alight the flickering flame of poetry in the eighteenth century—Collins, Gray, Thompson, Cowper, and perhaps Goldsmith—rarely or slightly touched human life; their power lay in a return to the truth and beauty of external nature. Of these, Cowper ventured farthest into human life, though only as far as middle-aged female friendship, prosaic, but not wanting in fireside dignity and charm.

Though Shelley did much in his erratic way to raise women, the temporary atheism, into which his honest revolt from a spurious Christianity plunged him, blurred his conceptions of marriage. It was the singular destiny of Wordsworth, a nature devoid of passion and romance, cold, self-centred, and who wrote no love-poetry, unless

Oh! mercy, to myself, I said,
If Lucy should be dead!

can be classed as such, to elaborate in his clear, cold, passionless way, three graduated views of such a woman as may be met daily in crowds. The first passing view is of

A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament:

a creature of purely external charm, an Airy Lilian. Few men see further than this. The second, the nearer view, is of

A spirit, yet a woman too;

* * * * *

A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrow, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

An exquisite picture of a mother, sister, daughter, scarcely wife, but certainly a responsible being, done in one of those marvellous bursts of poetry that occasionally startle us in the long dull stretches of Wordsworthian prose. The third view is still higher, but not

transcendent: we are still upon solid earth, there is no reaching after Rossetti's "angel-watered lily, that, near God, grows and is quiet." The poet sees, with *eye serene*—

The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

This thoughtful pilgrim is complete in herself, she has no need to "set herself to man," or "accomplish the manhood" of any one. She differs from man, if at all, in being planned, "to warn, to comfort, and command." What and where had Wordsworth been without such warning, comfort, and command; he, whose eyes were "couched to the sense of beauty" by his younger sister, his lifelong daily companion and counsellor, through whose hands the whole of his work passed, and by whose brain possibly the best was inspired?

The pulse of the "machine" (infelicitous word) is the underlying humanity common to both sexes, viewed by a serene, because undazzled, eye, insensitive to the glamour of sex, an accident perceived by Wordsworth, if at all, in a secondary place. Strange that a man to whom at least half the emotions of humanity were a sealed book, because of his incapacity for the emotional and imaginative exaltation produced by sex, should have drawn this beautiful and true picture of an average good woman. Yet, perhaps, his very aloofness from those feelings gave him the vantage-ground of a spectator.

A larger nature, a finer poet, a mind more richly and variously endowed and more cultivated, more in touch with humanity, cold, yet not so cold, but self-centred and upright as Wordsworth, and, unlike him, highly sensitive to the æsthetic charm of women, drew his ideal woman thus:

One,
Not learned, save in gracious household ways,
Not perfect, nay, but full of tender wants,
No angel, but a dearer being, all dipt
In angel instincts, breathing Paradise;
Who looked all native to her place, and yet

On tiptoe seemed to touch upon a sphere
Too gross to tread ; and all male minds per-
force

Swayed to her from their orbits as they
moved.

And girdled her with music.

No wonder that Princess Ida responds tremulously—from probable suppressed laughter—and observes to her preaching sweetheart with thinly veiled sarcasm : “ You love to cheat yourself with words ”—“ I have heard of your strange doubts,” his epileptic seizures, “ They well might be,” etc. For the only meaning to be extracted from this vague mixture of strained metaphor is that the poet intended it for his ideal. Elsewhere in the much quoted *Princess* it is uncertain how far, if at all, he agrees with the various typical men’s thoughts of women, or the Princess’s own. One cannot but wonder to what end this poem was written. Why should this great poet and master-moulder of phrase lavish so much skill and elaborate art on what, he perpetually tells us, is only a topic for mock heroics, too wild to be treated seriously? Apologetic explanations are piled up with constant care lest he should be supposed to treat “ the hopes of half mankind ” with respect. The flimsy fable within a flimsier fable, obviously suggested by *Love’s Labor’s Lost*, has none of the charm of that. The male characters are convulsed with laughter, scolding or preaching to the girls from beginning to end ; but there is no fun, all is priggish and ponderous ; we miss the Tennysonian humor. The lovely lyrics scattered throughout are as plums to beguile us to a physicked pudding. Was the *Princess*, the “ Queen of farce ” he calls her, a vehicle to sift and settle once for all current theories, irritating to the poet, on female education and subjection? So it would seem. But the theories were not so easily settled, for not only have “ sweet girl-graduates ” long flourished in the land, unmolested apparently by sweet boys, but the poet’s prophetic genius and the great issues involved in relations of sex constantly swayed him from burlesque, and led him to what he calls “ quite a solemn close,” so that he

Moved as in a strange diagonal,
And maybe neither pleased myself or them.

Tennyson’s poetry on the whole reveals a hard contempt, almost aversion, for women ; but he was too good a man not to be jealous for the strictness of marriage. There was, through the forties and fifties, a strong current of prudery, a reaction from Byronism, philosophic free love, and Regency libertinage. The nation keenly appreciated the advantage to public morals of a pure court and wedded love on the throne ; family life was unduly idolized, there was a narrowing tendency to decline to mere *bourgeois* ideals. Tennyson, then in the prime of life and at the zenith of fame, moved, and was moved by, the spirit of the age. Browning was unread, Rossetti unpublished ; hence his *Princess*. His favorite female type was the “ little trifling Lilia ” of *The Princess*, a “ rosebud set with little wifful thorns.” His Airy Lilians, Melissas, and Olives are charming “ moment’s ornaments,” nothing more. His grown women lack charm and naturalness. The intentionally burlesque Princess has more dignity and reality than the seriously meant Guineveres, Iseults, Ediths, Annes, and the wife in *Happy*, all of whom, besides being unreal, are unattractive. The motherhood of Lady Psyche is repulsive, the wife in *Happy*, revolting, her savage animal devotion to her leper husband, violently asserted without reticence or self-respect, even degrades him. She will never be content, she says—

Till I be leper like yourself, my love, from
head to heel.

We feel the exquisite charm of Maud ; but she was only seventeen, and never appears ; she is only seen, floating, as it were, in the glorifying medium of her mad lover’s true but entirely egoistic passion. The few male characters who love with passion and without condescension are half or wholly mad, as the lover in *Locksley Hall*, in *Maud*, in *The Princess*. Even the tranquil and tender husband in *The Miller’s Daughter* is weakly morbid :

I loved, and love dispelled the fear
That I should die an early death—

But Oriana ! Well ! she was born on
“ fair Kirkconnel Lee.” And Enoch
Arden ? Sane to the core ; but that

calm, deep, unswerving devotion scarcely touches the chord of passion; its majestic pathos springs from the loyal nature of the "strong heroic soul," the devotion is to an idea rather than to a person. But can there be anything more charming than Enid, Yniol's only child, singing and sewing in the faded gown in her father's ruined hall? Scarcely, unless it be Elaine. The "lily maid" is still a child. "Being so very wilful, you must go," says her father, to whom she is a household pet, hardly to be taken seriously. But Enid, as a wife, yielding to his coarse and stupid savagery, and still blindly adoring her brute of a husband, has no fascination. She is, indeed, less criminal in her subservience to her wedded tormentor than Griselda, yet Griselda charms and touches, and remains forever a lovely type of womanhood, because of that infinite pity and tenderness from the deep, warm heart of Chaucer, which invests her with such rare and poignant pathos. We are more ready to forgive Griselda's submission, partly because it springs less from love to her husband than from gratitude and devotion to an ideal, while Enid's submission is to the man, and partly because Griselda's husband is so human, and suffers so deeply in the mad suspicions with which he torments himself. Chaucer's warmth and deep pity are foreign to the cold and haughty Tennyson, whose ideal qualities are "self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control;" lofty virtues indeed, but in art and poetry, almost as much as in religion, only sounding brass without charity.

Whether his lack of pity produced his dislike of women, or the reverse, is hard to say: it is, however, certain that this cold condescension to women spoils a large part of Tennyson's poetry. He is like those inconstant women of whom Matthew Arnold says—

These shine upon the world. Their ears
To one demand alone are coy;
They will not give us love and tears,
They bring us warmth, and light, and joy.

And we owe him a great debt of joy; who but Tennyson reveals so much of the charm of everyday life, the sunny side of external nature—"happy stars," "happy autumn fields"—the pleasant-

ness of quite ordinary, country gentlemen, yeomen and cottager lives? He reconciles us to existence, and we are grateful. Yet even he was greatest in *In Memoriam*, which has tears indeed, but of a sorrow without bitterness, the reverse of a joy of pure and unusual sweetness; there is no agonized wrestling with dark and terrible problems, the grief is purely personal, the deep tragedies of humanity are untouched. And when he leaves human life and soars in regions of pure beauty—romantic, as in *Morte d'Arthur* and the *Lady of Shalott*, classic as in *Tithonus*, *Ulysses*, *Cenone*—what light and warmth, what a glow of loveliness! For pity, more especially pity for women, we go to Shelley, Browning, Coleridge, Hood, Matthew Arnold, but mostly to Rossetti and Browning. Wordsworth is too cold for sympathy, though he can be sorry for people in a blundering way, as in *The Thorn*. Even *Two April Mornings* deals with the charm of retrospect rather than the ache of loss. Tennyson sometimes has pity for men—hence the deep pathos of *Enoch Arden*—for girls rarely, for women never. Rossetti and Browning are so oppressed by the infinitely greater burden of pain and sorrow laid upon women, that Browning often, and Rossetti generally, have no time to think of mere men's griefs.

All great poets must love chastity, even when not strong enough to practise it, because it is the most beautiful of virtues, and its reverse the most ugly of sins. This clear-pointed flame is very beautiful to Tennyson. He, like Milton, with whom he has much in common, hates, and therefore cannot understand, those who swerve from a virtue, that, at least to full-blooded, generous, and unselfish natures, is not always easy to practise. To fall once is, in the case of a woman, to be utterly vile. For that it is possible to sin, and yet be more chaste of heart than many whose lives are spotless, is to him, as to a large class, inconceivable. Extremes meet, prudery touches profanity: Tennyson and Byron vie in casting stones. Byron was so truly bad, that he hated women as human beings and only cared for beauty and the accident of sex. In his few nobler mo-

ments he only rose to *When We Two Parted*, and *Farewell, If Ever Fondest Prayer*. Byron hated marriage because it restrains vice and raises women; Shelley resented it as a tyrannous wrong to women, giving too much power to the husband. His exquisite purity and spirituality misled him; he thought others as good as himself; his *Epipsychidion* shows him capable of impossible relationships. Blindly groping, a law to himself, Shelley thought society would be more chaste and women happier without conventional marriage. Tennyson was zealous for marriage, as the foundation stone of civilized life; the necessity for it hurt his singular pride as a spiritual being, he apologizes for it, explaining that without it men must keep their "winged affections clipt with crime." To Coleridge marriage was a paradise of calm and holy affection, profound and enduring, but scarcely passionate. To Wordsworth it meant fireside peace and comfort, nothing more. To Matthew Arnold it was closest, warmest friendship, brightened by intellectual converse, and glorified by a profound tenderness, tinged by passion, if at all, only in pre-nuptial retrospect. He knew passion and vividly presented it, as in *Tristram and Iseult*. Though appreciating

the help in strife,
The thousand sweet, still joys of such
As hand in hand face earthly life.

his ideal union is not on earth, but thus:

How sweet, unreach'd by earthly jars,
My sister, to maintain with thee
The hush among the shining stars,
The calm upon the moonlit sea!
How sweet to feel on the boon air
All our unquiet pulses cease.

This recalls Petrarch's *Io vo gridando, pace, pace, pace!* Gentle, fervid, fastidious, overwheated by unsuitable toil in "a raving world," Matthew Arnold feared his own ardor:

I, too, have felt the load I bore,
In a too strong emotion's sway.

"My sister," like Rossetti's "hour of sisterly sweet hand-in-hand," marks the new era of spiritual and equal in marriage. To Rossetti and Browning, marriage is the opening of Heaven

gates on earth, a transcendent, eternal union of body, soul, and spirit, a blending of equal minds and ardent affections. Rossetti's passion, though more sensuous, is even more spiritual than Browning's; his temperament is more ardent, his blood richer with the glow of Italian as well as English suns; he has two arts, two countries, two native languages, and less learning. Though but partially expressed in poetry, he is richer in passion than any Englishman since Shakespeare—for Keats was only beginning and Byron's passion stifled in cynicism—lyrically, but not dramatically, richer even than Browning. Tennyson and Browning had been twenty years published when Rossetti's *Blessed Damosel* was written at the age of eighteen; Tennyson survived him ten years, Browning eight; for seven years Rossetti's pen was laid by and his early poems hidden in his wife's grave. He was only twenty when he drew an ideal woman thus:

Unto God's will she brought devout respect,
Profound simplicity of intellect,
And supreme patience. From her mother's
knee
Faithful and hopeful, wise in charity;
Strong in grave peace; in pity circumspect.
So held she through her girlhood; as it were
An angel-watered lily that, near God,
Grows and is quiet.

Too lofty, will some say, since this is she whom alone of all the seed of Adam an angel saluted? Still the norm of female Christendom. And the painted picture this describes is the true portrait of the artist's own young poet-sister, with whom all his life had been spent day by day, and from whom he was never long separated throughout his life.

The three sonnets on True Woman contain the ideal of Rossetti's maturity. Herself is

to be what Man can know
But as a sacred secret. Heaven's own
screen
Hides her soul's purest depth and loveliest
glow.

The second is Her Love:

She loves him, for her infinite soul is love—
—With wifely breast to breast,
And circling arms, she welcomes all command
Of love—her soul to answering ardors
fanned;

Yet, as morn springs or twilight sinks to rest,
Ah! who shall say she deems not loveliest
The hour of sisterly sweet hand-in-hand?

Rarely do we lay down laws or create
ideals where we worship. Rossetti in
these sonnets set himself this task;
partly, we gather from his letters, be-
cause of certain false and cruel asper-
sions upon the ethic quality of his
work. This is Her Heaven:

—blest were he
With youth for evermore, whose heaven
should be
True Woman, she whom these weak notes
have sung—

* * * * *

The sunrise blooms and withers on the hill
Like any hill-flower, and the noblest troth
Dies here to dust. Yet shall Heaven's
promise clothe,

Even yet those lovers who have cherished still
This test for love:—in every kiss sealed fast
To feel the first kiss and forebode the last.

True Woman becomes a synonym for
Heaven in the mere momentary fire
evoked by thinking of her, so deep is
the passion of this ardent and lofty
lover.

I am shamed thro' all my nature to have loved
so slight a thing,

ribs somewhat strangely after this.

Browning is too devout a worshipper
to set out a pattern; he requires noth-
ing more of women than to be women.
Keats, in his brief and beautiful poetic
day, scarcely touched human life and
emotion, yet Isabel and Madeline are
drawn with reverence. He sees from
the woman's as much as from the man's
point of view; his lovers are "twin
roses."

They could not in the self-same mansion dwell
Without some stir of heart.

In spite of the tenderness and spir-
itualty of Matthew Arnold's feeling
for women, of whom he has painted,
in *Iseult of Brittany* one of the most
tenderly, in *Iseult of Ireland* one of
the most poignantly, pathetic, in both
the most lovely and lovable, he must
yield the palm as a woman-painter and
lover to Browning and Rossetti. These
brought back to lyric love its transcen-
dent quality of platonism, the pre-natal
destination to each other of souls cre-
ated in pairs, not for earth only, but
for all eternity. In Browning, the
thinker, intellect plays the largest

part; in Rossetti, the painter, beauty.
"Beauty like hers is genius." Yet,
he adds, "time shall wreak no wrong
upon it." Heaven is to him a place
of glorified human love:

Around her, lovers, newly met
Mid deathless love's acclaims,
Spoke evermore among themselves
Their heart remembered names.

His love hovers ever in celestial re-
gions, even Browning's beatific fire-
side:

When, if I think but deep enough,
You are wont to answer, prompt as rhyme:—

is in too gross an atmosphere for the
fiery purity of Rossetti, to whom bodily
beauty is but the clear medium through
which glows the soul:

Whose eyes the sungate of the soul unbars.

Browning's *Lyric Love* dropped down
from heaven—to toil for man, to suffer
and to die—Rossetti's lifts him to the
skies.

Pleasant and very profitable it would
be to analyze the womanhood and love
in Browning's poetry; for never before
has either been placed on a higher lev-
el, but it would need volumes. His
analysis of feminine character and emo-
tion is profound, subtle, and exhaus-
tive. The greatest masters of fictive
art are those who find most to love in
human nature; for to know is to love,
while to love is the best way to know;
hence Browning and Rossetti knew
women as none but Shakespeare, and
perhaps Goethe in a more restricted
area, did; hence their gallery of female
characters include all sorts, bad and
good, but none utterly bad. Probably
there are no utterly bad women;
Shakespeare has drawn only one utterly
bad man. One is inclined to think, or
at least hope, that no human being is
wholly or irredeemably vile. Such was
Browning's creed, and such apparently
Rossetti's, with regard to female hu-
manity. Yet the painter of the *Girl-
hood of Mary Virgin* and the *Blessed
Damosel* created a woman beside whom
Lady Macbeth seems mild, perhaps the
most tragic and terrific female charac-
ter ever drawn—a mediæval Medea—
but she is lovable and moving. *Sister
Helen*—the very title bespeaks the ten-
derness of Rossetti's nature—like

Chriemhild, would be less terrible but for the native sweetness on which her tragic fierceness is based. We are never allowed to forget Sister Helen's deep and deadly wrong, or her gentleness to "Little Brother," or the infinite issues of this tempest of agony and sin :

" But he calls for ever on your name,
Sister Helen,
And says that he melts before a flame."
" My heart for his pleasure fared the same,
Little Brother "
(Oh, Mother! Mary Mother!
Fire at the heart between Hell and Heaven!)

Surely this is the very essence and sublime of tragedy. And this :

" He says that Keith of Ewern's cry,
Sister Helen,
Is ever to see you ere he die."
" In all that his soul sees there am I,
Little Brother."
(Oh, Mother! Mary Mother!
The soul's one sight betwixt Hell and Heaven!)

Rose Mary and she of the *Bride's Prelude* are gentler beings, deeply erring but deeply wronged, also that sadly sinful yet loved and pitied woman in *Found*; all drawn with a tenderness that recalls Dante, when he wept so bitterly at the sorrow and sin of Francesca da Rimini. Catherine Barlass is another, a heroic type ; she may stand beside Tennyson's noble Hebrew girl, who said :

My God, my land, my father ; these did move
Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave.

This is noble Tennyson at his noblest. Coleridge has some tender and pitiful lines on a sinful woman. Matthew Arnold, arresting the subtle charm of one of the world's most tragic tales, which Tennyson and Swinburne only made repulsive, has sympathetically painted a pure and noble nature wrestling with an unlawful love, produced by magic, the mediæval fate ; a longing

Which, dogged by fear and fought by shame,
Shook her weak bosom day and night ;
Consumed her beauty like a flame,
And dimmed it like a desert blast,

till she died of it.

Hood's drowned girl, " young and so fair," but " weary of breath," because of sin and the sorrow and shame it brings, has passed into a proverb ; Browning can draw erring sisters with-

out stoning them. These great and gentle men loving chastity and living purely, were large-hearted enough to love the sinner while hating the sin ; but it remained for him who painted the *Girhood of Mary Virgin* and the *Blessed Damosel* to say the last deepest word upon the sorrow and shame of her who bears the curse of an imperfect, perhaps rotten, civilization. Every woman must love and bless the author of that remarkable, subtle, and powerful poem, *Jenny*. Nowhere is reverence for womanhood and love of chastity more touchingly expressed than in this picture, seen from the standpoint of an amiable worldling, as unconscious of his own degradation as of his hideous personal responsibility for what he sees. The one poignant element in this deepest of tragedies is the desecration of youth and beauty and womanhood. There is no dark arch or black flowing river, no hunger, poverty, or homelessness ; the degradation is enough. Jenny's faults are neither palliated nor excused ; whether her fall be due partly to her own, or wholly to another's sin, is unknown. She is wealthy, her carriage wheels splash mud on the virtuous, in the heyday of youth, beauty, and health, by no means weary of breath ; yet her life is one horror, her luxury more piteous than any long-drawn martyrdom of sickness, pain, or want. She is not heroic, she is " lazy, languid, laughing ;" her beauty, though moving, is not unusual. The horror is that this degraded Jenny sleeps " Just as another woman sleeps ! " Watching that sleep, the thoughts of the careless sinner grow deeper and more solemn till he cries :

What has man done here ? How atone,
Great God, for this that man has done,
And for the body and soul, which by
Man's pitiless doom, must now comply
With life-long hell, what lullaby
Of sweet forgetful second birth
Remains ? All dark.

At last, at the end of all the ages, the blame is laid at the right door. No more babble of youthful follies, youthful pleasures, of being no man's enemy but his own ; no longer " the woman tempted me and I did eat," but plain speaking, things rightly named. And

what a picture of the pitiless vice that
laid Jenny low !

Like a toad within a stone
Seated while Time crumbles on,

* * * *

Which, living through all centuries,
Not once has seen the sun arise ;
Whose life, to its cold circle charmed,
The whole earth's summers have not warmed,
is that callous, selfish, cruel vice.

Now turn from the Inferno to the
Paradiso, from Jenny to her whose
"eyes were deeper than the depth of
waters stilled at even ;" and who sighs
for her lover in her beatitude thus :

When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light,
As unto a stream we will step down
And bathe there in God's sight.

The gentleness of this lyric love which,
Browning tells us, is "all a wonder
and a wild desire," is best shown under
repulse. Snodgrass's "If of herself she
will not love, nothing can make her,
the devil take her !" is somewhat
crude ; Tennyson's "If praying will
not hush thee, Like a rose leaf I will
crush thee, Fairy Lilian !" scarcely
kind. Nor is the doubt, "Is it well
to wish thee happy ?" exactly benign.
But there are those for whom Brown-
ing's *Last Ride* is a reconciliation to
all the sorrow and failure of life :

Since nothing all my love avails,
Since all my life seemed meant for fails,
Since this was written and needs must
be—

—My whole heart rises up to bless
Your name in pride and thankfulness !
Take back the hope you gave — I claim
Only a memory of the same.

And this divine poem is but one of
many instances of Browning's noble
and gentle conception of love. *The
Lost Mistress* touches the same lofty
chord ; "Would it were I had been
false, not you, I, that am nothing, not
you that are all ;" like *Andrea del
Sarto*, it reproaches with tenderness
and noble self-forgetfulness. How dif-

ferent from the torrent of angry scorn
in *Locksley Hall*, the passion, that
"left me dry, left me with the palsied
heart, and left me with the jaundiced
eye !" "Weakness to be wroth with
weakness, woman's pleasure, woman's
pain." The lover complains that Amy
never loved him truly, for "Love is
love for evermore." Yet he cannot
continue to "love her for the love she
bore ;" for she is "unworthy," "hav-
ing known me to decline," etc. He
threatens her with an "eye that shall
vex her." "Perish in thy self-con-
tempt," he cries. One feels that Amy
was not such a fool after all. This
"What care I how fair she be" strain
finds no echo in the gentle and gener-
ous Arnold—

I must not say that she was true,
Yet let me say that she was fair,

begins *Euphrosyne*, which ends—

On one she smiled and he was blest ;
She smiles elsewhere — we make a din !
But 'twas not love that heaved her breast,
Fair child ! it was the bliss within.

Is this exceeding deference and ten-
der love for women well ? It is very
well. Well for women, better for men,
because reverence and pure love are
the most uplifting and vitalizing of
qualities. And surely these nobler
ideals of the lyric love, that is "so hu-
man at the red-ripe of the heart," will
raise women as meaner ones have de-
graded them. For there is scarcely a
feminine foible or fault not due to that
deepest feminine instinct to please the
peevish, ungrateful sex that is always
girding at women. Our age has seen
womanhood freed from much oppres-
sion, lifted from the inane of weak sen-
timentalism and the narrowness of
bourgeois limits, to the "ampler ether"
of intellect, art, and affairs. Women
are acquiring rights ; they will remem-
ber that these involve not lessened, but
increased, responsibilities.—*New Re-
view*.

THE FOLK WHOSE VOICE WE HEAR.

BY EDWARD A. IRVING.

WHEN Europeans in the Straits Settlements fall sick, they either die, as a rule, or go home. But when they only fancy they are sick, they go up to a Government bungalow on a hill three or four thousand feet high to "re-cruit." They take their thickest winter clothes out of the wardrobe, to eke out the illusion that they will be really cold, and they bring with them great store of "Europe" provisions to help in the process of recruitment. They usually go up in pairs; and these two having become very intimate, one with the other, they generally quarrel after three or four days and jog down again, a quarter of a mile apart, without speaking.

On one of these occasions my companion, during the intimate stage of the period, told me the following story as we sat on the verge of the mountain-top throwing occasional pebbles into the tree-tops below. In the lonely silence the story seemed probable enough. Whether or not it will appear so when read in a European environment, I offer no conjecture.

The name of the man who told me the story would sound incongruously, and the name of the man of whom he told it is not easy to pronounce. So I shall call them respectively the Man from the West and the Man of the East. The Malay boatmen who constitute the remainder of the *dramatis personæ* will be found to be *personæ mutæ*, and their names need not be mentioned.

The Man from the West and the Man of the East were fellow-farers up a great river which ran down to the sea through a great jungle that only here and there had been opened by the hand of men. The river was full of snags and rocks and shoals; and for a week, day after day, the boatmen had been poling and towing their boat up against the stream, over sandbanks and through rapids. But on the eighth day, in the afternoon, they were come to the place that was called the Rapids of the Folk whose Voice we Hear.

There, for a mile or more, the river runs down among great rocks with wonderful swiftness, till it comes to the base of a high cliff—deflected by which it makes a sudden bend to the south, running along under the cliff in a deep and troubled current. On approaching this part of the river, boats bound up-stream proceed as follows: They hug the right bank* (the opposite side to the cliff), where the water lies smooth and shoal, till they reach the "bend;" and there the crew must leave the boat and tow her with a line from the shore. If there is a dexterous hand at the steering-paddle, she will swing out through the whirlpool at the "bend" till she comes close, but not too close, to the face of the cliff; and then she will go about and run quietly up through the first rapid. But it wants but a single stroke of the paddle too many, and the swing of the water will lift the frail craft and dash her to pieces against the sheer side of the cliff.

On the occasion to which I am referring, the passage of the rapid was successfully accomplished, and the boat was moored for the night in a shallow back-water; and there and then the Man of the East told the following story to the Man from the West, which the latter subsequently re-told to the present writer.

Yes, sir, by Allah, I am enchanted; and, by Allah, I have *seen* the Folk whose Voice we Hear. (He was a little pock-marked man, with restless fingers, and red eyes that were always peering up and down the river.) And if thou wilt listen, I will tell thee the story of it; but the story is not yet ended.

At the very beginning, when I had but newly reached the fulness of my manhood, fourteen or fifteen years of age, before the white men came—in those days the Sickness of the Good

* With Malays the "right bank" means the right bank as you go up-stream.

Folk was upon us. In those days no matter for laughter was the sickness, when not yet had the white men brought the charm of "planting."* The sickness was heavy on our house, and I too was sore smitten, as thou seest. And first my mother died, and then my elder brother. But when I fell sick, my father was frightened; and he left me in the house alone, saying he would go down-stream for a charm from the witch-doctor. Now when he left me he shut the window, but he bade me shut the door from within. This I did; but because the sickness overcame me, I had not strength to get back to my bed; and so I lay there on the floor all through the afternoon, half alive and half dead. Suddenly a Girl came beside me where I lay. In her ears were swamp-lilies, and her skirt was red and white like the orchids in the marsh. Ah, sir, the beauty of the features of her! She stooped over me and she kissed me; and her lips and breast were warm like the lips and breast of a woman. Sir, I am an old man, and vain to me are the ways of women; but then I was young; and as she kissed me, me that for three days had eaten not at all, my heart leaped within me, and my sickness was gone like the dew when the sun shines upon it, and from a dead man I was whole. I asked her if she was not some chance guest, and I told her of the sickness—for in those days the Sickness of the Good Folk was more dreaded than a tiger. But she played with my words, smiling on me; and I, who was but then at heaven's gate, felt life stir within me. And she abode with me till the night was spent.

But before the dawning, at the hour the fires are lit, she arose and bade me farewell; though with tears I begged that she should stay. Then said I, "If thou must begone, give me a love-token as a remembrance of thee." Said she, laughing, "Do thou, first, give me my keepsake; give me thy dagger with two edges and the ivory hilt carved like a girl's hand." So I gave it to her, wondering a little that she should know of it, for it was hid-

den away in the cupboard. When she had taken it and thrust it into the knot where her skirt was twisted over her bosom, she took a necklace from her neck and kissed it and gave it to me. It was a necklace of jungle root, and on it was strung a piece of silver, not like the dollars we men use, but four-sided, pierced with a hole. Such is the money of Those whose Voice we Hear.

I took it laughing, and I said, "I will keep it and think of thee, and if I fail to do so, cursed be my lot." She laughed not back, but answered me, grave and slow. Said she:

"So be it, and farewell. While thou hast my pledge, farewell; and when thou hast it not, then shall I take it from thee. Kiss me shalt thou not again till the day when thou, faring up-stream, shalt leave thy boat and sail back with me down-stream."

Those were the words she said: "When thou hast it not . . ." Allah—*Allahi ill-Allah!*

So she spoke, and went her way; and while I wondered that she should have gone so quickly, I heard my father calling from without. "Thou in the house, undo the door!" Then first I knew, and feared and marvelled; for the door was still tied, as I had left it, with rattan from within. But when my father saw me, he laughed and said, "Little need is there for magic to treat this sick man." For truly I was whole. But the token and the story of it I hid from him.

So I grew to be a man, sir, and married a wife, and begat sons and daughters (Yusuf was my youngest-born; very clever at the carving of a kris-handle was he); and I did this and that according to the customs of the Malay men. And the piece of silver of the four sides I kept safe, as the Girl bade me. At the first I thought often of her—To-day will she come? To-morrow will she come? But as I grew old I cared more how to find my daily living. (That is the custom of the Malay men, sir; when we are young, we hold women in desire; but when we are old, we think of religion and of the sadness of the transitory world.) So that in the end I remembered her at times only, and not clear-

* The Malay term for vaccination is *ka-tum-boh an*, meaning "planting" or "grafting."

ly, but rather as a log drifts in the current—half sunk and half afloat.

But last year, in the month of the Beginning of Spring, my last-born son, Yusuf, was twelve years old, and entered into the religion of Islam with all the ceremonies that are befitting—so far as I could make shift, being, as I am, no rich man. And in the midst of the ceremonies I bethought me of the piece of silver of four sides. I searched in my box and found it, and gave it to Yusuf to hang round his neck as a charm; but the story thereof I hid from him.

Not many days after that, when the ceremonial had been accomplished, early in the month of the Ending of the Spring, I went up into the jungle to look for ebony-wood for a dagger-hilt—following an order of my Raja to me. Yusuf saw me go, and called out to me, "Oh, father, wait for me!" And I called back, "Come, let us go together." So we fared into the old jungle looking for the ebony-wood. (No, sir, the ebony-trees grow not here. That place is still a day's poling upstream; to-morrow I will show it thee.) So we went through the old jungle looking for the wood. The road was but a little footpath where but one could go at a time, and I was going before, and Yusuf behind me a few tens of fathoms. But because the path was tangled with brushwood and thatching palm, and was not very straight, we could not always see one another though we knew we were close together. So we fared in this wise half a day, or not so long, when down the path to meet me came a Girl. Her skirt and her hair were wet from bathing; in her ears were swamp-lilies; and her skirt was red and white like the orchids in the marsh, and it was twisted under her arms and across her bosom in a knot; and her hair was loose and dripping over her bare shoulders. But her face I little heeded, sir; for I am an old man, and care no more for women. Said she, "O old man, whither art thou wending?" Said I, "To cut ebony-wood, O my mistress." Said she, "Wherefore, old man?" Said I, "For my living, O mistress." Said she, "What thou hast, to give away! what thou searchest for, not to

find! O fool!" And she pointed on me with her hand.

Then a very great fear fell upon me, and the breath failed my body, for I saw that in her hand she held a dagger with two edges and a hilt of ivory carved like a girl's hand. I remembered her as I had seen her that day of long ago—as then fair and young, so now fair and young. And I remembered the law of the piece of silver that she gave me: *When thou hast it not, then shall I take it from thee.* But when I looked up, to beseech with her, she was gone.

Then I called back to Yusuf, "O Yusuf, bring me that piece of fairy money." He answered not. The path was crooked and narrow; I saw him not. I went back to meet him; I met him not. But his footprints I found straying from the path, and by his were other footprints—little footprints of a woman.

The slot I followed all the afternoon, through the old jungle, over the mountain, down the mountain, into the marsh. And at times I heard her laugh, and at times I heard him call, "O father, come;" and at times I heard nothing but the forest noises only. And at nightfall I came to the side of a lonely sea; thither the footsteps of the boy and of the Girl led side by side; and then there were no more.

What more is there to tell? That Thing was of Those whose Voice we Hear. Surely she was angry with me when I gave my youngest son the piece of silver; even as she had said, "*When thou hast it not, then shall I take it from thee.*" Wherefore is my son Yusuf pixie-led, to serve her in the fairyland.

But for what she said, "*Kiss me thou shalt not again till the day when thou, faring up-stream, shalt leave thy boat and sail back with me down-stream,*" I know nothing yet. That doom is not yet run. Yet to-day, to-morrow, who can tell? For these rapids are haunted, sir.

[For us on the mountain-top the sun still hung clear of the horizon. But on the plain at our feet the blunt shadow of our mountain, pushing and wid-

ening across the distances, like the prow of some huge ship, was making premature nightfall. Up to this point the Man from the West had told his story glibly and confidentially, as an unlikely tale should be told. What remains he told nervously, in the half-jesting way of an Englishman who deprecates ridicule. He told the story in homely vernacular, but I find myself thinking in Malay as I recall it; while vivid pictures of the locality start up in my memory.]

He said that after supper they lay down to sleep in the boat—he and the Man of the East under the mat-shed awning in the middle, and the boatmen in the bow and stern. When he awoke, the moon was shining bright. He looked to his side where the Man of the East had lain down to sleep; and he was not there. He went out from beneath the awning, and he saw the cliff, on the other side of the river, checkered black and white in the blue moonlight, with ferns and saplings and creepers on the face of it; and the river racing at its foot below, silver upon black. In the middle of the stream, right where the depth of the water begins, there is a great flat rock, which the Malays call the Unhallowed Rock, by reason of the danger that it is to boat-farers up and down the river; and on the rock the Man of the East was standing, naked to the waist, with the bright water dripping from him. The Man from the West called to him by name; but he did not answer or move, but stood peering up the river, listening and watching and waiting.

Then from far up the river, out above the noises of the night, the shrilling of the cicadas, and the wash of the whirlpool, there came a sound which the Man from the West says *might* have been the night-jar's call, but which at the time he recognized as the sharp, harsh Ha! ha! ha! ha! (a sound unmistakable, I should say, for any other sound on earth) of boatmen paddling furiously down-stream. Louder and nearer, louder and nearer it grew; and before there was time to wonder what thing it should be that would race through the death of the

rapids in the night season, it seemed to sweep round from under the shadow of the trees on the left bank to where the water leaps and boils against the cliff.

Here unfortunately the story was told with much hesitation. The Man from the West says that he was so bewildered with the noise of the shouting that he could swear to nothing else. It *seemed* as if the whirlpool were cleft by a flying furrow of water, trailing off into sharp curves right and left, like the wave from the prow of a row-boat. It *seemed* as if the furrow were churned on either side into flashes of foam as though from the strokes of furious paddles. But neither boat nor men were there, only the noise and the swift furrow gleaming in the moonlight. Down to the Unhallowed Rock it bore, till that strange wash rocked the human boat at her moorings; and the cry of the unseen boatmen (if boatmen they were) rang and re-echoed from the cliff, till all the river was full of the sound. But as it seemed to sweep by the Unhallowed Rock, in one blank moment the shouting and the churning of the water were cut off as if they had never been. The music of the jungle droned out again over the still night, and the boat at her moorings crunched upon the pebbles in the wake of the Thing that had passed; but the Unhallowed Rock lay bare in the moonlight, and the Man of the East was gone.

The Man from the West says that then for the first time he observed that the boatmen were awake and watching with him. He says that they were smitten with terror, and passed the rest of the night at their prayers.

The next day they went on their way up the rapids, and reached the place whither they were bound in safety, though short of their number by one man.

But before they unloosed from their moorings, the man who told me this story says that he waded out to the Unhallowed Rock, where last the Man of the East was seen. The current runs swiftly along it on the farther side, and at its tail, down-stream, it lies a few inches below the surface, all covered with thick green slime. There,

six feet from the dry portion of the rock, and at the very edge of the submerged portion, where it sheers into the rapid, something lay yellow in the weeds. The ripple ran across and blurred it, but it looked like a dagger with an ivory hilt. The man who told

me the story says that he fished for it, whatever it was, for several minutes with a boat-hook, till at last by an unlucky touch he pushed it over the rock's edge into twenty feet of water, and he saw it no more.—*Blackwood's Magazine*.

THE COMMONS AT WORK.

BY MICHAEL MACDONAGH.

"HATS off! Way for the Speaker!" With these words of command the opening of every sitting of the House of Commons is heralded. They strike the notes of the supremacy of the Speaker, and the reverence paid to his exalted position, which are so noticeable during a sitting of the House of Commons. The command is uttered in the Lobby, or ante-chamber of the House, by the inspector of the police on duty in and about the Palace of Westminster, just as the Speaker emerges from the corridor leading from his residence.

This appearance of the Speaker is not without an element of stately picturesqueness. First comes an usher, then the sergeant-at-arms with the mace upon his shoulder, followed by a couple of doorkeepers dressed like the usher, in low-cut waistcoats, short jackets, knee-breeches and silk stockings; then the Speaker in his huge court wig and his long gown, which is held up by a train-bearer, followed by the chaplain in a Geneva gown, and, lastly, two more doorkeepers attired, like all the figures in the procession, in sober suits of solemn black. As the procession slowly treads its way across the bright tessellated pavement of the Lobby, while the members stand by with heads reverently uncovered, its sombre hue is emphasized by the ornate frame in which it is set—the richly-moulded gray walls, the wonderful oak carving, the stained-glass windows, the fretted roof with its multi-colored grooves, and its dependent electric light chandeliers in heavy brass—all of which help to make this famous vestibule of the House one of the most beautiful architectural features of the

Palace of Westminster. The procession disappears through the open portals of the House; the members in the Lobby crowd in after it. The doors are then locked, and the voice of the principal doorkeeper crying "Speaker at prayers" is heard resounding through the Lobby.

Only the occupants of the Ladies' Gallery have the privilege of seeing members at prayers. All other "strangers" are rigidly excluded from the chamber. The ladies are probably permitted to look on at the ceremony, because cooped up as they are, most ungallantly, behind a thick, heavy brass network known as "the grille," their presence can hardly be regarded as an intrusion that is felt at this solemn part of the proceedings.

When the doors are closed behind the procession, the Speaker walks up the floor of the House, bowing low to the empty chair which he is about to occupy, and accompanied only by the sergeant-at-arms and the chaplain. The train-bearer and the doorkeepers stop at the Bar. The Speaker does not take the chair at once, but stands at the head of the table with the chaplain by his side. Then in the silent Chamber three brief prayers are impressively recited by the chaplain, while the responses are given in a solemn voice by the Speaker. One prayer is for the Queen, another for the Royal family, and the third is that the deliberations of the Commons may be conducted "without prejudice, favor, or partial affection." The members stand in their places on the benches, fronting each other, with the floor between, until, after the prayers, the collect, "Prevent us, O Lord," is recited,

when they all turn round and face the wall. Service over, the Speaker enters the chair, and the chaplain retreats backward, bowing to the Speaker, at every few steps of his retrograde movement, and not unfrequently colliding with members who throng the floor, until he reaches the refuge of the Bar, when, making his final bow to the chair, he disappears through the now open swing-doors of the Chamber. At the same moment a subdued noise of rushing feet is heard in the galleries. "Strangers" are now being admitted to the House. The representatives of the Press enter over the Speaker's chair, and the general public come in at the other end over the portal of the Chamber.

The visitor looks around and sees many objects and personages which the newspapers have made familiar to him by name, and he falls at once under the influence of the stirring memories and great associations of the place. He regards with awe the high canopied chair, surmounted by the arms of the kingdom, at the head of the Chamber, and looks with becoming reverence on Mr. Speaker in his big gray wig and black gown. Beneath the Speaker, at the head of the table, sit the clerk of the House and the two assistant clerks in short wigs and gowns, like barristers in the courts of law—they always receive new wigs when a new Speaker comes into office—busy discharging their multifarious duties, such as sub-editing the "Orders of the Day," questions to Ministers, amendments to bills, notices of motions handed in by members, and taking minutes of the proceedings for the Journals of the House. The table is indeed a "substantial piece of furniture," as Mr. Disraeli described it on a famous occasion when he expressed his delight that it lay between him and Mr. Gladstone, who had just made a fierce declamatory attack upon him. It contains volumes of the Standing Orders and Sessional Orders, and other works of reference in regard to the procedure of the House, and also pens, ink, and stationery for the use of members.

At the end of the table, on either side, are two brass-bound oaken boxes. These are the famous "despatch-boxes,"

on which Ministers and ex-Ministers lay their notes when addressing the House, and, following the great example of Mr. Gladstone, thump to give emphasis to an argument. Both boxes contain marks and indentations which have been caused by the big signet-ring which Mr. Gladstone wore on one of the fingers of his right hand, when at times in power on the Treasury Bench, and at times in Opposition on the Front Bench at the other side of the table, he brought his clenched fist, while speaking, with tremendous force on the one box or the other.

But of all the objects in the House which awaken historic memories, the mace, perhaps, is the most potent. It lies a prominent object, when the Speaker is in the chair, on raised supports at the end of the table. It is of wrought brass; its large globular head is surmounted by a cross and ball; its staff has several artistic embellishments, and the whole is so well burnished that it glistens like gold.

From the carved oak-panelled walls of the Chamber on either side of the table, slope down five rows of benches, upholstered in dark-green morocco leather. Those on the Speaker's right are the Government benches, the benches of the "ins," or the party in office; those on the Speaker's left are the benches of the "outs," or the party in the cold shades of Opposition. Between the two sides is a broad floor covered with a rough fibre matting. The rows of benches at each side are divided in the centre by a narrow passage, with steps that run up from the floor to the wall. This passage on either side is called "the gangway," and has its own special political signification. Members who sit above the gangway—that is, nearer to the Speaker's chair and the table—either on the Government side or on the Opposition side, are regarded as the out-and-out or orthodox supporters of the recognized leaders of their party, while those who sit below the gangway are supposed to be somewhat independent of the occupants of the front bench on their side of the House. The Irish Nationalist members have since the rise of Mr. Parnell in 1880 sat below the gangway on the Speaker's left in

permanent opposition, no matter what party may be in office; but the respective followers of the two great political parties, the Conservatives or Unionists, and the Liberals, cross the floor according as their party is "in" or "out."

Lower down the Chamber, on the Opposition side, and close to the swing-doors which form the main entrance, is the large chair of the sergeant-at-arms. Beside it is the Bar, the line of which, marking the technical boundary of the House, is raised about half an inch above the level of the floor. Over the portals of the Chamber, and directly facing the Speaker, is the clock.

The Chamber has now rapidly filled up for "question-time," which is usually remarkable—if for nothing else—for the number and variety of subjects about which members interrogate Ministers. Two or three days' notice, at least, must be given of a question. One of the clerks at the table receives the questions in writing, and they are printed, with the dates on which they will be asked, on the notice paper containing announcements of coming events, which is circulated every morning among the members. Copies of these papers are also sent to the different State departments. In each department, the questions addressed to the Minister at its head are cut out, and the answers prepared by the permanent officials of the department, without the Minister being troubled with them in any way, except, perhaps, occasionally, when the matter inquired about is of such importance that the officials think it well to obtain the opinion of their chief in regard to it. Every day's questions are then printed with the "Orders of the Day," or the daily agenda of the proceedings of the House. The answers are brought to the House, before the sitting opens, by messengers from each office, in a despatch-box, one key of which is kept at the department, and the other by the Minister in charge; and as question-time approaches Ministers may be noticed entering the Chamber with their little boxes, by the door immediately behind the Speaker's chair, which gives handy access to the corridors leading into their private rooms.

Formerly every question was read out by the member in whose name it stood on the paper, but a much simpler and more expeditious system now prevails. The questions, as they appear on the "Orders of the Day," are numbered, and the members responsible for them rise in their places when called on in succession by the Speaker, and simply say—as the case may be—"I beg to ask the Secretary of State for the Home Department question No. 1," or, "I beg to ask the Chief Secretary for Ireland question No. 44." The Home Secretary looks up question No. 1, or the Chief Secretary for Ireland question No. 44, from the bundle of answers supplied him by the officials of his department, and reads it in reply; and so on until the list of questions is completed. The questions and replies are eagerly followed, evoking cheers and counter-cheers. Oftentimes, indeed, the reply to a question which gives dissatisfaction—if it be further aggravated by the sarcastic or flippant manner of the Minister—will precipitate the House into one of the wildest, stormiest, and most passionate scenes that have ever disturbed its decorum.

Every obstacle to proceeding with legislative business being now removed, the Speaker rises and says, "The Clerk will now proceed to read the 'Orders of the Day,'" and the Clerk, with a copy of the "Orders of the Day" in his hand, reads the first of the long list of bills down for consideration. A big debate probably follows. Mr. Disraeli once said, "The House of Commons is a dull place, but there are moments of emotion." Yes, there are moments of emotion in the House of Commons which make the life of a member of Parliament well worth living. To the stranger the House of Commons is always an interesting place, and always well worth a visit. But it is most interesting on the occasion of a big debate on some important question which arouses political passions and prejudices, and brings down into the arena of the floor of the House the chiefs of the parties to fight out the issue with the keen and subtle weapon of the tongue.

A big debate often lasts a fortnight

—that is to say, it is carried on during the Mondays, Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays of two weeks, the Wednesdays being usually devoted to the consideration of bills introduced by unofficial members. The order in which the leading members of the Government and of the Opposition speak is previously arranged by the Whips of the different parties, and the Speaker, being informed privately of the understanding, calls on these members in the order appointed, no matter how many small men may, at the same time, strive to catch his eye. A member of the Opposition always follows in debate a member of the Government. The opening of a sitting, and toward its close, or before and after the “dinner-hour”—that is, from five till seven o’clock, and from ten o’clock till twelve—are considered the best and most favorable times for speaking. It is during these periods of the sitting that the “big guns” on each side are brought into action. Under the rules of the House, all opposed business must cease at twelve o’clock, and the member who at that hour moves the adjournment of the debate has the right to open it the next evening. If a member of the Government speaks last at night, the adjournment of the debate is moved by an opponent of the Government; and *vice-versâ*, if a member of the Opposition concludes his speech at midnight, a supporter of the Administration secures the advantage of resuming the debate on the following evening.

This privilege of moving the adjournment is always reserved to men of distinction. Sometimes there are many eager claimants for the privilege. There is often a good deal of parleying and wrangling about it, and it is no easy task for the Whips to arrive at a decision in the matter without wounding the pride and vanity of some of the members whose claims have been set aside. There are several reasons which explain this eagerness to secure the adjournment of the debate. A crowded House has a most exhilarating influence on a speaker, and there is sure to be a large attendance of members at the opening of the sitting. When the distinguished member who has been called upon to resume the debate has

finished his speech, some man of mark in the party on the opposite side of the House rises to answer him, in accordance with the programme arranged by the Whips. These two speeches will probably last till seven o’clock.

From seven till ten o’clock is known as the “dinner-hour;” and it is only during this period of a sitting, when a great debate is in progress, that small or undistinguished men can have the pleasure of addressing the House. Before seven or after ten the member who can only “twinkle a taper” has no chance; the member who can “flare a flambeau” then holds the field. Consequently, during the dinner-hour, when the vast bulk of the members are in the dining-room or smoking-room of the House, or are dining outside, or are at the theatre, the small men, or the new men, who desire to speak have the Chamber all to themselves. There are hardly ever more than twenty members present—sometimes the attendance falls as low as a dozen or half a dozen, and these remain, not because they are interested in the speeches which are then being made, but simply and solely because each of them is anxious to lay his views on the subject of debate before his own constituents through the medium of the reporter of the local paper who is above in the Press Gallery.

Feeble statement, pointless argument, irritating iteration, are usually the characteristics of a debate during the dinner-hour. It is then that the House of Commons is a dreary place indeed. It is then that the bore is in his element. He comes down to the House fearfully equipped with material for his speech. Papers, documents, and notes surround him while he is speaking—some being in his hands, some in his hat, and others spread over the empty bench behind him. The lot of Mr. Speaker during these dreary hours is by no means a happy one. Members can come and go as they please. If they remain in the Chamber, they need pay no attention to the honorable gentleman on his feet; they can chat and joke with each other, or double themselves up comfortably on the benches, and go roving in the land of Nod. But, save for half an hour

between eight and nine o'clock, when the proceedings are suspended, Mr. Speaker must remain in the chair, and follow, or seem to follow, all the speeches, however flat and discursive, with the deepest and most absorbing interest.

But perhaps that air of concentrated attention the Speaker habitually wears is simulated. Perhaps practice has made it possible for him to hear without heeding. Perhaps, while he smiles appreciatively at the broken-winded witticisms of the honorable member who is speaking, he is deaf to every word, and his thoughts are far, far away, gambolling and frolicking amid green fields, bright odorous flowers, balmy caressing air, golden sunshine, and sweet singing birds. Perhaps all the time the sweet murmurs of woods, or the soothing lapping of water on the sands, are in his ears. It is quite possible, indeed. We have heard more than once of the happy judge who could fall asleep during the speeches of counsel, and wake up when the sweet slumberous tones of the gentleman learned in the law had ended.

The Speaker's lot would indeed be intolerable if he were unable, during some of the dreary addresses of honorable, and learned, and gallant members, to leave his animate and apparently wide-awake outward semblance in the chair, and ramble in spirit, with a cigar as a companion, through the life, and bustle, and excitement of the Strand and Fleet Street. If a thought of this kind suddenly entered the head of a member on his feet, and if, with a view of testing its probability, he wandered a little from the subject of debate, and asked the Speaker had he got a match, or challenged him to walk on his head to the Bar, or proceed to demonstrate that the moon was really made of green cheese, would the Speaker hear him and heed him? But as the game would not be worth the candle—for the thumbscrew and the rack forever would probably be the fate of the daring member who tried the experiment at a moment when the Speaker was all alert—the matter must ever remain in the regions of philosophic doubt.

The Speaker cannot put an extin-

guisher on a tiresome member. All he can do is to call a member to order for irrelevance or repetition, and, on the third unheeded warning, to direct him to resume his speech. The House, however, shows its resentment by disconcerting cries and exclamations. A member who was once subjected to considerable interruption while addressing the House, appealed to the Speaker, Sir Spencer Compton, to put down the disturbance, saying that he had a right to be heard. "No, sir," replied the Speaker; "you have a right to speak, but the House have a right to judge whether they will hear you."

No Speaker would venture in our days to make such a ruling; but at the time it was delivered the duty of the Speaker was not so much to preserve order and decorum in the Legislative Chamber as to "speak" the opinion or decision of the House in matters of great State concern and importance, and hence his title "Mr. Speaker." But even in our days members enjoy considerable license in expressing their dissent from the views that are being laid before them, or their desire to bring an irritating speech to a speedy conclusion, by interrupting cries of "'Vide, 'vide, 'vide," without having to fear any reprimand from the chair. Cries of dissent were not so decorous as late as fifteen or twenty years ago. It was then the custom of honorable gentlemen to endeavor to suppress sentiments obnoxious to them by barking like dogs, crowing like barndoor fowls, bleating like sheep, braying like donkeys, and by indulging in coughing, sneezing, and ingeniously extended yawning.

These interruptions are, to some men, only an incentive to extend the scope of their unappreciated remarks. "If you don't allow me to finish my speech in my own way, I'll not leave off at all," said a member who was regarded as a bore. The threat had the desired effect. "I am speaking to posterity," said another member grandiloquently, in reply to his interruptors. "Faith, if you go on at this rate," remarked a voice from the Irish quarter, "you will see your audience before you." "Sir," said the member on his

legs—but, unhappily, not his last legs—“I can afford to wait.”

It must not be supposed, from some of my preceding remarks, that the House of Commons is tolerant only of the participation in its debates of men of eloquent tongues, men of great ability and knowledge, men with a pleasant knack of saying funny things, or with the dangerous gift of saying caustic things—members, in a word, who are interesting or entertaining. The House nowadays accords, for a time, to the crank, the faddist, and the bore, especially if these tiresome individuals show evidence of earnestness, sincerity, and honesty, the kindest and most indulgent of receptions. It denies its ear to no man. It will listen with pleasure to any man who has anything to say; it will listen with resignation to the windbag—the man who takes a long time to say what he has got to say—or even to a man who has got nothing to say—the man who has got

“The gift of lungs

Without, alas, the gift of tongues.”

But while allowing to every man, no matter how dull his manner or objectionable his views, sufficient latitude to give, at an opportune time, ample testimony of the faith that is in him, the House cannot stand the irrepressible bore who, determined to speak on every subject, rises, as a rule, at the most inopportune moment of the debate to give expression to his vague and ill-formed views at unconscionable length; or the member, however able, who, in his effort to instruct it, adopts the irritating tone of the pedagogue or the superior person. These members are not popular, even with their own party. But while a party cannot very well join with the enemy across the floor in showing their contempt and exasperation by shouting down some objectionable member of their own ranks, they heartily sympathize in secret with these demonstrations of disapproval.

The House is kindest and most considerate to the member who rises for the first time to address it, or to make, as the phrase has it, his “maiden speech.” He always gets precedence in a competition to “catch the Speaker’s eye.” It is well, however, that

such a member should display a certain amount of nervousness or deference, inspired by a modest appreciation of his own capabilities, or by a becoming awe of the assembly listening to his words. If, relying perhaps on a reputation made outside the House in politics or literature, he should adopt a tone of superiority, or an attitude of perfect ease and self-confidence, he is certain to arouse the antipathy of members opposite, and chill even the greetings of the political friends who sit around him. Mr. Joseph Chamberlain told a very good story illustrative of this peculiar mood of the House of Commons, which perhaps some would ascribe to its morbid self-esteem and its exalted sense of its own importance.

When Mr. Chamberlain was first elected, an old friend of his, who was also an old member of the House of Commons, came to him and said: “Would you mind, as I am an older member, my giving you a bit of advice?” “I would be very glad to have it,” replied Mr. Chamberlain. “Well,” continued the old man, “you know you have come into the House of Commons rather late, and you have come in with some sort of reputation from outside. The House of Commons,” he went on, “does not like outside reputation—it is accustomed to make and unmake its own—and, as you are going very shortly to make your maiden speech, if you could contrive to break down a little, I think the House of Commons would take it as a compliment, and you would be all the better for it.”

The varying aspects of the House of Commons during a big debate are very surprising. Members are continually entering the Chamber or leaving it by the portals under the clock. Immediately outside these portals is the Lobby—that neutral ground of the House of Commons where men who scowl at each other—metaphorically at least—across the floor of the House during a hot party debate, meet subsequently and soothe each other’s ruffled feelings by retailing racy stories. But it is now ten o’clock, and the House is rapidly filling up again in every part. Many of the members who crowd the benches are in evening dress. They

have been dining out, or attending some other social function, or have been at a theatre and have hurried away to the House in order to hear the two concluding speeches of the debate. It has been arranged that some leading member of the Opposition will speak shortly after ten o'clock, and that he will be followed on behalf of the Government by a distinguished occupant of the Treasury Bench. After that, probably about twelve o'clock the division will be taken.

Accordingly, about ten o'clock a small man—small, that is, in reputation and not physically—who has been so fortunate as to secure the last chance of the unimportant men during the "dinner-hour," brings his speech to a conclusion and sits down. Then follow the two speeches which every one in the House is so anxious to hear—the last attack by the leader of the Opposition and the defence by the champion of the Government. The House is moved by great excitement during the delivery of these speeches. There are cheers and shouts of defiance; and statements and denials; charges and recriminations are hurled across the floor of the House. It is on such an occasion that the advantages of a diminutive Chamber are seen and appreciated. The gaslights stream down through the glass panels of the ceiling on a House that is now crowded to its utmost capacity. Every member present may not be comfortably seated; but in a small Chamber like this all can command a complete view of the situation and hear the speeches distinctly. This tends to keep the debate at a high level. The audience are not compelled to give a strained attention to the orator. They are therefore more susceptible to the music of his periods, and their cries and acclamations, reacting on him, inspire him to higher flights of eloquence.

There is also a great rhetorical advantage or aid to invective in having the rival political parties on different sides of the Chamber, separated by a broad floor. With the enemy straight before him the orator can point the finger of scorn at them with tremendous effect. This was a favorite gesture of Mr. Gladstone during his pas-

sionate and emotional speeches. Flinging himself almost half-way across the table, and shooting out his right arm, he would point the extended forefinger at the occupants of the front bench opposite, his face ablaze with righteous indignation and infinite disdain in his voice—while they, instead of being transfixed in mental agony, beamed with delight that they should be the objects of the great orator's fiery rhetorical wrath.

But the last word has now been said. The great debate has closed, and now comes the division, which is often—especially when the result is uncertain—the most exciting and most dramatic episode of the debate. Let us suppose that the debate is on the motion for the second reading of some big Government measure, like the Home Rule Bill, or the Bill for the Disestablishment of the Welsh Church. Mr. Speaker rises in his chair, and puts the question: "The question is, that this bill be now read a second time. As many as are of that opinion will say 'Aye.'" A deafening shout of "Aye" arises from the Government benches. "The contrary, 'No,'" continues Mr. Speaker, and a thunderous volley of "Noes" comes in response from the Opposition side of the House. "I think the 'Ayes' have it," says Mr. Speaker. The Speaker always decides in favor of the side supported by the Government, unless the motion be of a non-party character, when he decides according to the volume of sound from the "Ayes" or the "Noes." But in most cases the decision of the Speaker is not accepted. The Opposition again roar out: "The 'Noes' have it," and thus the division is challenged.

The Speaker then gives the order: "Strangers will withdraw;" and at the same moment the electric bells which are set up in profusion all over the precincts of the Palace of Westminster—in every corridor and in every room—ring out a summons to members to hurry to the Chamber, as the division is about to be taken. The policemen who are on duty in the lobbies and corridors also shout "Division!" with all the strength of their lungs, and so, amid the tingling and the jingling of the electric bells, cries of "Di-

vision" answer other cries of "Division" in every part of the palace.

This ringing and shouting continues for two minutes—marked by a sand-glass in front of one of the clerks on the table—which is the time it is supposed a member would take to get to the Chamber from the most distant point of the members' quarters. Into the House the members come rushing breathlessly from dining-rooms, library, and smoking-rooms, while the sands in the glass are running their course. At length the Speaker makes a sign to the sergeant-at-arms, and the doors of the Chamber are locked. They cannot be opened again until the division is taken. It often happens that a tardy member, arriving just a moment too late, has the doors slammed right in his face. This is what occurred when the newspapers announce that Mr. Robinson or Mr. Jones was "shut out."

The question is again put in the same form by the Speaker. There is still time for those who have challenged the decision of the Speaker to give way; and occasionally they do give way when the question is not of great party importance. But on this occasion the second declaration of the Speaker, "I think the 'Ayes' have it," is answered again by a shout from the Opposition benches, "The 'Noes' have it." The die is now cast. The division lobbies must decide the issue. The Speaker accordingly adds, "'Ayes' to the right and 'Noes' to the left," and names the two chief Government Whips as the tellers for the former and the Whips of the Opposition as the tellers for the latter.

The members then pour out into the division lobbies, which are two long and wide corridors or passages running round the Chamber. The supporters of the "Ayes" come up the House and enter their lobby by the door behind the Speaker's chair; the "Noes" go down the House and file into their lobby by the door under the clock. When the House is cleared the entrance doors of the division lobbies are locked and the exit doors are opened to allow the two streams of members to return to the Chamber again at the end opposite the one by which each left it. In

each lobby two clerks sit at a desk, with lists of members alphabetically arranged before them. At one side of the desk there is a large card with the leged "A to M," and on the other side of the desk another card with "N to Z." The members pass this desk in single file—each on the proper side, according to his initial letter—giving their names to the clerks, who tick them off on the printed papers before them. In this way a record of the members who take part in each division is taken, and is published as part of the proceedings of the House.

It is interesting to note that for some time after this wise and proper system of recording votes was introduced in 1836, as a result of the enormous increase of popular interest in the proceedings of the House brought about by the Reform Act of 1832, the old members regarded it with considerable disfavor, and the tellers who then discharged the task of taking the record often found it difficult to obtain the names of some of the members as they intentionally pushed past them in the division lobbies. The tellers now merely count the numbers. At the exit door of each lobby stand two of the tellers, one representing the Government and the other the Opposition, who count the members as they pass out and go into the House again—one teller checking the other in the counting, and thus obviating any dispute between them as to the result.

The average time a division occupies is ten minutes; but some big divisions, in which most of the members participate, take a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes. At length all the members have returned from the division lobbies, and the work of counting is over. The tellers appear in the Chamber, and give to one of the clerks at the tables their respective numbers. The victors will now be known in a moment. The clerk writes the figures on a slip of paper, which he hands to the principal teller of the side that has won. Immediately a roar of delight, which lasts for a couple of moments, arises from the triumphant majority. They do not wait for the announcement of the exact result. They know now that they have won—by what ma-

jority does not for the moment concern them—and they rejoice accordingly. Now we shall hear the numbers. The four tellers meet in a row in front of the table—the tellers for the victors to the left, the tellers for the vanquished to the right, and after the four have bowed simultaneously to the Chair, the principal teller for the majority reads out the numbers in a loud voice: “‘Ayes’ to the right, 298; ‘Noes’ to the left, 290.”

What a narrow escape for the Government! It is now the turn of the Opposition to shout, and so they lift their voices in exultation with all the energy they can command, while the occupants of the Ministerial benches answer back with mocking laughter and cries of defiance. “Order! order!” is heard from Mr. Speaker, and silence is once more restored. The result of the division must be announced from the Chair. The paper containing the figures has been passed on by the clerk to the Speaker as the tellers return to their places on the benches. “The ‘Ayes’ to the right were 298; the ‘Noes’ to the left, 290,” says the Speaker, and he adds, “so the ‘Ayes’ have it.” Once more the

cheering and shouting and yelling are renewed—the Government, delighted that they have won, the Opposition rejoicing over the narrow escape of their opponents.

The scene which follows a close division after a great debate in the House of Commons is one that can hardly ever be forgotten even by a spectator. The intense passion of the moment is contagious. Every one is swayed by it. Even the most staid and solemn members of our great legislature cheer and shout like schoolboys, and wave their hats over their heads, and slap each other on the back in the turbulence of their emotions. Out into the Lobby they stream, friends and opponents together, laughing and joking, and chaffing each other good humoredly; for, though they have angrily stormed at each other across the floor at exciting moments of the debate, now that all is over, amity and good-fellowship once more reign supreme. In another minute the doorkeeper cries, “Who goes home?” and the extinguishing of the great white light on the clock tower tells London that the House of Commons has adjourned.—*Temple Bar.*

THE PARISH COUNCILLOR'S DILEMMA.

A WEST COUNTRY SKETCH.

BY CHRISTOPHER HARE.

“Raise me this beggar, and denude that lord.”—SHAKESPEARE.

“ZIMON lad, thee mun goo to bed to onst; tes close on nine o'clock, an' tidden nar'a mo'sel o' good setten up no longer vor vather.”

It was Dinah Bevis who spoke, a careworn woman, whose patient eyes told of trouble bravely borne. She looked toward the tall clock in the corner of the cottage room with a sigh, for she too was weary of waiting for her husband, who had recently been elected parish councillor, and had gone to the village meeting that night.

“Do 'ee let I bide a bit longer, mother,” pleaded the boy, who was sleepily stretched out on the big settle

in the chimney corner. “I mun tell he as I've a found the nest where thik wold speckle hen ov ourn a laid in orcha'd hedge, wi vive eggs, look 'ee, an' maybe as he'll gie I a zilver drepence.”

“Hark to en, the greedy lad! What cood'ee do wi' all thik money avore Feair-time be comed agen?” asked his elder sister, with a merry, good-tempered laugh. “Tes more like as he'll gie thee a clout over ear vor biden up zo late, when thee mun be off to thy bird-minden avore vive i' the mornen. Tell 'ee what, Zimon, ef thee'll goo to bed dreckly minnit, I'll gie thee my

figgy cäke vor zupper, an' meäke 'ee zum more come Zaturday."

The bribe was too attractive to be resisted, for his imagination of good things could not go beyond those sweet dough cakes, with a few raisins, cooked on a griddle over the open hearth.

"Thee woon't vorget, Lyddy?" said the boy, as he got up, lazily stretched himself, and slowly made his way toward the steep stairs which opened straight out of the kitchen.

"An' I knows thee'll be up to vive o'clock too, lass, a-getten breakvu'st vor he," said the mother, with a look of tender pride at the bright-eyed girl, with her rosy cheeks and glossy brown hair, who looked so fresh and pretty in her pink cotton frock. "Tidden fair o' vather vor to keep we all up zo late, an' I caän't abide thik there meetens, no I caän't; tes all a pack o' voolery, vor they mid talk an' talk theysells hoarse, an' nar' a bit o' good do come on't, zimmen to I!"

"Leastways, it doant do vather no good," remarked Lyddy. "He do worrit an' plague hesell 'bont no end o' things as idden no odds to we; and look-y-zee! there be the teäties a-spilin' i' the crock."

As she spoke, she bent down over the great black iron pot which hung by a chain over the fire on the open hearth, and carefully lifting the cover, she put a fork into one of the mealy potatoes, which broke apart like a ball of flour.

"There be a main sight o' wark vor he to get done avore Zaturday," continued the older woman, as she looked up from her knitting toward a pile of old boots and tools and bits of leather in the far corner of the room, only partly hidden by a screen pasted over with picture papers.

Her husband, Oliver Bevis, was a cobbler by trade, and, to judge from appearances, he must either have a good business or heavy arrears of work.

"There be Robin Crane have a sent to ax ef zo be his boots idden mended; an' Patty Foyle, her must either caän't wait noo longer vor they new uns, as vather have a tookt the span, vor to make she."

She was interrupted in her catalogue

of working orders by the sound of footsteps outside, but before they reached the door Lyddy rose quickly to open it.

"Why, Tom Yates! who'd a thought to zee thee?" she exclaimed with a smile and a sudden blush, which belied her words.

"Do 'ee come in, lad, an' zit 'ee down a bit, an' have some nice hot teäties," said kindly Dinah Bevis with her ready hospitality. "Us be a-waiten vor Oliver; he mid be in to zupper any minnit."

The young man obeyed readily, but in a somewhat shy, awkward manner, shading his eyes with his hand as he came out of the darkness into the cheerful firelight.

"I be only jist come back vrom Chillerton," he explained; "us had to bide laäte vor to make an end ov a bit o' wark—'twur they new benches as Farmer Collins do want avore t' harves hoam. An' I zeed t' light i' the casement as I wur a gwine up street, zo I looked in, vor I've a found zummat to show your good man."

He was speaking to the mother, but he could not help looking all the time at the daughter, who only laughed at his labored speech.

"Zo there idden nar' another cause vor 'ee to come anigh we? La' bless 'ee, no!" she cried mischievously.

"Vor sheame, Lyddy!" said Mrs. Bevis. "Doant 'ee tease thik there sweetheart o' yourn. He be allers welcome, be Tom, an' he do know that. Do 'ee take care, lass, or maybe as he'll pay thee out when ye be wed, this fall!"

But there was no threatening of future scores to be wiped off in the glance of confident affection which passed between the two young lovers, and their very silence was more eloquent than words. At this moment the door was abruptly pushed open and Oliver Bevis came in. He was a short, spare man, with piercing black eyes and a crop of shaggy black hair tinged with gray, which was tossed back from his somewhat narrow forehead. There was an eager, hungry look about his face, as of one who went about the world seeking a grievance, to meet it half-way.

"La, vather dear! I do be glad to

zee thee to hoam agen!" exclaimed his wife in tones of eager welcome, as she shook up the cushion of the high-backed chair in the chimney corner. "Zupper be all ready, an' I've a zet 'ee a mug o' hot äle by the vier, vor thee mun be nigh a wore out an' hoarse wi' talken."

"Tes a true word, Dinah, zo tes, an' you be jist about right," he replied, as he sat down with a sigh of relief; then, as he looked round the room, he gave his future son-in-law a friendly nod.

"I've a give they a bit o' my mind—the lot on 'em—passon an' squier, an' Miller Dorymeade an' Varmer Yeatman an' all. Us beant a gwine vor to be drodden under-voot no longer. We mun have our rights, an zo us will, avore me an' thee be wold vo'ks—I can tell 'ee."

"Here be thy zupper, vather," interrupted Lyddy, as she brought him a steaming-hot plateful, which he took upon his knee.

There was a many-legged oak table in the room, polished until you could see your face reflected in it, and it was handy to put things down upon, but, except upon special occasions of ceremony, no one thought of sitting round it at meals. Indeed, if you consider the matter, it is so much more simple and convenient to have the plate on your knees wherever you may happen to sit down.

"They teäties be done to a turn, vather," continued the girl, with a tender look toward them; "do 'ee zet thy fork in one, tes like a puff o' flour, an' wi' zum butter an' zalt, an' mayhap a slice o' coold bacon—why tes a zupper vit vor t' Queen, zo tes!"

The cobbler gave a grunt of satisfaction, but even this dainty dish could not stay his flow of conversation.

"'T wur the 'lotments as had vor to be zettled, vu'st goin' off. Us leäboren men hav'n a gotten ha'f enough, when the law be passed as we midden wark no mwore'n eight hours vor Varmer. Suppouse us gie 'un vrom ten o'clock till six, why there'll be nigh on a day's wark to our own plot o' land avore zettlen out to wark on varm."

He paused, and Tom Yates remarked in a low voice:

"An' what about the wage, meäster? Varmer mun be a big vool vor to pay much vor the tail-end ov a day, when t' laboren man have a wore hezelf out in his own 'lotment sence break o' day."

Bevis took no notice of this objection, and went on, warming with his subject as it touched him more nearly:

"Then, too, all o' we mid like to keep a cow zo well's a peg, an' us do want a mo'sel o' grass land vor that. Zo I up an' telled Varmer Yeatman as we mun ha' thik there pasture meäadow o' his'n—ten-acre agen the Holt, nigh handy the village, tes. Bless my soul alive! Ye should a zeed 'un; he got all red i' the faäce, an' thumped the table, an' zware as he mid zo wel take an' zell his deäry o' drie-an'-thirty cows to onst! An' then passon, he stood up zo mild's a lamb, an' zays he: 'My good vo'ks now doant ye vall out; you mid have ony bit o' my glebe as you do zet yer mind on, zo you mid.' But, lar' bless 'ee, us ood'n zay thankee vor nar' a mo'sel o' ground o' hisn; tes all pore soil as he vull o' charlock an' thistles, zame as that field you do know aneath the Hangen—Priest-croft they call 'en."

All this time he had scarcely touched his supper, and now Lyddy, who could bear it no longer, broke in:

"The teäties be all a gotten coold, an' tes a tar'ble pity! Why you mid zo well talk o' taken squier's park as thik there big meadow o' Varmer Yeatman's; an' zo far's I zee, there mun always be rich an' poor, an' tid-den no use flyen agen our meästers."

"Our meästers, did 'ee zay, lass? Why us woon't have none avore long; what wi' the de'th duties an' one thing an't'other, us'll make an end o' squiers an' sich-like varmint. An' vor that park o' Squier Ingram's, why midden us goo share an' share alike wi' he? T'ood only be to cut down all they big woak-trees an' elems as spiles the grass. When zo be as we've a gotten honest leab'ren vo'ks enough in Parli-ment, why one o' these days the House o' Lards hissself 'll coom down wi' a crash!"

Oliver Bevis paused from force of habit. This was one of the grand perorations which always called forth a

burst of applause at the laborers' meetings, where he had long been a favorite speaker. His wife and daughter, good law-abiding creatures, would have been more shocked at these opinions but that they were so used to them. In the brief silence which followed, the young carpenter remembered what had been the special reason of his visit that evening. He drew out from his bag of workmen's tools an old advertisement sheet of the *Times*.

"Look-y zee, meäster," said he, "here be zummat as mid consarn thee. A travellen chap lef thickey newspaper down to our plaäce o' Zaturday, an as I gied 'en a look, I comed across your neäme, zure enough."

The cobbler held out his hand with smiling interest. No doubt the big folks up in London had heard of his eloquence in speaking at the Laborers' Union and village meetings, and had put him in the papers. But as he held the sheet close to the light and slowly made out the meaning of the advertisement, his eyes dilated with wonder and he gave a start of surprise.

"What have 'ee a got hold on, Oliver? Do 'ee read et out to we," said his wife, who was watching him.

"Well, I doant mind if I do, an' maybe you'll make head or tail on't," said he, and this was what he read aloud:

"Next of kin wanted to the late Sir Ralph Bevis, deceased, Lord of the Manor of Leyton, in the County of —. Any descendants of his father's only brother, Oliver Bevis—who left England in September, 1823, in the ship *Centaur*, bound for Melbourne—are advised to put in their claim. Application, with full particulars, to be made to Messrs. Wellburn & Sons, Solicitors, High Street, Mere."

When he came to an end there was a sudden hush of silence in the room, only broken by the harsh ticking of the tall clock in the corner. Mrs. Bevis was the first to recover her speech.

"Oliver Bevis, did 'ee zay?" she exclaimed. "Why, tes the neäme o' thy granfer too, zo well as thine, an' tes all writ out plain an' big i' the wold Bible, zo tes."

As she spoke she took down from

the shelf the worn brown leather book, and after carefully dusting it with her apron, more from force of habit than need, she laid it on the table and opened it at the fly-leaf. The date was "January 8th, 1794."

"Aye, Dinah, you be right there," replied her husband in a voice hoarse with excitement. "I minds, when I wur a little lad, granfer a tellen I all about furren parts; an' I knows he wur a native o' thickey West country, vor all he war't born to Combe. If zo be as tes the zame Oliver as he on the paper, maybe as he fell out wi's vather the squier, an' when he comed hoam to the wold country, he mun a ben too proud to goo anigh his kin. An' to think as he mid a ben my granfer!"

This astounding suggestion was enough to take away the breath of his listeners, but presently Tom slowly remarked:

"Bless my zoul alive, meäster! Do 'ee hold as you mid be next o' kin; an' as you be a gwine vor to be Lard o' the Manor?"

"Vather doant hold wi' none o' sich vo'k," interposed Lyddy, in a tone of conviction; "they mid come an' beg he on their knees vor to be squier, but he'd zay, 'No thank 'ee,' vor zure."

"You dunno nothen about et, Lyddy, you chatter-pie, an' you mid zo well hold your peace," exclaimed Oliver sharply.

His manner was so strange and abrupt that a feeling of dismay came over his wife and daughter, and Tom Yates soon found an excuse to take his leave.

All that night the cobbler was sorely troubled and disturbed in mind by dazzling visions of greatness, which every guiding principle of his life bade him despise and reject. He was torn asunder by conflicting emotions, for he had always stoutly maintained that all men were equal, that every one should have a like share of the land, and that the squires were tyrants and oppressors of the poor man. On the strength of all this he had been elected to the Parish Council by his neighbors, and how could he desert them at the first touch of temptation?

Daybreak found him still restless

and wakeful, and as the earliest streak of daffodil light crept slowly over the eastern hills and came streaming in through the narrow casement, under the thatch, he rose up quietly and went out into the open, for he felt suffocated indoors.

There was a hushed stillness in the air, for the birds were yet silent, and he felt as if the sun were rising for him alone, as he watched the cottage roofs and the tree-tops emerge from the level sea of golden mist which flooded the valley, while all else was blurred and indistinct, save the restless shimmer on the little stream by the wayside. He passed onward, a strange discordant figure, by the hedgerows, tangled with feathery clematis and black bryony and long tendrils of convolvulus, onward through the sleeping village to the rising ground beyond, from whence he could see the broad pasture meadows with peaceful cattle, and the cornfields yellow and ready for harvest, stretching on toward the foot of the downs. Nearer and almost below him was the old Elizabethan manor-house, with its terraced gardens, amid ancestral elms; and as he gazed on it with wistful eagerness a broad wave of land-hunger swept over him, and he knew in his inmost heart that no foolish dream of equality would ever make him renounce his rights.

Presently he heard the sound of approaching footsteps, and hastily drew back into the copse by the roadside, for he felt as if his tell-tale face must betray his secret to any passer-by. It was only Timothy Lever, hobbling painfully up the hill; the poor old man was crippled with rheumatism, and was later than usual that morning in going to the farm to see after his horses. Then a clear boyish whistle rang through the still air, and he saw his boy Simon come heavily along, lurching from side to side in his clod-hopping, cumbersome boots.

Oliver Bevis clenched his hands with fierce resolve; no, his son should not grow up to be, in time, such another as old Timothy. If this dream were true, he would claim his birthright to the uttermost penny, to the last rood of land. He would set all his proofs in order, and go in by carrier to Mere

that very day and see those lawyers. He took out his big silver watch; it was not much past five o'clock, but he could already see the blue smoke from cottage chimneys rising up through the haze of the valley; the village was beginning to stir and he would wait awhile, not to arouse idle curiosity. He sat down on a bank where the grass was spread with dewy flowers; yellow hawkweed and blue milkwort blossoms, autumnal crocus and lady's tresses with pearly bells, all glimmering in the dancing lights and shadows. But all the beauty of the early morning had no power to heal his distempered spirit, for he took no note of it, even when a woodpecker darted like a flash of emerald in and out between the tall fir-trees, and passed away into the blue distance, leaving but an echo of his cry.

The cobbler was at home to breakfast at his usual hour, dressed in his best Sunday clothes, and though his wife and daughter looked curiously at him, they did not venture to ask any questions. He took down the big Bible and wrapped it up in brown paper, but not until he was on the point of starting did he announce that he was going in to Mere that day. Lyddy whispered to her mother, and then ran to the door after him with a piece of figured print in her hand.

"Oh, vather," she exclaimed, "do 'ee mind vor to bring I back another yard o' thik there lilac stuff? Tes vor my wedden gownd, an' Jeäne Varden her tells I as they do make the sleeves a-blown out more'n ever to-year."

"Tell 'ee what, lass," he replied sternly, looking her full in the face with as much dignity as he could impart to his short figure, "thee'd best put all they voolish thoughts out o' mind zo soon as may be. Thee mun look a sight higher nor a journeyman carpenter, now. I'll make a leädy ov 'ee avore long, an' take my word vor't, there be many a one in zilks an' zatins as idden fit to hould a candle to 'ee!"

He gave her no time to answer, but hurried off down the road to the little green in front of the "Black Dog," where Sam Bewley, the carrier, had already arrived with his lumbering van and big patient white horse.

"What do 'ee mean, vather?" cried

Lyddy aghast. She would have followed him, but her mother called her back.

"Doan't 'ee worrit theezel, my maid; vather've a gotten a maggot in's head, but they lawyer vo'ks beant no vools, an' they'll soon tell he the rights on't, vore zure. Tidden no odds of thee do bide to hoam a bit longer; 'twull gie Tom the mmore time to get ready vor 'ee. He mid zo well make 'ee a fine settle an' a coffer, now the corner cuph'ard be done."

The good woman knew how proud Lyddy was of her lover's skill, and the girl looked up and thanked her with a pathetic little smile, though it was as much as she could do to check her tears. But the habits of a lifetime are not readily broken through, and in the poor woman's daily round of patient self-restraint any display of feeling is a thing to be ashamed of. So Lyddy put aside her trouble and anxious misgivings, and with a brave heart turned away to her work, for it was Tuesday and the washing was still about. There were all the clothes to finish drying, the starching and ironing to be got through; then she had to dig up and carry home potatoes from the allotment, to fetch water from the stream, and numberless other unconsidered trifles of daily toil.

It was after eight o'clock that evening, and she and her mother were sitting down to their well-earned rest, when the cottage door was suddenly pushed open and Jane Varden burst in like a whirlwind. Being one of that feckless, good-natured sort who neglect their own home duties, while they are always ready to do those of other people, she had offered to make the wedding dress, for in the West Country an unwritten law forbids a girl to make that garment for herself, under penalty of ill luck.

"Oh, Lyddy!" she cried in a loud, harsh voice, "I've a-bin into Mere this day vor to take our Polly to the 'firm'ry—her be allers whindlen an' like to go baek; an' your vather he wur along o' we in the van, an', bless my heart alive, how he did go on when I axed 'en about your wedden! He wur up to onst an' fit to jump down the droat ov I, an' zo I've a runned on vor to ax 'ee

plain an' vind out the druth. Be you upzides wi' Tom?"

At these cruel words, which struck her like a blow, the girl's rosy color faded away and she had to lean against the table to steady herself. But her mother promptly interposed.

"Do 'ee let the maid bide, Jeäne! Whatever be a-tellen of? He be a rare un vor a joke, be our Oliver, an' he've a-tookt you in, zo he have!" and the brave woman made a desperate effort to laugh as, with much tact, she managed to dismiss her unwelcome visitor before her husband himself came in. Meantime, poor Lyddy, who found that she could not otherwise obey her mother's signs imploring her to keep silence, hastily left the kitchen.

Oliver Bevis came in, holding up his head with an air of elation and importance, which told its own story. He was so full of his all-absorbing idea that he did not notice the silence and coldness with which he was received.

"Well, Dinah, they lawyer chaps have a het the right nail o' the head," he exclaimed as he threw himself back in his old-fashioned chair. "Meäster Weilburn he warn't to hoam hezelf, an' 't wur the young fellow, a son o' his'n, as I zeed, but lawk, he did take a main deal o' drouble, an' when I showed en the big Bible wi' my granfer's neäme in't—Oliver Bevis,—writ plain an' big, why you mid a-knocked he down wi' a feather! Then he axed I a mort o' questions till you mid zee, zo plain as plain, as he knowed I mun be the new squier o' Leyton. He be a-gwain to get my papers all right, wi' the copy o' par'sh reg'sters an' zich loike. Us mun get 'un all zettled avore long. I've axed Zam Bewley to dreve I over to Leyton i' the mornen vor to zee the plaice."

"Lar' bless 'ee, Oliver!" exclaimed his wife in dismay, "you idden a-gwine to let vo'ks know about thik there, till zo be as they lawyers have a vound out the druth vor zure?"

"No, no, Dinah; I beant zich a vool as that," he replied testily, "an' Zam doan't know as tidden i' the way o' my bizness; but look 'ee, tes gospel druth vor all that!"

At this moment young Simon came in from the road where he had been

playing tipcat with some other boys, ravenous for his supper, and there could be no more talk in his presence.

Next morning, true to his word, Sam Bewley came round in the light cart, which he kept because it was handy to fetch a barrel of beer or a few pigs or such like light goods. He seemed surprised to find that Bevis had no bulky parcels to carry—only himself in his best suit of Sunday clothes, most carefully brushed. Never had his wife and daughter known him to be so fussy and exacting, and it was with a sigh of relief that they watched him set off on his journey. Indeed, Dinah was very thankful that he should take this decisive step at once, as she hoped he would the sooner get over his inevitable disappointment, and settle down to all the arrears of work which were accumulating on his working-table.

Meantime the travellers had made a start and were slowly rumbling on down the village street, past the cottage doors, embowered with clematis and jasmine, and trim gardens gay with asters, and snapdragons, and love-in-a-maze, and tall sunflowers and many another old fashioned plant, onward up the gentle slope through the lanes, by hedgerows tangled with blackberries and scarlet bryony and feathery "old man," creeping up between the overhanging nut trees, where the hazels hung in ripe clusters. There was plenty of time to reach up and gather them in handfuls, for the old white horse was so accustomed to having a van lumbering behind him that he always kept to his heavy jog-trot, which almost seemed to bring his legs down again to the spot from which they started.

It was somewhat of a silent drive, for Oliver was afraid of betraying the purpose of his expedition, and the carrier had enough to do in the way of keeping Dobbin up to the mark, first by terms of endearment and then of reproach, which may have had some occult effect, but it was a long tedious journey before the woods of Leyton Hall came in sight. Sam was to put up at the "Bevis Arms" down in the village, where a cousin of his was employed as ostler, and where he and the horse were quite willing to wait three

or four hours before setting forth on the dusty road again. They had already passed the park gates, but the cobbler managed to find his way back to them unobserved; and although a young woman who was standing at the door of the lodge looked inquisitively at him, he went by her with a bold front, though full of inward trepidation.

All untrained as he was to the beauty of landscape, even he could not fail to be struck by the fair undulating park, which seemed to stretch far and wide, with glades and dells and richly wooded slopes. Majestic oaks and elms and sycamores formed a massive background to the copper beeches, which contrasted with dark yew-trees, from whose boughs the clamouring, feathery clematis fell in mist-like showers. Here and there a tulip-tree with golden blossoms stood out alone on a bank of soft green turf, or a cluster of Scotch firs crowned the ridge of a more distant knoll, while a broad avenue of lime-trees led up to the hall itself.

It was a spacious Georgian mansion with a great pillared portico, under which Oliver Bevis paused with a swelling heart, almost holding his breath with awe at the grandeur of the ancestral home which he had come to claim. He was somewhat surprised to find that the place was inhabited, and when he rang the bell, which startled him with a great peal, a footman in livery came to the door. The man looked at him from tip to toe with scarcely veiled contempt, and was evidently going to send him round to the back door, when Oliver recovered his presence of mind, and asked in a loud self-asserting tone—

"Who be liven here now?"

Somewhat impressed against his will by the bearing of this queer little figure, the servant replied—

"Colonel Ashton. Do you wish to see him? What name shall I say?"

"Mr. Oliver Bevis," was the reply.

As in a dream, he found himself ushered into a great hall hung with tapestry, and where marble tables and busts and strange objects and carved seats stood about; then on through another still more sumptuous room, with pictures and works of art and spindle-legged furniture, until he found

himself in a stately library, whose walls were lined with rows and rows of books bound in old leather. A moment later, he became dimly conscious that his own name rang out through the still air, and looking up, he saw that a tall man with gray hair had risen to meet him.

"To what do I owe the pleasure of this visit, Mr. Bevis?" asked a full deep voice, in courteous accents. "Your name is that of the old family who lived here," he added, after an awkward silence.

"An' zo tes, zir, you be just about right there," replied Oliver, with renewed courage. "Zo fur as they lawyer chaps can make out, I mun be the next o' kin as be axed vor on t' papers; an' zo I be comed vor to zee the plaäce, if you be agre'ble, zir?" he explained.

Colonel Ashton drew a long breath of surprise before he answered.

"By all means. Allow me to introduce my daughter Irene, as I am rather an invalid myself," he said, turning toward the great bay window of stained glass.

For the first time, the cobbler was aware of the presence of a young girl—a vision of fresh and dainty charm to his wondering eyes—who came forward as her father spoke, and held out her hand.

"I think we ought to explain to you, Mr. Bevis, that we have only taken the place for the autumn, and have no real connection with Leyton Hall or its late owner. Would you like me to show you the house?" she asked in a bright pleasant manner, while she looked with undisguised interest and curiosity at this new specimen of a "claimant."

It was like a scene out of a romance, she thought, for the man seemed terribly in earnest, and did not look clever enough for an impostor; and, as she left the room, a glance of sympathy passed between her and her father.

Oliver Bevis felt quite unaccountably shy and awkward as he followed his fair guide in silence, watching every movement, listening to every word, and mentally comparing this grand young lady with his Lyddy at home. She led him through the other reception rooms, which almost took away

his breath with their spacious magnificence, but they paused awhile in the picture gallery, full of family portraits, which had the greatest interest for him. There were men in armor, stately knights with Elizabethan ruffs, doublet and short cloak, Puritan divines with Geneva collars, admirals and citizens, bishops in lawn sleeves, and ladies of the house in every variety of costume—stiff fardingales and high head-dresses, simpering in floating drapery with attendant lambs, pictured in maiden prettiness or stately beauty by the brush of a Romney or a Reynolds.

It was bewildering indeed to the village rustic to grasp the idea that he claimed all these as his kin, and he listened with something like awe to Irene's stories of these distinguished folks, with whom she seemed on the most intimate terms.

The arched doorway opened out into the terraced garden of the Hall, and as they walked side by side between the broad flower-beds, gay with asters, and clove-pinks, and many-colored scabious, and tall hollyhocks, and many another old-fashioned favorite, Oliver felt his nervousness melt away by degrees, and he was lured on to tell all about himself, and his home, and his wife, and Lyddy. Miss Ashton seemed to take special interest in this daughter of his, who was just her own age; and at last, in an outburst of confidence—sure of his hearer's approval—he told how he meant to make an end of Lyddy's engagement to Tom Yates, the carpenter. But here a surprise awaited him.

"Oh, Mr. Bevis, surely you would never do that!" she exclaimed with sudden earnestness. "If your daughter is promised in marriage to this young man, and they love each other, you would not be so cruel as to break your word and ruin their life's happiness?"

"La' bless 'ee, miss!" he cried in dismay. "When I be the meäster o' thik fine place an all, do 'ee mean to tell I as my lass mid zo well be wife to a journeyman carpenter? Why, us couldn't have they to bide here an' meet all they big vo'ks about. He idden not to zay a bad chap be Tom, but la', he be zo homely an' rough-loike!"

The girl bit her lip to avoid smiling at the unconscious humor of this statement, but she was saved the awkwardness of a reply, for at this moment the gong sounded for luncheon.

With courteous hospitality Oliver was pressed to stay and join his hosts at table, and he marvelled more than ever at the delicate refinement of the service, the vases of flowers, the bright glass and shining silver; but he did not think much of the mayonnaise of chicken, or of the glass of claret poured out for him, while he noticed that his companions only took some sparkling water to drink. These people clearly did not know how to make use of their wealth, he thought; only wait till he had a chance.

Immediately after what he could not help feeling was a poor dinner, the carriage came round, and Colonel Ashton, turning to him with grave politeness, remarked—

"I am sorry that we have to leave you this afternoon, but my daughter and I have an engagement at a distance. You have probably put up at the village inn; can we drive you down there?"

Oliver Bevis could not resist the temptation of being seen in such high company by Sam and all the village, for his head was now completely turned by all the attention which he had received, and any lingering doubt as to the success of his claim was quite dispelled by this time. Indeed, he felt that the hour had come when he might proclaim himself to all the world as the new Squire of Leyton. Poor man! Could he have overheard the conversation about him when the carriage drove on after dropping him at the "Bevis Arms," it would have been a terrible blow to his vanity. As it was, Irene Ashton's last appeal to him was disturbing enough.

"Do promise me, Mr. Bevis, that you will not interfere with your daughter's wedding. Nothing else can ever make up to her for the loss of her lover. Let her be happy in her own way!"

There was no time for him to reply, as with a parting wave of the hand she drove away, and her words were soon forgotten in the satisfaction of being the centre of a wondering, admiring

group. Sam Bewley and the others had seen him get down from the grand carriage and pair, with a footman to open the door.

After this he felt it quite a condescension to drive off in the carrier's cart through the fertile country, rich with water-meadows in the valley below, while on the upland slopes the golden harvest was ready for the scythe; and he knew that every farm and homestead as far as the eye could reach was part of the Leyton property. And it was all to be his; nay, at that very moment, he was in truth lord and master of the whole broad country side. The thought was absolutely intoxicating, and now that his tongue was once loosed, he poured out all the pride of his overburdened heart. Honest Sam listened with wonder and dismay to this strange talk, in which he did not recognize his old friend, the village orator, the champion of the laboring man.

Presently, as they drove round a corner, they came unawares upon a row of women weeding a turnip field, or, rather, standing still, leaning on their hoes and gossiping to their hearts' content. At the sound of wheels there was a general movement, and the whole company moved on with clockwork precision, wholly intent upon their task.

"There now, look 'ee, Zam, did 'ee ever zee the likes o' that?" cried the embryo landlord, in fierce indignation. "An' to think as all they lazy drabs be yarnen ten pence or mebbe zo much's a shillen a day; why tes downright robbery, zo tes!"

This was more than the carrier could stand, and he burst out into a roar of laughter.

"Why, meäster, or Zir Oliver, as us mid call 'ee now, I can tell 'ee a tale vor to beat thik there. Do 'ee mind how Varmer Yeatman zent thy lad Zimon, last Fall, wi' all they little pegs o' his'n, down to copse vor to fill they-sells wi' acorns? Well now, to tell 'ee the druth, Varmer he wur a big vool, vor he'd a telled the childern as he'd gie they ha'f a crown a bushel bag for they acorns. Zo what does thik there Zimon do? He be all day a-dreven they pegs away vrom under the woa-trees, zo as he an' the Varden boys mid

pick up all the acorns ! Tell 'ee what —they pore little pegs mid all zo well a bided to hoam, vor nar'a mouthvul did they get ; an' then Varmer doant find they grow no fatter !"

But his companion did not see the joke of this ; he only felt that such menial labor had been a grievous wrong to his son and heir.

It was still afternoon when they reached Combe Dallwood, for the old white horse was cheered by the knowledge that he was trotting homeward.

Oliver Bevis got down at the corner, by the carrier's gate, and walked on up the village street, holding his head high, as though this common earth were not worthy of him. How mean and squalid everything looked ! The wooden bridge across the stream, the low doorway of his home, half hidden by clustering jasmine, the rough stone floor, the smoke-discolored walls of the small dark room with its narrow windows !

But what he seemed to miss more than all was the princely waste of useful space in those stately chambers at Leyton Hall. Here he and his family were huddled together ; and, in such close quarters, he felt that his wife and daughter lost much of their comeliness, while as for young Simon, in his work-a-day clothes, sitting on a stool cutting great hunches of bread and butter with his pocket-knife, he looked a typical ploughboy.

Dinah misinterpreted her husband's air of annoyance and disgust, and came to meet him with ready sympathy, eager to soothe him after his disappointment.

"Thee mun be right down wore out wi' think there long dreve, zo doant 'ee worrit vor to tell we nought about et till thee've had a cup o' tea. The pot have a draw'd well, an' tes all ready," said she. "Tidden no odds to we, vor us doant want no change, wi' a good hoam an' good childern, an' our Lyddy zo happy wi' her lad ; he've a ben here a bit by now," she added in a lower voice, with an encouraging smile at her daughter.

"Doant 'ee be sich a vool, Dinah," shouted her lord and master, with an indignant stamp of the foot. "Didn't I tell 'ee as 'twur all upzides wi' Tom Yates, an' our Lyddy mun be a squier's

leädy one o' these days. 'Twill all be zettled avore long, an' thee'll have maids an' men too, vor to be at thy beck an' call in a big house, an' thee'll ha nought to do but put on fine clothes and zit there wi' folded hands."

Mrs. Bevis gave a great start of surprise at this news, and silence fell upon the group until poor Lyddy's overwrought feelings found relief in unaccustomed tears, while she murmured to herself : "I'll never gie en up !"

It was a trying moment, but the mother, shrewd, kind-hearted woman, soon recovered herself, and her first instinct was to relieve the strain by a touch of humor.

"Why, Oliver, do 'ee just think o' me a zitten there smilen, wi' nothen to do. It do mind I o' that wold tomb-stone agen the porch in churchyard ; I've heard 'ee a tellen et out, Zimon, lad ?" and she turned to the boy who sat staring at her open-mouthed.

"Aye, mother," he replied with a slow drawl, when he had finished the mouthful he was eating, "tes loike this :

"Doant weep vor me now, doant weep vor me never ;
I be gwine to do nothen vor ever an' ever."

"That's it right enough, zo tes. He be a sharp lad, be our Zimon," said his mother with honest pride.

But as for the father, maybe he had eaten of the tree of knowledge, for he looked at his son with a kind of helpless longing to make him less like a country yokel.

"Why ever doant 'ee larn zummat better'n that ?" he asked the boy gruffly. "I do never zee thee a readen one o' they books as mid do 'ee zum good," and he pointed to the shelf over the dresser, where the *Pilgrim's Progress*, *Robinson Crusoe*, the *Farmer's Almanack*, and two or three other old-fashioned works stood in the corner by the vacant space for the old Bible which was left at Mere.

Poor man ! he had a vague, instinctive feeling that perhaps it was "book larnen" which made all the difference between one man and another.

That night's rest was only thoroughly enjoyed by the unconscious Simon, who went off betimes in the morning, whistling to his work, as usual. A

sense of miserable restlessness and discomfort weighed upon the rest of the household. The cobbler himself was possessed by a very fever of anxious expectation; he could settle to nothing, and tramped impatiently up and down, hardly knowing what he expected. The man's character seemed to have undergone a change for the worse, for though hasty and hot-tempered at times, he had always been easy to live with, but now he had become irritable and almost brutal in his home.

He had paused for a moment at the doorway, when presently he looked up as the tramp of approaching footsteps caught his ear, for he was suffering in an acute form from that heart-sickness of hope deferred, and started at every sound. It was old Martin, the postman, who always went first up to the Squire's and Farmer Yeatman's, and to Mrs. Lake at the shop; and if there happened to be any stray letters for other folks in the village, he might take them round at his leisure. As Oliver stepped out eagerly to meet him, the old man paused and began to fumble in his bag.

"Ef zo be as I zeed 'en right, there mun be zummat vor 'ee, meäster," he

remarked with a cheerful air of friendly patronage.

"Then gie'et I to onst, an' doant keep I waiten, Martin, do 'ee hear?" was the cobbler's impatient summons, in a tone of authority.

"There idden no call vor to be i' sich a dust," was the mild reply. "I've a bin all round, an' down street, an' I beänt a gwine no vurder to-morn."

As he spoke he drew out a bulky packet, and was peering closely at it through his spectacles, when it was almost snatched from his hand by his impatient companion.

"Oliver Bevis, Esq., Combe Dall-wood."

Yes, there was no mistake; the long-expected moment had come at last, and here must be the title-deeds of his estate. He scarcely knew how he got back to the shelter of his own working den, partly screened off from the rest of the cottage, and there, with trembling hands, tore open the stiff blue envelope. It contained various papers written out in clear round-hand, but it was some time before he could grasp their meaning. The first document which he opened was the copy of a burial register.

Fol. 5 No. 36	Date	Name	Age	Parish	Quality	Off. Minister
	1794 Jan. 3	Unknown (Found dead in the snow)	30 ? (about)	Stoke Melford	Vagrant	John Foster, Curate of Combe (Rector abroad) Signed, JOHN FOSTER
(See Baptismal Register, Fol. 7, No. 52)						

Extract from Register of Baptisms in the Parish of Stoke Melford, &c., in the County of in the Year One Thousand Seven Hundred and Ninety-four.

Fol. 7 No. 52	Child's Christian Name	Parents' Name	Parish	Quality	Off. Minister
Date 1794 Jan. 8	Oliver Bevis	Unknown (Mother found dead in the snow)	Stoke Melford	Vagrant	John Foster, Curate of Combe (Rector in foreign parts) Signed, JOHN FOSTER

Against this entry in the register is written in red ink: "*Mem.*—There be monstrous Cause of Complaint against Luke Barnett, Master of the Poor-house, for that in cantankerous Despite of the worshipful the Justices of the Peace, he did cause sundry Pauper Infants to be baptized in the Names of the aforesaid Justices; a sorry Jest!"

What did it all mean? The poor man stared, bewildered, at the words till they stood out like blots before his eyes. Then, almost mechanically, he turned to the lawyer's letter and read as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find copy of baptismal certificate of your grandfather Oliver Bevis, of the parish of Stoke Melford, also entry in register of the burial of his mother, name unknown. The memorandum in margin gives full details. You will observe that the date of baptism, January 8, 1794, is the same as the entry in the Bible you left with us, which is thus explained. There was a charity in Stoke Melford for distributing Bibles, and the trustee of that date appears to have given one as a christening gift to each poor child. We find by the special binding that your Bible was one so received, as it bears the official stamp of the charity, and the date and signature.

"All claim on your part to the Leyton estate is of course at an end.

"Your obedient servants,
(Signed) "J. WELLBURN & SONS."

Scarcely realizing for the moment all that these documents meant for him, Oliver Bevis, in a sudden flash of insight, seemed to be actually in the presence of that bygone tragedy. He could see the poor vagrant mother, worn out with her toilsome journey, sink down to die in the snow by the wayside, and so pass silently out of the story, leaving her orphan babe to the tender mercies of the village poor-house. Then came the child's baptism, and the gift of that very Bible which was to identify him in the far-off future, and bring such cruel disappointment upon an unborn descendant, as the fruit of that "sorry jest."

Then as the vision passed away, and

it all came home to him by degrees, the poor man bent his head down over the table and let it sink on his outstretched arms with a heavy groan, which ended in a choking sob. Yet, even in the midst of his utter desolation, there seemed to steal over him, after a time, a dim feeling of rest and almost relief. Henceforth there would be no need of strain and effort, no distracting, upbraiding claim from all the principles of his past life; he was free to be *himself*, a child of the people, and not take up another and an alien nature.

How long he had been there he never knew, when he was roused by a gentle touch on his shoulder. Wondering at the stillness, his wife had crept softly in, and his attitude of despair, together with the open letter lying by his side, had told her all.

"Doant 'ee worrit, vather dear, tes all vor the best, I take it," she whispered with such tenderness that the words were a caress. "There've a ben nought but plague and sorrow ever sence Tom, he wur zo misguided to bring that there paper; an' now us be gwine to be all happy agen! There le a fine show o' wark vor 'ee, Oliver," she added, with a smile, as he looked up at her; "an' tes just about good luck as I did'n zend back none o' they boots an' shoes," and she pointed complacently to a pile of mending awaiting the cobbler's leisure.

As Dinah sat by her husband's side, in the peaceful silence of mutual understanding, she thought with fresh gladness of Lyddy's love affairs, which would now run smoothly on to the appointed wedding day; and she was indeed thankful that Oliver and Tom had not met and fallen out. Hearsay might be got over, but angry words had a way of sticking like burrs.

When the whole story became the talk of the village, strangely enough Oliver's neighbors thought all the more of him for his unsuccessful claim, and this was their verdict.

"Look-y-zee, ef zo be as they did'n make a squier o' he, why they'd ought to a done et; an' ef he had'n a comed o' pore leiboren vo'k, zo they would, you mid be zure!"—*Longman's Magazine*.

HIC JACET.

BY H. A. LINCOLN.

MIXED and curious are the comments and histories writ by man on his fellow-man; some contain a whole life story, some record only the finale, some tell of the virtues, and some refer only to the profession of the person they commemorate. To take the last-mentioned kind of inscription, I wonder, could people return and read their own epitaphs, would they be altogether pleased with the view their relations have taken of them? Think, for instance, of the inscriptions which sacrifice, so to speak, the departed individual to his profession. His very virtues must be one with the virtues of his handiwork; no outside metaphors are allowed to intrude, everything must be technical, and of the shop, shoppy. Of this there is a very good example in Lyndford church, on the borders of Dartmoor:

Here lies in horizontal position

The outside case of

George Routledge Watchmaker,
Whose abilities in that line were an honour to his profession. Integrity was the main-spring and prudence the regulator of all the actions of his life. Humane, generous, and liberal, his hand never stopped till it relieved distress. So nicely regulated were all his motions that he never went wrong, except when set agoing by people who did not know his key; even then, he was easily set right again. He had the art of disposing his time so well that his hours glided away in one continual round of pleasure and delight till an unlucky minute put a period to its existence.

He departed this life,

November 14th, 1802. Aged 57,
Wound up in hopes of being taken in hand by his Maker, and being thoroughly cleaned, repaired, and set going in the world to come.

No doubt the author considered this a masterpiece, and probably the only drawback to his exultation came, when he realized that the person who would best have appreciated the delicate references to his trade—namely, the watchmaker himself, could not, for obvious reasons, express his admiration. Here is another in much the same style:

Thomas Jackson. Comedian.
Was engaged 21st December, 1741, to play a

comic cast of character in this great theatre—the World—for many of which he was prompted by nature to excel. The season being ended, his benefit being over, the charges all paid, and his account closed, he made his exit in the tragedy of Death, on 17th March, 1798, in full assurance of being called once more to rehearsal, when he hopes to find his forfeits all cleared, his casts of parts bettered, and his situation made agreeable by Him who paid the great stock debt, the love He bore to performers in general.

Really the dates are so near that one might almost imagine that both the foregoing epitaphs were the work of the same brain. Everything is subservient to the carrying out of the comparison. Seemingly the poor men had no parents, no wives, no relations; no non-professional event happened to them. Watchmaker and comedian respectively were they born, watchmaker and comedian were they until the day of their death, and, as far as posterity is concerned, watchmaker and comedian they will continue to be for all time. Below are two more epitaphs of a similar kind. The first is to be found in Lincoln churchyard, the second at Purfleet:

Here lives John Hyde,
He first lived then died.
He dyed to live, and lived to die.
And hopes to live eternally.

Under these stones lies Samuel Jones,
Who all his life collected bones,
And death, that grim and bony spectre,
That most amazing bone collector,
Has boned poor Jones so neat and tidy,
That here he lies in *bonâ fide*.

I am afraid Samuel Jones would not have been gratified if he had realized what this meant, for, as the joy of a new acquisition is great to the soul of the collector, correspondingly great is the chagrin of knowing that unintentionally he has been the means of helping on a rival collection. Other inscriptions are more liberal, and while still keeping the calling of the deceased well before the reader's eye, yet let a few private particulars mingle with the account of public duties. The verses on Peter Isnell (for thirty years clerk

of Crayford, Kent) furnish a good example :

The life of this clerk was just threescore and ten,
 Nearly half of which time he had sung out Amen.
 In his youth he was married like other young men,
 And his wife died one day, so he chanted Amen.
 A second he took, she departed. What then ?
 He married and buried a third with Amen,
 Thus his joys and his sorrows were trebled, but then
 His voice was deep bass as he sung out Amen.
 On the horn he could blow as well as most men,
 So his horn was exalted in blowing Amen ;
 But he lost all his wind after threescore and ten,
 And here with three wives he waits till again
 The trumpet shall rouse him to sing out Amen.

The next epitaph is still professional, but in a more serious vein. It comes from Laneham church, Nottinghamshire, and is to the memory of James Penant, blacksmith, who died in 1763 :

My tongs and hammers I've declined,
 My bellows they have lost their wind,
 My fires extinct, my forge decayed
 And in the dust my vice is laid ;
 My coals are spent, my iron gone,
 My nails are drove, my work is done.

This is effective. There is a completeness about it that gives one a grateful sense of labor finished, of a great stillness where aforetime was a continuous noise, of a cool dark place instead of a fiery furnace, and of well-earned rest after much toil. Truly, "they know who work, not they who play, if rest is sweet."

Many people seem to think that the manner of a person's death is the chief thing to hand down to those that come after. In a small country village, if a man died suddenly or was killed, no doubt it conferred a sort of distinction on his family which they were loth to relinquish, and therefore they perpetuated it on his tombstone.

AT HUNTINGDON.

On the twenty-ninth November
 A confounded piece of timber
 Came down, bang slam,
 And killed I, John Lamb.

AT EAST WELL, KENT.

Fear God,
 Keep the Commandments,
 and
 Do not attempt to climb a tree,
 For that's what caused the death of me.

AT CHELTENHAM.

Here lies John Adam, who received a thump
 Right on the forehead from the parish pump,
 Which gave him the quietus in the end,
 For many doctors did his case attend.

AT OCKHAM, SURREY.

The Lord saw good, I was topping of wood,
 And down I fell from the tree.
 I met with a check, and I broke my blessed neck,
 And so death topped off me.

What would the New Woman say to
 the following inscription ?

CARMARTHEN, 1646.

Here lyeth ye Body of Anne, ye Wife of John Phillips, of Carmarthen, Gent., born A.D. 1646, died February ye 18th, 1720. She possessed in a great Degree ye Virtue and Felicities of her sex, was ye Mother of many children, of whom six survived her. She had ye uncommon Happiness of seeing those six well settled and living all near her, in prosperous circumstances. The great Duties of Private Life she discharged with equal Prudence and Success, and was at once an Affectionate Wife and a Tender Mother. She had ye comfortable satisfaction of seeing her six children married in ye same order they were born.

Mistress Anne presumably had no cravings after women's rights. She was not one of the shrieking sisterhood ; she wrote no advanced books ; she did not hold forth in public ; she did not wear the new costume. No ! she did none of these things, and yet one cannot help thinking that she must have been a great comfort to John Phillips, of Carmarthen, Gent. Perhaps Mrs. Applewhaite's experience of married life is more up-to-date (you will notice that the husband is only casually mentioned).

BRAMFILL CHURCH, SUFFOLK, 1737.

Between the remains of her brother Edward
 And her husband Arthur
 Here lies the body of Bridget Applewhaite
 Once Bridget Nelson.

After the fatigues of a married life,
 Born by her with incredible patience
 For four years and three quarters, bating
 three weeks,

And after the enjoyment of the glorious freedom

Of an easy and unblemished widowhood

For four years and upwards,

She resolved to run the risk of a second marriage,

But death forbade the banns, &c.

One wonders how her second matrimonial venture would have turned out. Perhaps even more fatiguing!

Here lies the body of Jane Carthew,
Born at St. Colomb, died at St. Ewe;

Children she had five,

Three are dead and two alive;

Those that are dead choosing rather

To die with their mother than live with their father.

This Cornish family seems to cry aloud to the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. What a vista is opened out to the imagination! What befell these three children that they should choose death rather than life? and the lives of the remaining two, are they among the unwritten tragedies? or did they, with the help of the neighbors, assert themselves, then bury the hatchet, and live at peace with Mr. Carthew? Some people's relations in trying to rise to the occasion are carried away by such a poetic frenzy that even the name of their relative runs a chance of being left out altogether, or at the least it is much altered, and that not always with the most conspicuous success, as one can see by reading the following at Stepney:

This world is but a shadow,
And so, alas, found poor Tom Meadow
N.B. His name was Field not Meadow,
But changed to make it rhyme with shadow.

Other people delight to descant on a name, and turn and twist it in every conceivable way.

SHEFFIELD.

Here lies a man that was Knott born,
His father was Knott before him;
He live Knott, and did Knott die,
Yet underneath this stone doth lie.

Knott christened,

Knott begot,

And here he lies

And yet was Knott.

It is not every one who has the forethought and business capacities of the young landlord of the "Lion" at Upton-on-Severn (by the by the said "Lion" must have been a house of

note, as it was thought unnecessary to inscribe the owner's name):

Beneath this stone in hopes of Zion

Doth lie the landlord of the "Lion"

His son keeps on the business still,

Resigned to the heavenly will.

As I mentioned at the commencement of this article, some monuments have an epitome of a life story engraven on them. This one is to be found at Land's End:

Belgium me birth, Britain me breeding gave,
Cornwall a wife, ten children, and a grave.

Quite one of the most comprehensive and involved family histories that I have ever come across is to be seen in the parish church at Wokingham. It is too long to quote here in its entirety, but I give a few extracts. After enumerating the family and their marriages for generations, the inscription states that "Sir Richard Harrison married Dorothy, the only Daughter and Heiress of William Dean, of Nethercot, in Oxfordshire, Esq. Niece to Sir James Dean, of this Town, Gent. The Two Middlefingers on her left Hand grew together. They served together in the Civil wars, suffered the Persecution of Sequestration, Composition, &c.

"He was heir to the said Alexander's widow, and to the Widow Bowlen, the other Daughter to the said Alexander. Her husband, Thomas Bowlen, was a Coal Merchant, and greatly reduced by serving the Court, for he lost his Debt of thousands by the unfortunate King being destroyed.

"And of the aforesaid Henry Dean in the 85th year of his age. He changed this Life for a better; he was greatly reduced by lending his substance to John Hawes of this Parish, Brewer, which he lost, so that he kept a Publick House for his living Four or Five years, and afterward by King James' Civil wars more reduced. Having then nothing left but a Tenement of Three pounds a Year, he was obliged to earn his living from the Age of Fifty Years (not being used to work), for above Thirty years more till near his end by gardening. He was Patient, Healthy, of a Cheerful, Honest Heart . . . was Buried in the Middle Isle of this Church. . . . Let this deter others

lest they ruin themselves and their Family as Algernon Alexander, and the said Richard did theirs. Here you see a pattern worthy of imitation."

After all is said and done, I am inclined to agree with another epitaph

in the same churchyard at Wokingham :

Verses on tombs, are trifles vainly spent,
A man's good name, is his monument.

—Good Words.

—•••—
"JAMES FIRST AND SIXTH."

BY OLIPHANT SMEATON.

"GOOD QUEEN BESS" died at Richmond early on the morning of Thursday, March 24, 1603. An hour afterward Sir Robert Carey, who, booted and spurred, had been awaiting her Majesty's expected decease, set out for Scotland to bear the news to her successor, carrying with him the royal ring taken from the finger of the dead queen by Lady Scroop. Sir Robert arrived at Holyrood Palace, Edinburgh, late on Saturday night, having stopped on the way only to change horses and to snatch some hasty refreshment. He demanded to see the King, but was met with the intimation that James had retired to rest. The request was added that he should state his business. "Only to his Highness will I reveal my business," he cried; "but it is of the highest importance, and I must see him."

The monarch, who had a pretty shrewd suspicion what the burden of the news was, gave orders for his admittance to the royal bedroom. Then Sir Robert, kneeling and presenting the ring, hailed James as King of England, Scotland, France, and Ireland. The next day (Sunday, March 27), as the official intimation had not arrived by the hands of Sir Charles Percy, brother to the Earl of Northumberland, and Thomas Somerset, son of the Earl of Worcester, the news was not formally announced in the Scottish metropolis. The fact, however, was widely known, and excited a great commotion. The King, as usual, attended worship at St. Giles's, at which Mr. John Hall, one of the ministers of the church, officiated. After the preliminary exercises, the preacher announced as his text, "James First and Sixth." "Hey, sirs, he's at me already," cried the monarch, who ap-

pears to have had no compunction in interrupting the course of public worship with foolish remarks, as witness his celebrated wrangle with Mr. Walter Balcanqual regarding the Scriptural authority for bishops, and with Mr. John Cowper on his refusing to pray that Queen Mary's life might be spared. As the text contained an admirable epitome of the king's character, of which his own conscience must have been convinced, there is little wonder the home-thrust was not relished—"He that wavereth is like a wave of the sea, driven with the wind and tossed." Could any description be more applicable to the shifty, unreliable, craft-loving spirit of him who was yet to receive, and to accept in all seriousness, the satirical appellation of "The British Solomon?"

Not so much, however, to the actions of James as a ruler, will the present sketch be devoted, as to what he achieved in letters. That he cherished all his life a desire to win fame both as a poet and a prose writer is evident from the beginning of the preface to his translation into Scots verse of the *Uranie* of Du Bartas: "Having oft revolved and red over (favourable reader) the booke and poems of the divine and illustre Poëte, *Salust du Bartas*, I was moved by the oft reading and perusing of them, with a restless and lofty desire, to preas to attain to the like vertue." And in his twelfth sonnet in *The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie* (written when nineteen years of age) he says, appealing to the gods of mythology:

"In short, you all fore named gods, I pray
For to concur with one accord and will
That all my works may perfyte be alway:
Which if ye doe, then swear I for to fill
My workes immortal with your praises
still."

The general opinion is that James was nothing more than a chattering pedant, puffed up with a mistaken sense of his own learning and genius. But this hasty criticism, it is to be feared, is only the repetition, by critics who have not read a line of his works, of the dictum of one or two of their elder brethren whose acquaintance with his writings was confined to a few passages from the *Counterblaste to Tobacco* or the *Basilicon Doron*. But these, though meritorious enough, and withal the most popular, are the least important of James's works as a man of letters. His sonnets are, at any rate, equal to four-fifths of the verse published at that period. His translations from Du Bartas are felicitously executed, while the *Reulis and Cautelis in Scottis Poesie* are characterized by sound common-sense, wholly untouched by the taint of Euphuism—that bastard mannerism designed to hide poverty of thought under a tinsel brilliancy of expression.

James VI., though the fact need hardly be recalled to the recollection of readers, was the son of Mary and Darnley, and was born in Edinburgh Castle on June 19, 1566. He saw the light in stormy times. Scotland was already fatally rent in twain by the struggles of the Reformed and Catholic parties, the former headed by the Earl of Moray, the latter by the Queen. Much of his shiftiness and lack of honest straightforwardness has been accounted for by the shock his mother received on that bleak, stormy Saturday night, March 9, about three months before her confinement, when, just as she was at supper, David Rizzio was butchered by Darnley and his fellow-conspirators to put an end to the influence the Italian was acquiring over the Queen. Mary was a singular compound of intellectual strength and feminine weakness. More subtle by far than any of the Guises, she felt it an imperative necessity to have some strong masculine spirit whereon to lean. Had Darnley not been the weakling he was, Rizzio never would have been heard of; had Rizzio not been slain, James Hepburn, Earl of Bothwell, never would have so ingratiated himself with his royal mistress, even

though he had been a thousand times more unscrupulous than he proved himself. John Knox himself records in his *History* his estimate of Mary's talents, emphasizing once and again his astonishment at what he calls "hir craftie witt."* This quality was present in greater measure in James's nature, and, as it was not held in check by a cautious regard for expediency—undoubtedly a prime attribute of his mother's character until love rendered her reckless—he manifested those instances of gross vacillation, of which no man in his senses would have been guilty whose moral nature had not received a fatal twist. If there is any dependence to be placed on the doctrines of heredity, then James was more sinned against than sinning, and his countrymen have not been so ready to do him justice as they might, seeing their sense of fairness has oftentimes been distorted by sectarian bigotry. To the man who endeavored to sweep away Presbyterianism what toleration could be extended? Therefore James has suffered unduly, though perhaps not entirely unjustly, for his mistaken zeal in attempting to establish Episcopacy in Scotland.

But to our story. An amusing instance of obedience to the letter of the law is afforded by the conduct of the English ambassadors present at the baptism of the Prince at Stirling Castle, Sunday, November 15, 1566. The ceremony was performed, according to the rites of the Church of Rome, by Hamilton, Archbishop of St. Andrews. But, says the *Book of the Universal Kirk*, "The Englishe ambassador, the Erle of Bedford, and most of the Scottis nobles remained withoute ye dore of ye chapelle" to avoid countenancing the ceremonies of the Romish Church. The Queen's sister, the Countess of Argyle, assisted at the ceremony; for which, having "Willinglye submitted hirselt to the discipline of the Kirk last December, 1567, ye saide layde was ordaynit to mak public repentaunce in the Chapelle Royall at Striveling in time of preaching."

* See report of his first conference with Mary.

For several years James had neither father nor mother, nor did he understand what parental affection was from personal experience. After Mary's surrender at Carberry Hill, and abdication in Lochleven, she appointed as tutors to her son James, Earl of Moray, her natural brother; James, Earl of Arran and Duke of Chatelherault; the Earls of Lennox, Argyle, Athol, Morton, Glencairn, and Mar; and on August 29, 1567, when only fourteen months old, James was crowned at Stirling, the Earl of Morton and Alexander Hume taking the oaths for him, "that he would observe the laws and maintain the religion then publicly taught; preserve it as far as he could, and oppose everything contrary to it." It is well known that, when attempting to impose Episcopacy on Scotland, and on being confronted with the terms of his coronation oath, he replied that "promises could not be binding on him which were made for him by others!" Yet this reply was quite typical of his character, and of his conduct day by day toward those who were so foolish as to place any dependence on him. He was simply a moral imbecile, to whom the relative meaning of "truth" and "falsehood" had really no signification.

Regarding the infancy and early childhood of James, we have no reliable information. Were all to be credited which tradition served up as historic fact, one would be in doubt whether to regard him as rogue or fool, though the balance of testimony would incline to the side of roguery. He had everything to tempt him both to folly and vice. He was surrounded by those who founded their future advancement upon pandering to both, and who trusted to make of James the Sixth what their predecessors in the same infamous practices, had effected in the case of the "Third" of the same name. Even in his childhood he displayed that fondness for favorites which characterized him all his life—a trait in a monarch as fatal as it is contemptible.

Probably John Knox, immediately before his death perceived this tendency in the child-monarch. He advised that James should be "straitly"

brought up, contending that the passage "Spare the rod and spoil the child," was more applicable to him than to any other youth, as the future weal or woe of a kingdom depended on his discretion. He also considered that his education should be committed to the care of the greatest scholar of that age, George Buchanan, so that the boy might be weaned from his unworthy associates. Knox's advice was followed. But, alas, Buchanan had unpromising soil to work upon. James had in early years no love of learning for its own sake. His only reason for prosecuting it was that he might make a parade of his attainments and thereby excite wonder among his people. In fact Buchanan was in despair at first how to induce his royal pupil to apply himself to his studies. That the pedagogue was a severe disciplinarian is pretty well authenticated. The pert boy conceived a salutary dread of the Northern Erasmus. Long years after, he remarked of some personage about his Court "that he ever trembled at his approach, it minded him so of his pedagogue, Master Buchanan." Good old Calderwood in his quaint way relates that the tutor "didna forbeir laying his hand on ye Lord's Annoited, on that pairt of his person where stripes are safest." But another and equally well "authenticated" tradition states that when James required the rod, Buchanan was in the habit of beating another lad for the King's offences, in the hope that, the royal pity being aroused by the tears of the vicarious sufferer, James might apply himself to study to save his companion's back. But the boy king seemed to think it was quite in accordance with the fitness of things that another should suffer for him. Even in these early days his belief in the *jus divinum* was firmly grounded! Probably, therefore, the scourging by proxy would have gone on to the end of the chapter, had not the patient "floggee" at last rebelled and passed on the thrashing to the royal coward with such an accretion of interest that the latter was driven to learn for very fright's sake.

Whether this be fact or fiction, certain it is James at length conceived such a passion for learning that Bu-

chanan's troubles were over. That the great Scottish Scaliger was only permitted to instruct James until his thirteenth year must ever be matter for regret. Had Buchanan been able to complete the task he had commenced, there can be little doubt he would have eradicated those tendencies toward pedantry which are visible in all the monarch's literary work. But as the old scholar says in the Epistle Dedicatory of his *History of Scotland*, inscribed to James: "An incurable distemper having made me unfit to discharge in person, the care of your instruction committed to me, I thought that sort of writing which tends to the information of the mind would best supply the want of my attendance, and resolved to send your Majesty faithful counsellors from history, that you might make use of their advice in your deliberations, and imitate their virtue in your actions."

From his thirteenth year, therefore, James was virtually allowed to follow his own bent in his studies. Of course, as is well known, he had assumed the government in 1578, when but twelve years of age, and it was scarcely to be expected that, in those days at least, a reigning monarch should be a scholar. But as Maitland remarks, it would have been well if Buchanan had been spared a few years longer to have exercised that moral influence over James's nature which the great scholar undoubtedly possessed until his death in 1582. Certain it is, that no sooner was the wise advice of Buchanan lacking, than James relapsed into his former habits of consorting with favorites the most worthless and degraded, who deliberately pandered to the purely animal side of his nature. Esmé Stewart, afterward Earl of Lennox; Captain James Stewart, created Earl of Arran; Mombirneau, the French jester, and Francis Stewart, Earl of Bothwell, all succeeded in gaining an ascendancy over the king's mind after Buchanan had been removed by death. Perhaps the grand old scholar may have had some prophetic prevision of the troubles yet to result from the moral weakness of his pupil. In the preface to his noble treatise, *De Jure Regni*, in which, says

Sir James Mackintosh, "The principles of popular politics, and the maxims of a free government are delivered with a precision, and enforced with an energy which no former age had equalled, and no succeeding has surpassed." Buchanan, when dedicating the work to James, remarks in his manly, straightforward manner, wherein sycophantic cringing had no place, "I have sent you this treatise, not only as a monitor, but even as an importunate and sometimes impudent dun, who, in this turn of life, may convoy you beyond the rocks of adulation; and may not merely offer you advice, but confine you to the path which you have entered; and if you should chance to deviate, may reprehend you and recal your steps. If you obey this monitor you will insure tranquillity to yourself and your family, and will transmit your glory even to the most remote posterity."

Alas, the royal scholar referred to the work in after years only to make a display of his erudition, and, after he succeeded to the throne of England, to attempt unavailingly to refute its conclusions.

But with all his inclination to unworthy associates and degrading pleasures, James, from his thirteenth to his nineteenth year, had seasons of intense application to study when he recoiled from the companionship of his tempters and devoted himself to "plain living and high thinking." He was a strange mixture of intellectual strength and moral weakness. All his finer instincts were toward culture and *belles lettres*. He was dragged down, however, by his animal self to the level of the crew with whom he associated—a melancholy instance of the purely sensual element in a man's nature obtaining the upper hand. Had his minority lasted ten years longer, had he not been called to the throne until his twenty-fifth or twenty-sixth year, and during that time had enjoyed a modicum of firm, paternal control, he would not have left the mournful record he has of unfulfilled promises, or paved hell with so many good intentions.

It was in his nineteenth year, to wit, in 1585, that James first appeared as an author. In that year a thin quarto

was published, the title-page of which runs as follows: *The Essayes of a Prentise in the Divine Art of Poesie. —Imprinted at Edinburgh by Thomas Vautroullier—1585—Cum Privilegio Regali.*

This volume contained twelve sonnets in the form of invocations to the gods of heathen mythology; a translation of the *L'Uranie* of the French poet Du Bartas; a short poem on "Time;" a translation of the ciii. Psalm from the Latin version of the Psalms by Tremellius; and a brief prose essay entitled, *Ane Schort Treatise containing some Reulis and Cautelis to be Observit and Eschewit in Scottis Poesie.*

Chambers in his life of James gives a somewhat enigmatical and contradictory criticism of this volume. He remarks: "The poems are chiefly a series of sonnets which bear very much the appearance of school exercises; while the prose consists of a code of laws for the construction of verse, according to the ideas of that age; yet, compared with the efforts of contemporary authors, these poems may be said to bear a respectable appearance." Either the author of *Eminent Scotsmen* had not read the works in question and was serving up the criticism of others, or his judgment had been strangely warped. James was presenting to the world the result of the instructions he had received from Buchanan, and his *Reulis and Cautelis*, therefore, were as able a statement of the laws of metrical expression as then current, as was published for at least another century to come. Puttenham's longer treatise was only an expansion of what was set down in brief in James's little tract; while the volume which Bysshe published toward the close of the seventeenth century does not seize on the salient points of poetical composition with anything like the felicitous brevity of the royal author. For example, on the subject of rhyming he remarks: "Ze (ye) maun (must) beware likewayis (except necessitie compell yow) of *Ryming in Termis*, quhilk is to say, that your first or hinmest word in the lyne exceed not twa or thre syllabis at the maist, using thrie as seindill as ye can." Then on

the subject of verbosity he adds, "In quhatsumever ze put in verse, ze maun put in na wordis, ather *metri causa* or zit, for filling furth the number of the fete, bot that they be all sa necessare, as ze sould be constrainit to use thame in cace ze were speiking the same purpose in prose."

James had evidently studied the subject very minutely under the direction of Buchanan, the greatest metrist of his age, and the king's advice can be read with both pleasure and profit even to-day.

The sonnets, when compared with those written by his contemporaries, are worthy of praise. In the composition of this strangely constituted man, there appears a vein of true poetic sensibility, with a wealth of imagination as unexpected as it is delightful. His third sonnet, in the series of the gods, is perhaps the best. It runs smoothly, the versification being correct, and the ideas clearly and gracefully expressed as compared with the work of many of his contemporaries. The following is a favorable example of the series in question:

"But let them think in very deid they feill,
When as I do the Winter's stormes unfold
The better frosts, which waters dois congeal
In Winter season by a pearing cold,
And that they heare the whiddering
Boreas bolde
With hideous hurling, rolling rocks from
hie:
Or let them think they see god Saturne
olde
Whose hoarie haire overcovering earth maks
flie
The lytle birds in flocks fra tyme they sie
The earth and all with stormes of snow
overled."

Where James conspicuously falls short is in incisiveness and definiteness of statement. He is much too diffuse. He spreads one thought over a whole stanza, that would have gained in force by being expressed in a single line. His descriptions, too, albeit in places vigorously painted, are too minute—a minuteness that becomes tedious. He leaves nothing to the imagination of the reader. But his language is felicitous, and some of his phrases are instinct with imaginative power and aptness of presentation.

Of his translation of *L'Uranie*, Ou

Muse Celeste, by the French poet Du Bartas (Guillaume de Salluste; Seigneur Du Bartas), we need only say that it is a fairly good piece of work. The ideas of the French author, who enjoyed an extraordinary popularity throughout Europe during his lifetime, are correctly rendered, while the language employed is a reasonably faithful equivalent of the French original. James, however, did not shine as a translator. He was impatient of the fetters which tied him down to reproducing the sentiments of his author without being permitted to improve or alter where he saw fit. This will appear from the following passage, selected almost at haphazard from the poem :

DU BARTAS.

" Je n'estoy point encor en l'April de mon
age,
Qu'un desir d'affranchir mon renom du
trespas,
Chagrin me faisoit perdre et repos et repas
Par le brave projet de maint scavant
ouvrage."

JAMES VI.

" Scarce was I yet in springtyme of my years,
When greening great for fame above my
pears
Did make me lose my wonted chere and
rest,
Essaying learned words with curious brest."

The other notable compositions in the book are his rendering of Psalm ciii., his "Schorte Poeme on Tyme," and his "Sonnet Decifring the Perfyte Poete." The first mentioned, a translation from the Latin version of Tremellius, is a meritorious production, and evinces that he had profited by having the greatest Latinist since the days of Cicero as his tutor. His translations from the Latin are much superior to those from the French. It might be urged that the work was a labor of love. Emanuel Tremellius was a Jew, who, after becoming first a Catholic and then a Protestant, won the reputation of being the most accomplished Hebrew scholar of his age. His Latin version of the Scriptures had been published a few years before, and earned constant encomiums from the king, who considered his prose rendering of the Psalms well-nigh faultless. This, then, was the version from which James translated Psalm ciii. On com-

paring the two, one discovers that although the piece merits no little commendation—the elevated sentiments of the Psalmist being reproduced with great dignity and propriety—yet the king has translated the passage with a freedom that constitutes it rather a paraphrase than a translation. There are a few instances of mixed metaphor which somewhat mar its value, such as "walking with the wings of restless winds;" but, as a whole, the version is commendable, especially when his age is considered.

Of his poem "On Tyme," there is only space for passing reference. Written with spirit and considerable artistic grace, the piece is more compact, both in thought and expression, than is usually the case with the work of James. Had he only followed the excellent moral maxims he lays down for the good of his people, that land would have been blessed that called him king. Alas! that it should be so much easier to give advice than to exemplify the precepts in one's own life. Had James only practised what he was so fond of preaching to others, he would have been the best monarch that ever sat on a throne. The first stanza has somewhat of the ring of Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, or rather of the songs contained in that noble work, though James's quarto was published at least five years before the hero of Zutphen's masterpiece saw the light :

" As I was panning in a morning aire
And could not slepe, nor nawayes take
me rest
Furth for to walk, the morning was sa faire,
Athort the fields, it semed to me the
best,
The East was cleare, whereby belyve I
gest,
That fyrie Titan coming was in sight,
Obscuring chast Diana by his light."

But of his early style, perhaps the best example is to be found in his "Sonnet Decifring the Perfyte Poet." There is an easy vigor in the versification, a directness and consecutiveness in the ideas, a warmth of imagination and a lightness of touch that remind one of Dunbar at his best. We give the sonnet in its entirety :

" Ane rype ingyne, ane quick and wakened
Witt
With sommair reasons, suddenlie applyit ;

For every purpose using reasons fitt
 With skilfulnes, where learning may be
 spyt,
 With pithie words, for to express zow by it
 His full intention in his proper leid.
 The pruttie quhairrof, weill hes he tryt :
 With memorie to keip quhat he dois reid
 With skilfulnes and figuris, quibilks pro-
 ceid
 From rhetorique, with everlasting fame,
 With others woundering, preassing with all
 speid
 For to attain to merit sic a name,
 All thir into the perfyte poet be.
 Goddis, grant I may obtaine the Laurell
 trie."

As might be expected, the productions of the royal author had a great popularity. He received as much adulation and flattery as would have turned a stronger head than his. Probably the success of his first book would have tempted him to try his fortune again, and Maitland states he had gone far with a poetical paraphrase of the Book of Revelation, had the affairs of the kingdom, and especially the relations between Kirk and State, not kept him busy. With the clergy he seemed perpetually at loggerheads, the subject of dispute being the claims of the monarch to exercise control over the clergy, and the counter-claims of the ministers to rebuke James freely and forcibly when they considered he was doing wrong. Certainly, such men as the Revs. Robert Bruce, John Davidson, Andrew Melvil, David Blair, Robert Pont, Walter Balcanquhal, and other ecclesiastical heroes of the age, must have proved awkward thorns in the flesh to the self-opinionated monarch. That they sometimes permitted their zeal to outrun their discretion cannot be denied. But, in most cases, even their faults leaned to virtue's side, and what they did was done from a sincere desire to promote the welfare of the country.

However, in 1591, after his marriage and his return from Denmark, James seemed to have secured some little leisure wherein to woo the Muses once more. In that year a second volume of verse appeared, entitled *Poetical Exercises*. In the preface to this he informs the reader that all inaccuracies must be excused, seeing that "scarslie but at stolen moments had he leisure to blenk upon any paper, and nocht

that with free unvexed spirit." This was the volume which obtained for James the greatest amount of popularity outside Scotland. It contained his poem on the "Battle of Lepanto," his translation of the *Furies* of Du Bartas, a piece entitled "Phoenix—a Tragedy," which, however, is not in dramatic form, Du Bartas' rendering of James's poem on "Lepanto," and a few miscellaneous sonnets. Taken as a whole, the merit of the book is undoubted, and exhibits a distinct advance both in metrical deftness and in imaginative strength. That it produced no inconsiderable stir both in England and France is apparent from contemporary testimony. Meres, in his *Palladis Tamia*, published in 1598, mentions him among the famous poets of the age, while Richard Barnfield, in his sonnet "Against the Dispraysers of Poetrie," says :

"And you that discommend sweet Poetrie
 (So that the subject of the same be good),
 Here may you see your fond simplicitie
 Sith kings have favoured it of royal
 blood.
 The King of Scots (now living) is a poet.
 As his "Lepanto" and his "Furies" shoe
 it."

While Du Bartas, in the poetical preface to his translation of "Lepanto," styles him

"Jaques, fusse ie vrayment, O Phoenix Escos-
 sais
 Ou l'ombre de ton corps, ou l'Echo de ta
 voix."

There can be no doubt regarding the advance made by James in the exercise of the poetic art when comparing his poem on "The Battle of Lepanto" with his former essays. His flight before had been wavering, timid, and a little uncertain, sometimes mounting skyward in some really vigorous passages, breathing imaginative inspiration of a lofty type, anon tumbling ignominiously to the ground, in lines that are as pitifully weak in thought as they are halting in rhythm. But his *Rewelis* and *Cautelis* had evidently been wisely laid to heart and practised in writing his new poem. He had studied the best models in the meantime, paying particular attention to the works of Du Bartas—a French poet, whose writings have fallen into undeserved

oblivion. The result was an easy elegance, displayed in those poems produced subsequent to 1590, that was entirely absent from the quarto of 1585. As "Lepanto" is a poem exceedingly scarce now, and on that account inaccessible to the general reader, we may say, in passing, that it was an attempt to celebrate the great victory achieved by the Spanish, Venetian, and Papal fleets under the command of Don John of Austria, over the Turkish squadron under the famous renegade Aluch Ali—a victory which, as Bacon says, "arrested forever the advance of the Turk." In the piece there are some passages full of spirit and fire, while the rhythm is as smooth and flowing as that of any of his contemporaries of the period, save Spenser and Watson.

In his translation of the *Furies* of Du Bartas he manifests an increased facility for getting *en rapport* with his author, and thus reproducing those subtle shades of meaning for which the French singer was celebrated in his day. In fact, in the merely technical part of translation he seemed to have made as decided an advance as he had done in the department of original composition.

But the ornament of the book is, without doubt, the poem already referred to under the name of "Phoenix," which he introduces with one of those "mechanical" metrical prefaces whose lines are arbitrarily broken and divided until they assume the outward shape of a vase. He styles the piece "Aue Metaphoricall Invention of a Tragedie called Phœnix," though its rhythm is the same as that employed by Spenser in his "Daphnaida," and nothing of a dramatic character enters into the composition. But in the sixteenth and the early part of the seventeenth centuries the term *tragedy* was not so much applied to the form whereinto the matter was cast as to its character, and more particularly to the nature of the "catastrophe" or *dénouement*. Confirmation of this view is to be found in the reply made by the celebrated philosopher Thomas Hobbes to Davenant's dedication of his poem, "Gondibert," to him. "The figure, therefore of an epique poem and of a tragedy ought to be the same," remarks

Hobbes, "for they differ no more but in that they are pronounced by one or many persons."

"Phoenix" is simply an allegory intended to typify the struggles he himself was waging with the clergy and nobles of his kingdom. In the death and resurrection of a new Phoenix from the ashes of the old one he desired to show that, though some of his nobles might carry out their threat and murder him, the monarchy nevertheless was imperishable and a new king would arise in his place to keep them in subjection. The following stanza of lamentation over the death of the Phoenix may be accepted as a favorable example of the royal poet at his best. In it he strikes a loftier note than he had attained before or ever reached again.

" And thow, O reuthless Death, sould thow
devore
Her? who not only passed by all men's
mynde
All other fowlis in hew, and shape, but
more
In rareness (sen there was none of her
kynde
But she alone), whom with thy stounds
thow pynde;
And at the last, hath perced her through
the hart
But (without) reuth or pitie, with thy mortal
dart."

In 1589 James was married to Anne of Denmark, by proxy, and the following year crossed the North Sea to bring his bride home. Perhaps travelling and meeting with men of a different type of mind from those among whom his lot was cast in Scotland had widened his mental horizon. Certain it is, at any rate, that thenceforth he exhibited a broader grasp of many subjects, both theological and political, was more tolerant in his views toward those that differed from him, including Catholics, and evinced an increased interest in Continental literature and politics. From this time also we must date the admiration he conceived for Erasmus and that group of great scholars that had flourished in Europe a few years before, as soon as the downfall of Constantinople had scattered the polymaths of the Byzantine Court over all the countries of the West from Italy to England.

In February, 1594, a son, afterward

the much-lamented Prince Henry, was born to this strangely assorted pair. In 1599, in order that the royal babe might be preserved from the prevailing evils of the time and be trained up in the way wherein he should go, his sapient papa prepared for him two books, which, if the child read and appreciated, he achieved more than his parent's long-suffering subjects of that period were able to do, or than many of us who have lived since. The first of these volumes was the famous *Dæmonology*, the second the *Basilicon Doron*, or "Royal Gift."

Despite all his learning, James was one of the most superstitious and credulous monarchs that ever wore a crown. There was absolutely nothing he would not believe, if only a flavor of witchcraft or diablerie were introduced into it. His determination to root out all "dealings with the devil," as well as those who were suspected of practising in secret unholy rites, whereby they were endowed with supernatural powers, was carried out with a ruthless cruelty, combined with a blind intolerance and credulity, that awakens both indignation and wonder. For a woman to be old, ugly, and shrewish was good *prima facie* evidence that she must be a witch. But if there chanced to be any doubt on the matter, a rough and ready means of settling the question lay to hand. The supposed witch was conducted to the nearest river or lake. Her thumbs and great toes were securely tied each to the other, and then she was thrown into the water. If she floated she was at once pronounced a witch, but if she sank and was drowned, her character was cleared, and the people praised God that He had demonstrated her innocence. But of what avail was it to the unfortunate individual herself? That was a secondary consideration. Life was a mere bagatelle when a suspicion of witchcraft was in the air. To warn his young son against these deadly perils was, therefore, the aim of the royal parent's book on *Dæmonology*.

A more barbarous or worthless production, or one more credulous or superstition-besotted, it would be hard to conceive. Traditions the most monstrous, legends and tales the most

puerile and extravagant, were all accepted as of unimpeachable authority. For any one to read the book nowadays is as tedious as it is unprofitable. "No wonder," says a critic, "that Prince Henry died young. A youth whose literary digestion could absorb all that rubbish must have been a chronic intellectual dyspeptic ever after." The book is written in the form of a dialogue between Philomathes and Epistemon. They reason out the matter, basing their right to do so on St. John's injunction to "try the spirits whether they are of God." Divided into three sections, one treating of magic, the next of witchcraft, and the third of the various kinds of spirits that trouble men and women, ghosts, fiends, demons, etc., the work literally bristles with the most hair-raising suggestions of "spiritual possession," and of the visible presence of the devil himself. James stoutly vouched for the veracity of every witness he cited, and was especially severe upon the "father of lies." But positively when reading the book one wonders whether the enemy of mankind had not been nearer the royal author, than those luckless beings whose supposed iniquities he was recording, otherwise how can one explain the almost perverse obstinacy wherewith he refuses to credit any doubt, even the smallest, being cast on his narratives? The style of the book is on a par with the subject. It is coarse, trifling and peddling throughout—a pitiful instance how far the human mind can fall from common-sense when superstition obtains the upper hand.

It may be of interest to give a short extract from the *Dæmonology*, as an example of the style. Here is a favorable specimen of the character of the book :

"Philomathes: But by what way say they, or think ye it possible they (witches) can come to these unlawful conventions?"

"Epistemon: One way is natural, which is natural riding, going or sailing, at what hour their master (the devil) comes and advertises them. . . . Another way is somewhat more strange, and yet it is possible to be true; which is by being carried by the force of the spirit which is their conductor, either above the earth or above the sea swiftly, to the place where they are to meet; which I am persuaded to be likewise possible, in respect that as Habakkuk was carried by the angel in that

form, to the den where Daniel lay, so think I the devil will be ready to imitate God as well in that as in other things, which is much more possible to him to do being a spirit. . . . But in this violent form they cannot be carried but a short bounds, agreeing with the space that they may retain their breath; for if it were longer their breath could not remain unextinguished, their body being carried in such a violent and forcible manner. . . . The third way of their coming to their conventions is . . . in the likeness of a little beast or fowl, when they will come and pierce through whatsoever house or church, though all ordinary passages be closed, by whatsoever open (aperture) the air may enter in at. And some saith that their bodies lying still as in an ecstasy, their spirits will be ravished out of their body and carried to such places."

The following is the report given by Mackenzie of one of the "witch meetings" held at North Berwick Kirk, upon which the King laid such stress. Taken from the retracted confession of John Cunningham, schoolmaster at Tranent, which he had made under the coercion of torture the most barbarous, it shows the lamentable depth of ignorance and superstition wherein the entire community was plunged at the time. A woman named Sampson said she had been present at the meeting, which the witches had, by appointment, with Satan, North Berwick Kirk being the rendezvous. They marched thither in procession, Gillie Duncan, a serving-woman in Tranent, went first, playing on a Jew's harp, the whole company following her dancing and singing:

"Cummer go ye before; Cummer go ye;
If ye will not go before; Cummer let me."

Cunningham, the schoolmaster, acted as leader. On reaching the church and finding it closed fast, lo, he did but blow on the lock and presently the door opened. "Then did he go round the kirk and blew ye candles, alow (alight) with his breath," and set them around the pulpit. Scarcely had this been done, when the devil, in the likeness of a great black man, attired in a black gown and hat, started up from the midst of the pulpit. His eyes were like burning coals, his nose was hooked like an eagle's beak, his hands were hairy, with claws instead of nails. He spoke in a deep, hollow voice. After calling over the names of his congregation, and taking account of their obedi-

ence, at his command they opened some graves, dragged out the corpses, and cut off their fingers and toes, which they divided among them to be used in their spells. The purpose of their meeting was to concoct schemes for the king's destruction during his voyage from Denmark. Two hundred witches, each putting to sea in a sieve, cruised about waiting for him. Satan was there also, dimly seen, rolling and disporting himself on the waves, like a huge haystack. To one of the witches he delivered a black cat, which, when his infernal majesty gave the signal, was to be thrown into the sea whereby a storm would be raised. In that tempest it was hoped the king would perish. James believed every word of this unmitigated nonsense, and gravely assured those who informed him of it, that the charm had been so far efficacious, in that the ship which bore him was at that time baffled with contrary winds, while all the other vessels of the fleet were bowling along before a fair one!

The very fact of him swallowing, without demur, such utter stuff, is proof that however strong, intellectually speaking, James might be, his faculty of discrimination was not highly developed. His cowardly dread of witchcraft is said to have occasioned the death of over 1000 aged people throughout Scotland, whose only fault was that, having obtained the reputation of being witches or wizards from the tongue of popular report, they retaliated with sullen contempt, sometimes with malicious acts, on their superstitious detractors.

A few months before the *Basilicon Doron* appeared the King published a book, now little known, entitled *The True Law of Free Monarchies*. As McCrie says in his *Life of Andrew Melvil*, we must not imagine that by "a free monarchy" was meant anything like what the expression suggests to us. It meant a government exercise by a monarch who is free from all restraint or control, or, as the author fitly denominates him, "a free and absolute monarch." In fact, the treatise is nothing other than a plea in favor of arbitrary power, or autocracy, as far as the prince is concerned, and of passive

obedience and non-resistance on the part of the people, without any exception or reservation whatever. To again quote from Dr. McCrie's admirable abstract of it :

"The royal politician graciously grants that princes owe a duty to their subjects, but he thinks it, 'not needing to be long,' in the declaration of it. He admits that a king should consider himself as ordained for the good of his people ; but then if he should think and act otherwise and choose, as too many kings have chosen, to run the risk of divine punishment, the people are not permitted to 'make any resistance but by flight, as we may see by the example of brute beasts and unreasonable creatures, among whom we never read or hear of any resistance to their parents except among the vipers.' A good king will frame all his actions according to the law, yet is he not bound thereto but of his own good will. Although he be above the law, however, he will subject and frame his actions thereto for example's sake to his subjects."

Did ever the doctrine of the *Jus divinum*, or "the right divine of kings to govern wrong," receive a more flagrant exposure of its absurdity?

The *Basilicon Doron*, or "Royal Gift" to his son, Prince Henry, is the prose work of James which exhibits the king at his best. It is beyond question a treatise displaying not only intellectual power and logical cogency, but a mass of learning as extraordinary as it is appropriate. Not that it is always used with discretion. The tendency to pedantry evinced by James in nearly all his writings is in evidence here also, but by no means to such an extent as in his *Dæmonology*.

The first edition of the work was limited to seven copies. It was intended for the private use of his own family. But an accident rendered its publication indispensable. In the second edition, in an apologetic preface, James says of the first issue : "I only permitted seven of them to be printed, and these seven I distributed among my trustiest servants to be kept closely by them." Sir James Sempill, of Beltrees, showed his copy to Andrew Melvil, with whom he was on a footing of intimacy. Having extracted some of the principal propositions in the work, Melvil sent them to his nephew, whose colleague, John Dykes, laid them before the Synod of Fife. The

Synod judged them to be of a most pernicious tendency, and not believing, or affecting not to believe, they could proceed from so high an authority as that to which they were attributed, sent them to the king. The fat was then in the fire, and a libel was straightway proposed to be drawn up, embodying all the objectionable points in the work. The principles to which the Scottish clergy took exception were these—that the office of a king is of a mixed kind, partly civil and partly ecclesiastical ; that a principal part of his functions consists in ruling the Church ; that it belongs to him to judge when preachers wander from their text, and that such as refuse to submit to his judgment in such cases ought to be capitally punished ; that no ecclesiastical assemblies should be held without his consent ; that no man, not even a Papist, is more to be hated of a king than a proud Puritan ; that parity among ministers is irreconcilable with monarchy, inimicable to order, and the mother of confusion ; that Puritans had been a pest to the commonwealth and Church of Scotland, wished to engross the civil government as tribunes of the people, sought the introduction of democracy into the State, and quarrelled with the king because he was a king ; that the chief persons among them should not be allowed to remain in the land ; in fine, that parity in the Church should be banished, episcopacy set up, and all who preached against bishops rigorously punished.

Finding that the details of the scheme had been disclosed prematurely, James published an edition of the work with all the objectionable passages modified or excised, and accompanied with an apologetic preface stating that his remarks had been misunderstood owing to "the concised shortnesse" of his style. He went on to say that his animadversions on Puritans were directed not against Presbyterians, but against a "vile sect of the Anabaptists called the Family of Love, because they think themselves onely pure and in a maner without sinne." James had not the courage to stand to his guns. Had he done so, it is not unlikely the ecclesiastic state of Scotland

might have been wholly different, and Episcopacy have been the established religion of Scotland. But he so refined his arguments and pared away his conclusions, besides introducing so many casuistical distinctions, that, in the end, he emasculated the work, rendering it no longer the vigorous pronouncement against the fanatical section of Presbyterianism which it had been at the outset.

In this connection it may be interesting to note how strongly the principle of the *jus divinum* had taken root in his mind. Prefixed to the Epistle addressed to "Henry, my dearest Sonne and natural Successor," wherein he commends the *Basilicon Doron* to his attention, is a sonnet, the opening lines of which run as follows :

"God gives not kings the stile of gods in
vaine,
For on his throne his scepter doe they
swey "

This is somewhat of a piece with the lines written as an epitaph on him, shortly after his death, by Dr. Morley, Christ Church College, Oxford, which Archbishop Spottiswood appends to his *History of the Church of Scotland* :

"Princes are God ; O do not then
Rake in their graves to prove them men."

The next work published by the royal author was that whereby he is best known to the generality of readers, his famous *Counterblaste to Tobacco*. The first, also, it was which he issued after succeeding to the throne of England. His reason for entering the lists against the new and popular habit of smoking was, as he informs us in the early pages of the treatise, because it was a habit sinful in the sight of God, and foolish in the estimation of the world. But these reasons being scarcely considered sufficient, he goes on to ridicule the practice, commenting on the folly of imitating "the barbarous and beastlie manners of the wild, godlesse, and slavish Indians." Then he turns to the injury in their temporal affairs sustained by his people owing to their excessive devotion to the weed. "Now how you are by this custome disabled in your goods," he remarks, "let the gentry of this land bear witness, some

of them bestowing three, some four hundred pounds a yeare upon this precious stinke, which I am sure might be bestowed upon many farre better uses."

The literature upon tobacco, whether considered as a weed to smoke or as a medicine in the *Pharmacopœia*, is so large that only the barest mention must suffice here. When James published his *Counterblaste*, society was divided over the merits of the plant, one party lauding it as a panacea for all diseases, on the authority of the French physicians, Monardes and Estienne, as well as by the testimony of Nicot, French Ambassador to Portugal, who first introduced it into France ; the other sneering at it as a useless shrub, whose virtues were as mythical as the famous elixir of youth. The mistaken idea that Raleigh had anything to do with the introduction of tobacco into England—the honor of this undoubtedly resting with Master Ralph Lane, who was in charge of the second expedition which went out to Raleigh's colony in Virginia—may have had something to do with the antipathy James conceived toward the weed. The balance of evidence all goes to show that Raleigh was in possession of some shameful secret relating to the monarch—whose vicious proclivities are matter of history—for the latter never rested until he secured the execution of one of the greatest of Englishmen. Be this as it may, the *Counterblaste* is simply a tissue of absurdities, an *omnium gatherum* of all the ridiculous allegations against tobacco which his courtiers and flatterers could collect for him. In the face of the fact that the ablest physicians in England either favored its use or testified to its harmlessness, James preferred to accept the opinion of the quacks and empirics that swarmed about his Court, and who knew as much of the qualities of tobacco as they did of vipers' blood, which for a long day was esteemed an infallible specific for ulcers, tumors, and leprosy.

The malevolent dread James always exhibited toward Raleigh—for the latter and the young Earl of Gowrie had been close friends, and the Gowrie conspiracy only served to cloak a darker

and more horrible crime—finds expression in the *Counterblaste*. Believing that Raleigh was the one who introduced tobacco into England, the king sneers at the fact that "the author of the first use of this tobacco was neither a king, a great conqueror, nor learned doctour of phisicke." And yet this language was employed to depreciate one whose genius was so outstanding and varied as to merit from his contemporaries the appellation of "the wonder of our age."

As an example of the malignity wherewith James regarded the practice of smoking, the closing words of the *Counterblaste* may be cited: "It is," he says, "a custome loathsome to the eye, hatefull to the nose, harmefull to the brain, dangerous to the lungs, and in the blacke stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stigian smoake of the pit that is bottomlesse."

These, then, are the works by which James First will continue to be known and read by posterity. Down to his latest years he continued writing and publishing such treatises as *A Discourse*

on the *Maner of the Discoverie of the Powder Treason; An Apologie for the Oath of Allegiance; A Declaration against Vorstius; A Defence of the Right of Kings*, etc., but they were little more than an expansion of the arguments he had used in his earlier books. Nor are they set forth so felicitously. The *cacoethes scribendi* had seized him, and he now accounted a plethora of words the prime attribute in an author. His *Defence of the Right of Kings* is as wearisome as it is illogical. In it he attempts to controvert his old tutor's principles and fails lamentably.

With all his learning, therefore, and his tenacious memory, James was only happy in what he wrote, when he remembered that the first virtue of an author is brevity. While his *Basilicon Doron*, his *Counterblaste*, and his poetry will continue to be read at least for curiosity's sake, it is to be feared his remaining works will slumber on the shelf with the dust and the spiders—melancholy examples of misdirected industry.—*Westminster Review*.

FOREIGN LITERARY NOTES.

DR. CONAN DOYLE said some timely words in his speech for literature at the dinner to Sir Edward J. Poynter, the new P.R.A. "Certainly," said the author of "Micah Clarke," by way of a beginning, "if to be prolific was a sign of prosperity, literature should be more prosperous than ever. The profession of letters was full and overflowing, and he only knew one place left in it where there was plenty of room. That was at the top. There there was all the room between one's head and the stars. But down below—where he was—he assured them that the pressure was considerable." His readers, however, are not likely to place Dr. Conan Doyle quite so low as his own modesty would direct.

Continuing, he said: "Neither novelist nor poet could complain of neglect, but it was when they came to the more solid forms of literature that there was room, he thought, for that prosperity to which they had drunk. It was not that the writers had degenerated. It would be absurd to say so, when within the last few weeks they had seen the completion

of perhaps the greatest philosophic work in our literature. But the reader had become demoralized. He was not quite so gentle as he was. The morning paper, the evening paper, the weeklies, the monthlies, had all come between him and the big books. We inclined to get our knowledge in scraps and in snippets. We preferred short cuts to the open road." A remedy is suggested by Dr. Conan Doyle: "It might be no bad thing," he said, "for a man now and again to make a literary retreat, as pious men make a spiritual one; to forswear absolutely for a month in the year all ephemeral literature, and to bring an untarnished mind to the reading of the classics of our language."

THE late Mrs. Brookfield was known in literature best by the charming letters of Thackeray which she published a few years ago. Her own novels had small popularity. Another claim to the gratitude of those who read books was her share in forming the character of Lady Castlewood in "Esmoud," who is understood to have been drawn from her.

MR. R. B. BROWNING is establishing at Asolo a school for the benefit of the Pippas of the present day.

A DISTINGUISHED officer, whose military position in India has given him the right to speak with authority, bears witness to Mr. Kipling's thorough understanding of barrack-room life and feeling in all its phases in India, not only in the case of Tommy Atkins, but also in that of the native Sepoy and the common coolie. And this fidelity of the poet has a very practical recognition. "The old soldiers know," our correspondent says, "how eagerly books of Mr. Kipling's are sought for in our military libraries. The furore created in India by his 'Barrack Room Ballads' will be raised again by the publication of 'The Seven Seas.'" We note, however, the professional opinion that "'The Sergeant's Wedding,' 'Ladies,' and 'Mary, pity Women,' although true, deal with subjects which many soldiers regret that Mr. Kipling should bring before the notice of the general public."

A VOLUME of travels written by his private secretary, but recording the impressions made upon the Czar of Russia while travelling through Egypt and India, has just been published in London. Hundreds of illustrations are scattered through the two volumes, already published.

IN the course of an interview, Dr. Robert son Nicoll, who has just returned from his tour in America with Mr. Barrie, expressed his surprise at the very few young literary men—men in age from twenty five to thirty-five—whom he saw during his travels. "Practically all the recognized American authors," he says, "range in age from forty-five to sixty." Another point he noticed was the need of machinery to introduce American writers to England, similar to that which so successfully introduces English writers to America. Dr. Nicoll himself hopes to be remedial in this matter.

IN one of the articles devoted to Mr. Barrie, we find the record of a number of his opinions, expressed in conversation, on current literature. Some have singular interest:

"I think [he said] Kipling's 'Man Who Would be King' is the best short story in the English tongue. Conan Doyle is one of my delights, and I have been a little surprised that you don't seem to be as fond of Quiller-Couch, for instance, as we are. There is something most fascinating to me in his

stories; and, in fact, I like almost everything he writes. He does a great deal of critical work, you know, and that is always admirable, I think. It has always seemed to me that, since Stevenson left England, 'Q' has been the man to whom we looked for a certain sympathetic quality in work; the attraction is there—it's not easy to put it in words."

MR. BARRIE, after touching on Stevenson and living American writers, comes again to his English contemporaries:

"Among our own younger writers [he continued] I especially like Maarten Maartens. (I always think of him as an English writer, for he writes in English, you know.) There is a man who writes with the highest ideals—his work is thoroughly conscientious always. A young English writer who seems to me full of promise is H. G. Wells, and Kenneth Grahame is another. And let me add a word about Harold Frederic. I think his 'Illumination' (as it is called in England) a very fine novel. He said once, at a dinner in England, that he looked on me as his literary father. I am proud of my son. He wants me to teach him Scotch."

FINALLY, let us quote Mr. Barrie's estimate of his young fellow-countryman who writes under the pseudonym of Benjamin Swift, the author of "Nancy Noon": "It is a great deal to say," he remarked, "but I really believe that in a few years he will be one of the best-known novelists in England." We congratulate Mr. "Swift."

HERBERT SPENCER has completed his life-work with the volume on "The Principles of Sociology." He is now seventy years old, and has been engaged upon this work for thirty-six years, notwithstanding the fact that he has been an invalid for the greater part of his life.

SOME one asked Max Nordau to define the difference between genius and insanity. "Well," said the author of "Degeneration," "the lunatic is, at least, sure of his board and clothes."

MR. BRYCE has just revised his well-known book on Transcaucasia and Ararat, and has added a new chapter dealing with the recent history of the Armenian Question. This revised and enlarged edition, being the fourth that has been published, will be issued by Messrs. Macmillan & Co. in the course of a week or ten days.

It is a little reassuring to know that the novels that are most talked about are not the only novels that are read. British readers are more faithful to their old friends than conversation and popular newspapers would lead us to suppose. Messrs. Chatto & Windus, for example, have sold 130,000 copies of their sixpenny edition of Wilkie Collins's "Woman in White," and yet one may spend a month in "literary circles" and never hear it mentioned. They are also just beginning a library edition of the same fine novelist. The sixpenny issue of Charles Reade's stories has been hardly less successful, nor has their popularity in cheap form injured their sale in the more expensive edition.

MAURICE MAETERLINCK, the Belgian poet and dramatist, lives in the quiet old town of Ghent, and enjoys wheeling over the flat smooth roads. M. Maeterlinck is a barrister, but does not practise, saying frankly that as he was never able to manage his own affairs he could not expect to manage other people's.

A book printed in Japan, published in Chicago, and recommended by Count Tolstoi, is something of a curiosity. "Karma," a story of early Buddhism, by Paul Carus, has these qualifications. The story has an attractive quaintness even to those who do not care for sermons out of church, and the pictures are very delicately tinted.

We hear that between forty and fifty ladies, mostly Americans, have inscribed their names in the register of the University of Berlin, although the *Dozenten* do not countenance the admission of women to university lectures. At Zurich the number of *Studentinnen* has risen to 150, and they have already begun to agitate for the acquisition of the same rights as belong to the *Studenten*, and the question has actually sprung up whether the latter term should not be considered as *communis generis*.

MISCELLANY.

THE CRAZE FOR RELICS.—The collecting mania is a direct result of the passion for religious relics so prevalent in mediæval times. Hardicanute, in 1041, commissioned an agent at Rome to purchase St. Augustine's arm for one hundred talents of silver and one of gold. Henry III., deeply tainted with the superstition of the age, summoned all the English notables to meet him in London, when the

king acquainted them that the great master of the Knight Templars had sent a vial containing "a small portion of the precious blood of Christ which He had shed upon the cross"—attested to be genuine by the seals of the patriarch of Jerusalem and others! A procession between St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey was performed, although the road between the two places was "very deep and miry." Herbert, in his life of Henry VIII., notices the great fall of the price of relics at the dissolution of the monasteries. "The respect given to relics, and some pretended miracles, fell; inasmuch, as I find by our records, that a piece of St. Andrew's finger (covered only with an ounce of silver), being laid to pledge by a monastery for forty pounds, was left unredeemed at the dissolution of the house; the king's commissioners, who, upon surrender of any foundation, undertook to pay the debts, refusing to return the price again."

Lord Cromwell's commissioners found, in St. Augustine's Abbey, at Bristol, some extraordinary relics, including "two flowers which bore blossoms only on Christmas Day, Jesus' coat, our Ladies' smocks, part of the Last Supper, part of a stone on which Jesus sat in Bethlehem," and others. Henri Estienne, in the *traité préparatif* to his "Apologie pour Hérodoté," speaks of a monk of St. Anthony having seen at Jerusalem an extraordinary assemblage of relics, among which were a bit of the finger of the Holy Ghost, as sound and entire as it had ever been; the snout of the seraphim that appeared to St. Francis; one of the nails of a cherubim; one of the ribs of the *verbum caro factum*; some rays of the stars which appeared to the three kings in the east; a vial of St. Michael's sweat when he was fighting against the devil; a hem of the garment which Joseph wore when he cleaved wood, and others, all of which the enthusiastic monk devoutly brought home with him to France. Such relics as these—to which may be added that of a tooth of our Lord's, which Guibert de Rogen describes as having operated many miracles, with the assistance of the monks of St. Medard de Soissons—such relics as these, we repeat, make all others hide their diminished heads.

Few of these venerable and impudent absurdities have survived the iconoclastic tendencies of the last few decades, while even the rival holy coats of Treves and Argenteuil are palpable swindles. The record of that of Treves goes back, it is true, to the year 1190,

but as a relic it is as authentic as the feather from Gabriel's wing. Quite recently the Moslem population of Southern Russia were reported to be in a state of great excitement owing to the theft of a valuable casket containing three hairs from Mohammed's beard, accompanied by an Imperial firman certifying their absolute authenticity! The casket, with its precious contents, was sent as a present from Constantinople to Samarcand in Turkestan, but was stolen at Kharoff. A few months ago three genuine teeth of Tasso were sent to Signor Baccelli, the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, by a priest who received them under seal of confession from a thief. The teeth had been stolen from the skeleton of the poet, and the robber, probably finding no market for them, took this method of returning them to their owner. *Apropos* of teeth, it may be mentioned that some time ago a certain nobleman constantly wore a remarkable ring, in which was set a tooth of Sir Isaac Newton; it was purchased for £730 in 1815.

The gold cross and collar of Edward the Confessor came under the hammer of Thomas, King Street, Covent Garden, in January, 1828, and was purchased by a Mr. Atkinson for £16 5s. 6d. Its authenticity appears to have been undisputed at the time. It was originally brought from Palestine by the British Princess Helena, the mother of the Christian Emperor Constantine, and passed into the hands of Edward the Confessor, with whom it was buried, and was exhumed many ages afterward. It was included among the royal jewelry of James II. The crosier of the same realized two and a half guineas in the same sale, and was originally in the museum of Sir Hans Sloane.

The counterpane which covered the bed of Charles I. the night before his execution, and which is made of a thick rich blue satin, embroidered with gold and silver in a deep border, was, up to about half a century ago, used by the family of Champneys of Orchardleigh, near Frome, Somersetshire, as a christening mantle, from the period it came into their possession by marriage with the sole heiress of the Chandlers, of Camm's Hall, near Fareham, Hampshire, a family connected with Cromwell. The sheet which received the head of this king, after his decapitation, was until quite lately carefully preserved with the communion plate in the church of Ashburnham, Sussex; the blood, with which it had been almost entirely covered, turning

quite black. This king's watch was also preserved with this gruesome relic, both of which came into the possession of Lord Ashburnham immediately after the death of the king. These, not having been sold, cannot be appraised at their full fancy price; but it may be mentioned that not long ago the Prayer-book used by King Charles I. on the scaffold sold for one hundred guineas, or just half the amount which Sterne's wig fetched.—*Temple Bar*.

HOW ANCIENT COINS ARE FOUND.—It is a curious fact, but none the less true, that many of the most important discoveries of coins have been made by boys, and that, too, in the most accidental and unexpected manner. The following is an example of one of these discoveries, and many more might be given. Imagine the look of surprise and astonishment which must have overspread the face of the small boy who had been sent to mind his master's sheep at a place called Keeps Hill, near High Wycombe, when, from out a flint, which he had casually picked up on the hillside (for the purpose of grubbing up a mole's track, always a fascinating amusement to a boy), there fell a number of Early British gold coins. Upon examining the stone he discovered that it was hollow, and upon probing the cavity, nine coins more tumbled out. The stone, in size and shape, resembled a large egg, though rather flatter; the cavity, which was tubular, being a natural formation. Somewhat elated, the boy left the sheep and started off to show the treasure to his master, who at once took possession of the coins; but the boy's father, hearing soon after of his son's discovery, got possession of them and carried them about for sale. The date of the coins was about B.C. 35, they were all gold, and of considerable value on account of their rarity and weight. Whatever the object of the person who hid them may have been, he could hardly have hit upon a less suspicious receptacle than the one chosen, as the fact of their having lain hidden for over eighteen hundred years seems to prove.

The domestic hearth has always been considered a favorite hiding-place for treasure. It is probable, therefore, that the French priest, who was conducting a mission in Dauphiny at the beginning of the present century, was not so very much surprised when he heard from the lips of a young maidser-

vant her confession of a discovery she had made of a large quantity of gold medals and coins under the hearthstone in an old castle, occupied by a farmer. It appeared from her story that, while she was clearing away the ashes from under the grate, a few coins appeared among them, and this circumstance led her to look for more under the stone, which had been burned through, and under which she found a large number of others. These she had carefully hid, but not knowing what to do with them, and fearing detection, she had been forced to confess. The priest, with an eye to his own interest, told her that as she could not take them for herself, nor sell them without risking their entire loss, she must bring them to him to dispose of in a manner in accordance with the dictates of his conscience; and the girl having brought them, he immediately took them to a goldsmith, who melted them down, and purchased the metal. Of the proceeds the priest gave a part only to the girl, and with the remainder purchased decorations for his church, and a fine library necessary to a confessor and missionary.

A discovery which created much interest at the time, and is probably the largest on record, was made in the most accidental manner near Tutbury, in Staffordshire, in 1831. In the early part of the summer of that year, a number of workmen were employed in removing a considerable bank of gravel and sand, a short distance below the bridge over the River Dove, which was causing an obstruction in the waterway. During the operation one of the laborers turned up a few silver coins, and upon digging a second time into the same spot, he, to his great astonishment, turned up a whole shovelful, and disclosed to view an immense number of others. Thereupon a regular fight for the treasure took place, each man appropriating to himself as much as he could possibly carry, and in some cases a little more; for when the overseer, upon learning what had happened, came up, the coins were literally running over out of the men's pockets. The find consisted of silver pennies of the reign of Edward I. and Edward II., amounting to the enormous number of 200,000 pieces.

The news of the discovery soon spread, and many people visited the scene, some to satisfy a not unnatural curiosity; others, no doubt, in the hope of securing a few of the coins for themselves. But as the spot on

which the coins were found was near to the ancient castle of Tutbury (a piece of Crown property, belonging to the Duchy of Lancaster), the find, according to the existing law, belonged to the Crown as treasure trove. The Chancellor of the Duchy issued a proclamation claiming all the coins found, and prohibiting further search by unauthorized persons; and he also appointed proper officers to proceed with the examination of the unexplored ground. At the same time, with a view to the peace of the neighborhood, and in kind consideration of the poor workmen who had been occupying themselves in digging up the treasure, he directed that no proceedings should be taken for the recovery of any money which had been found previous to that time. The net result of the search under the commission of the Duchy was the discovery of about 1500 coins and one gold ring. From the very large number of coins found, it has been conjectured that the treasure may have been the contents of the military chest of Thomas, Earl of Lancaster, lost in the rapid retreat of his forces, which took place after his defeat by the king's troops at Burton, in 1322. It is known that he fled in this direction after the battle, and would be compelled to cross the river somewhere in the vicinity in which the coins were found, there being no bridge at Tutbury at the time.

The Duchy of Lancaster seems to have been remarkably fortunate with regard to discoveries of treasure, for in 1846 another important find occurred in Lancashire upon property belonging to the Council, which in several respects resembles that which took place at Tutbury. It appears from contemporary accounts that some workmen were employed at a place called Cnerdale, near Preston, carrying earth to fill in a large cavity, which had been hollowed out by the water, in the banks of the River Ribble. While digging for this purpose, a short distance from the banks of the river, they came upon a large mass of silver, consisting of ingots of various sizes, a few armlets, tolerably entire, several fragments, and a few ornaments of some other description, the weight of the whole being about 1000 ounces, exclusive of 6000 or 7000 coins of various reigns. The treasure had originally been inclosed in a leaden chest, but this was so decomposed that only a small portion of it could be secured. This mass of treasure was at once taken possession of in the Queen's name by those in authority, and

became the property of Her Majesty. With great liberality, the Queen placed it in the hands of the Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, to be disposed of as he might deem most advantageous to the numismatic and archæological sciences. The majority of the coins were of the reigns of Ethelstan, Alfred, Eadward, St. Edmund, and other Saxon kings; though a large number were foreign, and many were unknown. A complete series was selected for the National Collection, and packets more or less numerous were presented to various institutions at home and abroad, for the hoard was almost as interesting to several of the Continental countries as it was to England. From the general appearance of the whole mass, it has been suggested that it was the stock of a dealer in precious metals, who, becoming alarmed during some civil commotion for the safety of his stock in trade, had buried it for security until the danger should be passed, and had afterward been prevented by some calamity from revealing its whereabouts to others or recovering it for himself. — *Strand Magazine*.

SALVAGIA.—Almost the most horrible doctrine ever enunciated by theologians is, in my opinion, the attribution of our misfortunes to Providence. An all-wise power, all merciful and omnipresent, enthroned somewhere in omnipotence, having power over man and beast, over earth and sky, on sea and land, able (if usually unwilling) to suspend all natural laws, seated above the firmament of heaven, beholding both the evil and the good—discerning, we may suppose, the former without much difficulty, and the latter by the aid of some spectroscope at present not revealed to men of science—sees two trains approaching on one line, and yet does nothing to avert the catastrophe or save the victims. Withal, nothing consoles humanity for their misfortunes like the presence of this unseen power, which might do so much good, but which serenely contemplates so many evils.

I have often thought that, after all, there is but one idea at the bottom of all faiths, and that, no matter if the divinity be called Jehovah, Allah, Moloch, Dagon, or the Neo-Pauline Providence of the North Britons, the worshippers seem to esteem their deity in proportion as he disregards their welfare.

Some have maintained that the one common ground of all the sects was in the offertory;

but more recent reflection has convinced me that the impassibility of Providence provides a spiritual, if unconscious, nexus which unites in one common bond Jews, Christians (whether Coptic, Abyssinian, Greek, or Roman), Mohammedans, Buddhists, the Church of England with that of Scotland, and the multitudinous sects of Nonconformists, who, scattered over two hemispheres, yet hate one another with enough intensity to enable mankind to perceive that they have comprehended to the full the doctrines of the New Testament.

It may be that the knowledge that the aforesaid Moloch is reputed to have endowed mankind with free will to work out their own salvation consoles some people for his neglect to exercise the power he is supposed to have of preventing suffering altogether. This leads a man somewhat deeper than it is expedient for him to show that he is going. If omnipotent, how then bound by natural laws, and if bound by any laws, wherein the common sense of abrogating them for Glasgow, and known to the people as the "silly bodies." Much faith and little charity, the tongue of every man wagging against his neighbor like a bell-buoy on a shoal. At the street corner groups of men standing spitting. Expectoration is a national sport throughout Salvagia. Women and children are afraid to pass them. Not quite civilized, not quite savage, a set of demi-brutes exclaiming, if a woman in a decent gown goes past, "There goes a butch."

A school, of course, wherein the necessary means of getting on in life is taught. O education, how a people may be rendered brutish in thy name! Behold Salvagia! In every town, in every hamlet, even in the crofting communities upon the coast, where women till the fields and men stand idle prating of natural rights, the poorest man can read and write, knows history and geography, arithmetic up to the Rule of Three—in fact, sufficiently to overreach his neighbor.

Still, in the social scale of human intercourse the bovine dweller in East Anglia is a prince compared to him. How the heart shrinks, in travelling from London, when the Border passed, the Scottish porter with a howl sticks his head into the carriage and bel-lows "Tackets—are ye gaeing North?" No doubt the man is better educated than his southern colleague, but as you see him once, and have no time to learn his inward grace, his lack of outward polish jars upon you.

After the porter comes the group of aged men at Lockerbie, all seated in the rain, precisely as their forbears sat when Carlyle lived at Craigenputtock. Then come barefoot boys selling the *Daily Mail*, the *Herald*, and *Review*, till Glasgow in its horror and its gloom receives you, and you lose all hope.

Throughout *Salvania* "Thank you" and "If you please" are terms unknown. In railway trains we spit upon the floor and wipe our boots upon the cushions, just to show our independence; in cars and omnibuses take the best seats, driving the weaker to the wall like cattle in a pen. In streets we push the women into the gutters, "It's only just a woman" being our excuse. Our hearts we wear so distant from our sleeves that the rough frieze of which our coats are made abrades the cuticle of every one it touches. Our reverend novelists, 'tis true, have found out much about us, previously quite unsuspected by ourselves; but then their works are not for home consumption, but sell in England and America, where, I understand, they touch the cords of the Great National Heart, and loose the strings of the Great National Pocket.

Back to our village—"Gart-na-cloich," I think the name, meaning the enclosure of the stones. Stony indeed the country, stony the folks, the language, manners, and all else pertaining to it. Even the Parameras outside Avila, where every boulder is a tear that Jesus wept, is not more sterile. Not that Jesus had ever aught to do with Gart-na-cloich. The deity worshipped there is Dagon, or some superferetated Moloch born in Geneva.

In no *Salvagian* village is there any room for a gentle God, a God of love and pity. "Nane of your Peters; gie me Paul," is constantly in everybody's mouth, for every dweller in *Salvania* is a theologian. Faith is our touchstone, and good works are generally damned throughout the land as savoring of Erastianism. Only believe, that is sufficient. "Show me your moral man," exclaims the preacher, "and I will straight demolish him;" the congregation nod assent, being well convinced "your moral man" is not a denizen of Gart-na-cloich, or, if he was, that the profession of a "cold morality" on earth must lead to everlasting fire, in the only other world they hear of from the pulpit.

Our sexual immorality, and the high rate of illegitimacy, we explain as follows. Who would buy a barren cow or mare? Therefore, as we cannot buy our wives and sell

them, if they prove unprofitable, 'tis well to try them in advance, and as our law follows the Pandects of Justinian, being more merciful to those who come into a hard world through no fault of their own than that of England, the matter is put right after a year or so, and all are pleased. That which a thing is worth is what it brings we teach our children from their earliest days; we inculcate it in our schools, at mart and fair, in church, at bed and board, and that accounts for the hide-bound view we take of everything.

In Gart-na-cloich there dwelt one Mistress Campbell, a widow and the mother of four sons, all what we call "weel-doing" lads—that is, not given to drink, good workers, attenders at the church, and not of those who pass their "Sawbath" lounging about and spitting as they criticise mankind.

Going to church with us replaces charity—that is, it covers an infinity of things. A man may cheat and drink, be cruel to animals, avaricious, anything you please so that he goes to church; he still remains a Christian and enters heaven by his faith alone. Our faith we take from "Paul," our doctrine from Hippo, so that we need do nought but bow the knee to our own virtues, secure in our salvation.

No one could say that Mistress Campbell's cottage was neat or picturesque. No roses climbed the walls, nor did the honeysuckle twine round the eaves. For flowers a ragged mullein growing in a wall, a plant of rue, one of "old man," with camomile and gillyflowers, did duty. Apple and damson trees grew round the "toon," the fruit of which was as bitter as a sloe. Beside the door the cheesestone with its iron ring, a "stoup" for water shaped like a little barrel, a "feal" spade, and a rusty sickle lying in the mud, gave promise of the interior graces of the house.

Inside the acrid smell of peat, with rancid butter, and the national smell of whiskey spilt and left to dry, assailed your nostrils.

All round the kitchen stood press beds in which the children slept. Before the fire gray woollen stockings dried while scones were baking, and underneath the table lay a collie dog or two snapping at flies.

The inner room had the peculiar musty smell of rooms which only serve for great occasions. Upon the walls a picture of Jerusalem set forth in a kind of uphill view, balanced by a sampler which may have been

the Ten Commandments, the Maze at Hampton Court, the Fountains at Versailles, or almost anything you chose, according to the point of vision. Not tidy or convenient was the house, but still a home of the peculiar kind that race and climate made acceptable to the dwellers in it.

The widow's faith was great, her household linen clean, and her chief pride, after her sons, was centred in her cows, called in Salvagia "kye." She liked to sit in church and fall asleep, as pious people do during the sermon. Seated between her sons, her Bible in a handkerchief scented with lavender, she had the faith not merely able to move mountains, but with her Bible for a lever, had she but got a fulcrum, to move the world itself. She knew her church was right, the others wrong, and that sufficed her; and, for the rest, she did her duty to her sons and cows and to her neighbors.

Years passed by, the world wagged pretty much as usual in Gair na cloich; sometimes a neighbor died, and we enjoyed his funeral in the way we love with whiskey, while we listened in the house of woe to the set phrases of the minister which use has constituted a sort of liturgy.

Winter succeeded summer, and day night, without a thing to break the dreary life we think the best of lives because we know no other.

Years sat but lightly upon Mistress Campbell; for she had attained the time of life when countrywomen in Salvagia seem to mummify and time does nothing on them. Her sons grew up, her cows continued to give milk, the rent was paid in season. Nothing disturbed her life, and folk began almost to murmur against Providence for his neglect to visit her.

Then came a season with the short fierce spell of heat which goes before the thunderstorm, and constitutes our summer. In every burn the children paddled, and in Glasgow honest burghesses went for their yearly wash to the region which they know as "doon the watter."

A little river, in which before the days of knowledge kelpies were wont to live, flows past the village.

Its glory is a pool (we call it linn) known as the Linn-a-Hamish. Here the pool below the stream spreads out and babbles over stones mostly worn flat by the action of the stream, as proverbs are worn smooth in the current of men's speech. The boys delight to

throw these flat stones edgeways in the air, to hear the curious muffled sound they make when falling in the water, which they call a "dead man's bell." Alders fringe the bank, and in the middle of the pool a little grassy promontory juts out, on which cows stand swinging their tails, and meditate, to at least as good a purpose as philosophers. The linn lies dark and sullen, and a line of bubbles rising to the top shows where the current runs below the surface. In a lagoon a pike has basked for the last thirty years. In our mythology, one Hamish met his death in the dark water, but why or wherefore is uncertain. Tradition says the place is dangerous, and the country people count it a daring feat to swim across.

There the four sons of Mistress Campbell went to bathe, and all were drowned. Passing the village, I heard the Celtic Coronach, which lingers to show us how our savage ancestors wailed for their dead, and to remind us that the step which separates us from the other animals is short. I asked a woman for whom the cry was raised. She answered, "For the four sons of Lillias Campbell." In the stupid way one asks a question in the face of any shock, I said, "What did she say or do when they were brought home dead?"

"Say?" said the woman; "nothing; n'er a word. She just gaed out and milked the kye."—*R. B. Cunningham Graham, in Saturday Review.*

DRIVING OSTRICHES. — Potchefstroom, or Moori River Dorp, was the second seat of government of the Transvaal, the first having been Origstadt, which, being in the low bush country, was first decimated by fever, and then deserted; from Potchefstroom the seat of government was removed to Pretoria. It was an out-of-the-way place, and was seldom visited by English, except by hunters and traders on their way to the Zambesi, Lake N'gami, and the Matabele and Bamanwato countries, and in the colonies it was very rare to come across any one who had been there. On our way back we purchased at a farm four young ostriches, a few months old, and not quite half-grown. We had considerable difficulty in getting them off the farm. A little further we bought three more, a little older and three-parts grown, and these gave us proper work to get them away. For a whole day we were chasing them all over the country on foot, for we had brought no horses, not anticipating this kind of work; but they

always returned to the house, and toward evening we gave it up. In the morning, at daybreak, we spanned or hobbled them with silk handkerchiefs, and in this way managed to get them six or seven miles from the farm. The next day we removed the handkerchiefs, as they were injuring the birds' legs, and for a little while they went along quietly, until they sighted a troop of wildebeestes, when they stretched out their necks and were off at their best pace to join them. We then each seized one of the two wagon-whips we had, and started after them. If the birds had been real wild ones and full grown we might as well have started after an express train, for I never sat the horse that could run down a full-grown ostrich in a fair course; but they were only three-parts grown, and had been domesticated on a farm since they came out of the egg, and they were really more indulging in gambols than making a serious attempt to join the wildebeestes. Consequently, we succeeded in driving them back, but the performance was repeated fifty times during the day, and we had not a moment's rest the whole day. It was quite dark when we at length arrived at the river, and but for the assistance of the rest, who came to our aid, we should never have got them through. At camp we threw ourselves exhausted on the ground, and both declared that it was by far the hardest day's work we had ever done in our lives. The distance we had run after those wretched birds was certainly over fifty miles, and for the greater part of the distance we were cracking heavy wagon-whips as well.

These ostriches were afterward a source of endless trouble to us. They grew rapidly, and developed great kicking powers, until they became sometimes positively dangerous, the dogs and the Kafirs coming in for most of their attentions. Their appetite was insatiable; we used to make large quantities of biltong, or sun-dried meat, and there were usually dozens of strips of it hanging on rheims slung from wagon to wagon, and these were always objects of attention on the part of the ostriches. It was most amusing to see one trying to swallow a strip a yard long and two inches thick, just as a chicken struggles with a worm that is a little too big for it. Once we had to drag a huge strip out of one of the birds' throats to save it from choking. But it was the culinary department that interested them most. They would always attack the Kafirs bringing the viands from the "kitchen" to the tent, and sometimes were

so pertinacious that the boy would get frightened and throw the dish away and bolt, and we would lose the best part of our dinner. They would even come into the tent and snatch things off the table, and we would take it out of them by smothering a dainty morsel with salt and cayenne pepper; but after a while they seemed to flourish on it. One day, however, we got the laugh on our side. Dinner was preparing, and one of the birds was investigating the pots round the fire; a great pot of huge potatoes took his fancy, and he incontinently seized and swallowed a red-hot tuber as big as a large pomegranate. Then we roared; the antics that bird performed would have galvanized a corpse into laughter. He danced, he jumped, he kicked, he twisted his neck about almost into knots, he flapped his wings and waggled his tail, he ran amuck, knocking things down and banging himself up against the wagons and stone walls, hissed and swore—yes, swore—and at last tore away into the veld at twenty miles an hour, until he was out of sight, and did not appear again for a couple of hours.

Every morning, soon after sunrise, these birds would indulge in a dance. They would rush away into the veld for about a mile, and then suddenly stop and commence waltzing round and round in the most ridiculous fashion, often till they dropped. I never could understand the meaning of this performance; it might be mere gambolling, but if so it must be nearly the only case of young birds playing, as so many young animals do. Their keen sense of sight has often been noticed, but it is not generally known that their sense of hearing is quite as acute, and if they were feeding two or three miles away, a few mealies (maize) rattled in a tin pannikin would suffice to bring them back.

CONCUSSION OF THE BRAIN.—A certain doctor had occasion, when only a beginner in the medical profession, to attend a trial as a witness. Counsel, in cross-examining the young M.D., made several sarcastic remarks throwing doubt upon the ability of so young a man to understand his business. "Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?" asked the learned counsel. "I do," replied the doctor. "Well," continued the barrister, "suppose my learned friend Mr. Bagwig and myself were to bang our heads together, should we get concussion of the brain?" "Your learned friend Mr. Bagwig might," said the doctor quietly.